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COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS
TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 1392.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS
BY
JOHN FORSTER.

VOL. 6.

LEIPZIG: BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.

PARIS: C. REINWALD & C^{ie}, 15, RUE DES SAINTS PÈRES.

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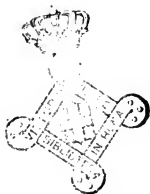
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THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS BY J. FORSTER.

VOL. VI.



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L. Fildes

A. Weger

THE GRAVE.



THE

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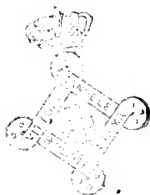
THE LIFE
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VOL. VI.



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1874.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME VI.

CHAPTER LVIII. 1836-1870.

Pages 13-77.

DICKENS AS A NOVELIST. ÆT. 24-58.

	Page
See before you oversee	14
M. Taine's criticism	14
What is overlooked in it	15
A popularity explained	16
National excuses for Dickens	18
Comparison with Balzac	19
Anticipatory reply to M. Taine	20
A critic in the <i>Fortnightly Review</i>	21
Blame and praise to be reconciled	21
A plea for objectors	22
"Hallucinative" imagination	23
Vain critical warnings	24
The critic and the criticised	25
An opinion on the Micawbers	26
Hallucinative phenomena	27
Scott writing <i>Bride of Lammermoor</i>	28
Claim to be fairly judged	29
Dickens's leading quality	30
Dangers of Humour	31
His earlier books	32
Mastery of dialogue	33
Character-drawing	34
Realities of fiction	35
Fielding and Dickens	36
Touching of extremes	37
Why the creations of fiction live	38
Enjoyment of his own humour	39
Unpublished note of Lord Lytton	39
Exaggerations of humour	41
Temptations of all great humourists	41
A word for fanciful descriptions	42

	Page
<i>Tale of Two Cities</i>	43
Difficulties and success	45
Speciality of treatment	46
Reply to objections	48
Care with which Dickens worked	49
An American critic	50
<i>Great Expectations</i>	50
Pip and Magwitch	52
Another boy-child for hero	53
Unlikeness in likeness	54
Vivid descriptive writing	55
Masterly drawing of character	56
A day on the Thames	57
Homely and shrewd satire	58
Incident changed for Lytton	59
As originally written	60
Christmas Sketches	61
<i>Our Mutual Friend</i>	63
Writing numbers in advance	64
Working slowly	65
Death of John Leech	67
A fatal anniversary	67
Effects on himself and his novel	69
A tale by Edmond About	69
First and Last	70
<i>Doctor Marigold</i>	70
Minor stories	72
"Something from Above"	72
Purity of Dickens's writings	73
Substitute for an alleged deficiency	74
True province of humour	75
Horace Greeley and Longfellow	75
Letters from an American	77
Companions for solitude	77

CHAPTER LIX. 1867.

Pages 78-98.

AMERICA REVISITED. NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER, 1867.
Pt. 56.

Warmth of the greeting	78
Same cause as in 1842	79
Old and new friends	80
Changes since 1842	81
First Boston reading	82
Scene at New York sales	84
First New York reading	84
An action against Dickens	86
A fire at his hotel	88
Local and general politics	89
Railway arrangements	90
Police of New York	90

	<u>Page</u>
<u>Mistletoe from England</u>	<u>91</u>
<u>As to newspapers</u>	<u>92</u>
<u>Nothing lasts long</u>	<u>93</u>
<u>Cities chosen for readings</u>	<u>93</u>
<u>Scene of a murder visited</u>	<u>94</u>
<u>A dinner at the murderer's</u>	<u>95</u>
<u>Illness and abstinence</u>	<u>96</u>
<u>Miseries of American travel</u>	<u>97</u>
<u>Startling prospect</u>	<u>98</u>

CHAPTER LX. 1868.

Pages 99-137.AMERICA REVISITED. JANUARY TO APRIL, 1868. .ET. 56.

<u>Speculators and public</u>	<u>99</u>
<u>An Englishman's disadvantage</u>	<u>99</u>
<u>"Freedom and independence"</u>	<u>100</u>
<u>Mountain-sneezers and eye-openers</u>	<u>101</u>
<u>The work and the gain</u>	<u>102</u>
<u>A scene at Brooklyn</u>	<u>103</u>
<u>At Philadelphia</u>	<u>104</u>
<u>"Looking up the judge"</u>	<u>105</u>
<u>Improved social ways</u>	<u>106</u>
<u>Result of thirty-four readings</u>	<u>108</u>
<u>Shadow to the sunshine</u>	<u>108</u>
<u>Readings in a church</u>	<u>109</u>
<u>Change of plan</u>	<u>110</u>
<u>Baltimore women</u>	<u>111</u>
<u>Success in Philadelphia</u>	<u>112</u>
<u>Objections to coloured people</u>	<u>113</u>
<u>With Sumner at Washington</u>	<u>114</u>
<u>President Lincoln's dream</u>	<u>116</u>
<u>Interview with President Johnson</u>	<u>116</u>
<u>Washington audiences</u>	<u>117</u>
<u>A comical dog</u>	<u>118</u>
<u>Incident before a reading</u>	<u>119</u>
<u>The child and the doll</u>	<u>120</u>
<u>North-west tour</u>	<u>122</u>
<u>Political excitement</u>	<u>122</u>
<u>Struggle for tickets</u>	<u>124</u>
<u>American female beauty</u>	<u>125</u>
<u>Sherry to "slop round" with</u>	<u>126</u>
<u>Final impression of Niagara</u>	<u>127</u>
<u>Letter to Mr. Ouvry</u>	<u>128</u>
<u>"Getting along" through water</u>	<u>130</u>
<u>Again attacked by lameness</u>	<u>131</u>
<u>Illness and exertion</u>	<u>132</u>
<u>Seeing prevents believing</u>	<u>133</u>
<u>All but used up</u>	<u>134</u>
<u>Last Boston readings</u>	<u>135</u>
<u>New York farwells</u>	<u>136</u>
<u>The receipts throughout</u>	<u>136</u>

	Page
Promise at public dinner	137
The Adieu	137

CHAPTER LXI. 1868-1870.

Pages 138-155.

LAST READINGS. ÆT. 56-58.

Health improved	138
What the readings did and undid	139
Expenses and gains in America	140
Noticeable changes in him	141
<i>Oliver Twist</i> reading proposed	142
Objections to it	142
Death of Frederick Dickens	144
Macready at <i>Oliver Twist</i> reading	146
Another attack of illness	146
A doctors' difference	148
At Emerson Tennent's funeral	149
The illness at Preston	150
Brought to London	151
Sir Thomas Watson consulted	151
His note of the case	151
Guarded sanction to other readings	153
Close of career as public reader	164

CHAPTER LXII. 1869-1870.

Pages 156-170.

LAST BOOK. ÆT. 57-58.

The agreement for <i>Edwin Drood</i>	156
First fancy for it	157
Story as planned in his mind	157
What to be its course and end	158
Merits of the fragment	159
Comparison of early and late MSS.	160
Last page of <i>Drood</i> in facsimile	to face 160
Page of <i>Oliver Twist</i> in facsimile	to face 160
Discovery of an unpublished scene	162
Delightful specimen of Dickens	163
Unpublished scene for <i>Drood</i>	163-170

CHAPTER LXIII. 1836-1870.

Pages 171-221.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS. ÆT. 24-58.

Dickens not a bookish man	171
Books and their critics	172
Design of present book stated	172

	Page
e Dickens made to tell his own story	173
Charge of personal obtrusiveness	173
Lord Russell on Dickens's letters	174
Shallower judgments	174
Absence of self-conceit in Dickens	175
Letter to youngest son	176
As to religion and prayer	178
Letter to a clergyman in 1856	179
Letter to a layman in 1870	179
Objection to posthumous honours	180
As to patronage of literature	181
Vanity of human wishes	182
As to writers and publishers	183
Editorship of his weekly serials	184
Work for his contributors	185
Editorial troubles and pleasures	186
Letter to an author	186
Help to younger novelists	188
Adelaide Procter's poetry	189
Effect of periodical writing	189
Proposed satirical papers	190
Political opinions	191
Not the man for Finsbury	193
The Liverpool dinner in 1869	194
Reply to Lord Houghton	195
Tribute to Lord Russell	195
People governing and governed	196
Alleged offers from her Majesty	197
Silly Rigmarole	197
The Queen sees him act (1857)	199
Desires to hear him read (1858)	199
Interview at the Palace (1870)	201
What passed at the interview	202
Dickens's grateful impression	202
A hope at the close of life	203
Gamos in Gadshill meadow	204
Home enjoyments	205
Habits of life everywhere	207
Family dependence on him	208
Carlyle's opinion of Dickens	209
Street walks	209
London haunts	210
Christmas Eve and Christmas Day	211
The first attack of lameness	211
Effect upon his dogs	212
Why right things to be done	213
Silent heroisms	214
At social meetings	215
Delight in "assumption"	215
Humouring a joke	216
Unlucky hits	217
Ghost stories	217
Predominant feeling of his life	220
Sermon of the Master of Balliol	220

CHAPTER LXIV. 1869-1870.Pages 222-240.THE END. ACT. 57-58.

	<u>Page</u>
<u>Last summer and autumn</u>	<u>222</u>
<u>Showing London to a visitor</u>	<u>223</u>
<u>His son Henry's scholarship</u>	<u>224</u>
<u>Twelve more readings</u>	<u>225</u>
<u>Medical attendance at them</u>	<u>226</u>
<u>Excitement incident to them</u>	<u>227</u>
<u>The Farewell</u>	<u>228</u>
<u>Last public appearances</u>	<u>230</u>
<u>At Royal Academy dinner</u>	<u>230</u>
<u>Eulogy of Daniel Maclise</u>	<u>231</u>
<u>Return of illness</u>	<u>233</u>
<u>Our last meeting</u>	<u>233</u>
<u>A noteworthy incident</u>	<u>233</u>
<u>Last letter received from him</u>	<u>234</u>
<u>Final days at Gadshill</u>	<u>235</u>
<u>Wednesday the 8th of June</u>	<u>236</u>
<u>Last piece of writing</u>	<u>236</u>
<u>The 8th and 9th of June</u>	<u>237</u>
<u>The general grief</u>	<u>238</u>
<u>The burial</u>	<u>239</u>
<u>Unhidden mourners</u>	<u>240</u>
<u>The grave</u>	<u>240</u>

APPENDIX.

<u>I. THE WRITINGS OF CHARLES DICKENS</u>	<u>241</u>
<u>II. THE WILL OF CHARLES DICKENS</u>	<u>253</u>
<u>III. CORRECTIONS FOR THE THIRD AND FOURTH</u>	
<u>VOLUMES</u>	<u>258</u>
<u>INDEX</u>	<u>262</u>

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Page

The Grave. From an original water-colour drawing, executed
for this Work, by S. L. Fildes. Engraved by Weger.

Frontispiece

Facsimile from the last page of *Edwin Drood*, written on the
8th of June, 1870 to face 160

Facsimile of a page of *Oliver Twist*, written in 1837 . . . to face 160

THE
LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LVIII.

DICKENS AS A NOVELIST.

1836-1870.

THE TALE OF TWO CITIES.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

CHRISTMAS SKETCHES.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

DR. MARIGOLD AND TALES FOR AMERICA.

WHAT I have to say generally of Dickens's genius as a writer may be made part of the notice, which still remains to be given, of his writings from *The Tale of Two Cities* to the time at which we have arrived, leaving *Edwin Drood* for mention in its place; and this will be accompanied, as in former notices of individual stories, by illustrations drawn from his letters and life. His literary work was so intensely one with his nature that he is not separable from it, and the man and the method throw a singular light on

LONDON:
1836-70.

LONDON:
1836-70.

each other. But some allusion to what has been said of these books, by writers assuming to speak with authority, will properly precede what has to be offered by me; and I shall preface this part of my task with the hint of Carlyle, that in looking at a man out of the common it is good for common men to make sure that they "see" before they attempt to "oversee" him.

See before
you oversee.

Of the French writer, M. Henri Taine, it has before been remarked that his inability to appreciate humour is fatal to his pretensions as a critic of the English novel. But there is much that is noteworthy in his criticism notwithstanding, as well as remarkable in his knowledge of our language; his position entitles him to be heard without a suspicion of partizanship or intentional unfairness; whatever the value of his opinion, the elaboration of its form and expression is itself no common tribute; and what is said in it of Dickens's handling in regard to style and character, embodies temperately objections which have since been taken by some English critics without his impartiality and with less than his ability. As to style M. Taine does not find that the natural or simple prevails sufficiently. The tone is too passionate. The imaginative or poetic side of allusion is so uniformly dwelt on, that the descriptions cease to be subsidiary, and the minute details of pain or pleasure wrought out by them become active agencies in the tale. So vivid and eager is the display of fancy that everything is borne along with it; imaginary objects take the precision of real ones; living thoughts are controlled by

M. Taine's
criticism.

Too much
passion and
fancy.

inanimate things; the chimes console the poor old ticket-porter; the cricket steadies the rough carrier's doubts; the sea waves soothe the dying boy; clouds, flowers, leaves, play their several parts; hardly a form of matter without a living quality; no silent thing without its voice. Fondling and exaggerating thus what is occasional in the subject of his criticism, into what he has evidently at last persuaded himself is a fixed and universal practice with Dickens, M. Taine proceeds to explain the exuberance by comparing such imagination in its vividness to that of a monomaniac.

LONDON:
1836-70.

He fails altogether to apprehend that property in Humour which involves the feeling of subtlest and most affecting analogies, and from which is drawn the rare insight into sympathies between the nature of things and their attributes or opposites, in which Dickens's fancy revelled with such delight. Taking the famous lines which express the lunatic, the lover, and the poet as "of Imagination all compact," in a sense that would have startled not a little the great poet who wrote them, M. Taine places on the same level of creative fancy the phantoms of the lunatic and the personages of the artist. He exhibits Dickens as from time to time, in the several stages of his successive works of fiction, given up to one idea, possessed by it, seeing nothing else, treating it in a hundred forms, exaggerating it, and so dazzling and overpowering his readers with it that escape is impossible. [This he maintains to be equally the effect as Mr. Mell the usher plays the flute, as Tom Pinch enjoys or exposes his Pecksniff, as

What M.
Taine over-
looks.

"Lunatic
and poet."

Examples of
monomania.

LONDON:
1836-70.

the guard blows his bugle while Tom rides to London, as Ruth Pinch crosses Fountain Court or makes the beefsteak pudding, as Jonas Chuzzlewit commits and returns from the murder, and as the storm which is Steerforth's death-knell beats on the Yarmouth shore. To the same kind of power he attributes the extraordinary clearness with which the commonest objects in all his books, the most ordinary interiors, any old house, a parlour, a boat, a school, fifty things that in the ordinary tale-teller would pass unmarked, are made vividly present and indelible; are brought out with a strength of relief, precision, and force, unapproached in any other writer of prose fiction; with everything minute yet nothing cold, "with all the passion and the patience of the painters of his country." And while excitement in the reader is thus maintained to an extent incompatible with a natural style or simple narrative, M. Taine yet thinks he has discovered, in this very power of awakening a feverish sensibility and moving laughter or tears at the commonest things, the source of Dickens's astonishing popularity. Ordinary people, he says, are so tired of what is always around them, and take in so little of the detail that makes up their lives, that when, all of a sudden, there comes a man to make these things interesting, and turn them into objects of admiration, tenderness, or terror, the effect is enchantment. Without leaving their arm-chairs or their firesides, they find themselves trembling with emotion, their eyes are filled with tears, their cheeks are broad with laughter, and, in the dis-

Too exciting.

Why so
popular.

covery they have thus made that they too can suffer, love, and feel, their very existence seems doubled to them. It had not occurred to M. Taine that to effect so much might seem to leave little not achieved.

LONDON:
1836-70.

Doubling the
sensations of
ordinary
people.

So far from it, the critic had satisfied himself that such a power of style must be adverse to a just delineation of character. Dickens is not calm enough, he says, to penetrate to the bottom of what he is dealing with. He takes sides with it as friend or enemy, laughs or cries over it, makes it odious or touching, repulsive or attractive, and is too vehement and not enough inquisitive to paint a likeness. His imagination is at once too vivid and not sufficiently large. Its tenacious quality, and the force and concentration with which his thoughts penetrate into the details he desires to apprehend, form limits to his knowledge, confine him to single traits, and prevent his sounding all the depths of a soul. He seizes on one attitude, trick, expression, or grimace; sees nothing else; and keeps it always unchanged. Mercy Pecksniff laughs at every word, Mark Tapley is nothing but jolly, Mrs. Gamp talks incessantly of Mrs. Harris, Mr. Chillip is invariably timid, and Mr. Micawber is never tired of emphasizing his phrases or passing with ludicrous brusqueness from joy to grief. Each is the incarnation of some one vice, virtue, or absurdity; whereof the display is frequent, invariable, and exclusive. The language I am using condenses with strict accuracy what is said by M. Taine, and has been repeated *ad nauseam* by others,

Excesses
and defects.

Types not
people.

LONDON:
1836-70.

Our own fault
condemned
in another.

Excuse for
Dickens.

Morality too
popular in
England.

professing admirers as well as open detractors. Mrs. Gamp and Mr. Micawber, who belong to the first rank of humorous creation, are thus without another word dismissed by the French critic; and he shows no consciousness whatever in doing it, of that very fault in himself for which Dickens is condemned, of mistaking lively observation for real insight.

He has however much concession in reserve, being satisfied, by his observation of England, that it is to the people for whom Dickens wrote his deficiencies in art are mainly due. The taste of his nation had prohibited him from representing character in a grand style. The English require too much morality and religion for genuine art. They made him treat love, not as holy and sublime in itself, but as subordinate to marriage; forced him to uphold society and the laws, against nature and enthusiasm; and compelled him to display, in painting such a seduction as in *Copperfield*, not the progress, ardour, and intoxication of passion, but only the misery, remorse, and despair. The result of such surface religion and morality, combined with the trading spirit, M. Taine continues, leads to so many national forms of hypocrisy, and of greed as well as worship for money, as to justify this great writer of the nation in his frequent choice of those vices for illustration in his tales. But his defect of method again comes into play. He does not deal with vices in the manner of a physiologist, feeling a sort of love for them, and delighting in their finer traits as if they were virtues. He gets

angry over them. (I do not interrupt M. Taine, but surely, to take one instance illustrative of many, Dickens's enjoyment in dealing with Pecksniff is as manifest as that he never ceases all the time to make him very hateful.) He cannot, like Balzac, leave morality out of account, and treat a passion, however loathsome, as that great tale-teller did, from the only safe ground of belief, that it is a force, and that force of whatever kind is good. It is essential to an artist of that superior grade, M. Taine holds, no matter how vile his subject, to show its education and temptations, the form of brain or habits of mind that have reinforced the natural tendency, to deduce it from its cause, to place its circumstances around it, and to develop its effects to their extremes. In handling such and such a capital miser, hypocrite, debauchee, or what not, he should never trouble himself about the evil consequences of the vices. He should be too much of a philosopher and artist to remember that he is a respectable citizen. But this is what Dickens never forgets, and he renounces all beauties requiring so corrupt a soil. M. Taine's conclusion upon the whole nevertheless is, that though those triumphs of art which become the property of all the earth have not been his, much has yet been achieved by him. Out of his unequalled observation, his satire, and his sensibility, has proceeded a series of original characters existing nowhere but in England, which will exhibit to future generations not the record of his own genius only, but that of his country and his times.

LONDON:
1836-70.

Dickens
over-angry
with vice.

Balzac's
better
method.

What
Dickens
achieved.

LONDON:
1836-70.

Limitations
of art in
England.

From Paris.

Anticipatory
reply to M.
Taine.

Between the judgment thus passed by the distinguished French lecturer, and the later comment to be now given from an English critic, certainly not in arrest of that judgment, may fitly come a passage from one of Dickens's letters saying something of the limitations placed upon the artist in England. It may read like a quasi-confession of one of M. Taine's charges, though it was not written with reference to his own but to one of Scott's later novels. "Similarly" (15th of August 1856) "I have always a fine feeling of the "honest state into which we gave got, when some "smooth gentleman says to me or to some one "else when I am by, how odd it is that the hero "of an English book is always uninteresting—too "good—not natural, &c. I am continually hearing "this of Scott from English people here, who "pass their lives with Balzac and Sand. But O "my smooth friend, what a shining impostor you "must think yourself and what an ass you must "think me, when you suppose that by putting a "brazen face upon it you can blot out of my "knowledge the fact that this same unnatural "young gentleman (if to be decent is to be necessarily unnatural), whom you meet in those other "books and in mine, *must be* presented to you in "that unnatural aspect by reason of your morality, "and is not to have, I will not say any of the indecencies you like, but not even any of the experiences, trials, perplexities, and confusions "inseparable from the making or unmaking of all "men!"

M. Taine's criticism was written three or four years before Dickens's death, and to the same date belong some notices in England which adopted more or less the tone of depreciation; conceding the great effects achieved by the writer, but disputing the quality and value of his art. For it is incident to all such criticism of Dickens to be of necessity accompanied by the admission, that no writer has so completely impressed himself on the time in which he lived, that he has made his characters a part of literature, and that his readers are the world.

LONDON:
1836-70.
Praise and
blame in
England.

But, a little more than a year after his death, a paper was published of which the object was to reconcile such seeming inconsistency, to expound the inner meanings of "Dickens in relation to Criticism," and to show that, though he had a splendid genius and a wonderful imagination, yet the objectors were to be excused who called him only a stagy sentimentalist and a clever caricaturist. This critical essay appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for February 1872, with the signature of Mr. George Henry Lewes; and the pretentious airs of the performance, with its prodigious professions of candour, force upon me the painful task of stating what it really is. During Dickens's life, especially when any fresh novelist could be found available for strained comparison with him, there were plenty of attempts to write him down: but the trick of studied depreciation was never carried so far or made so odious as in this case, by intolerable assumptions of an indulgent superiority; and to

Blame and
praise to be
reconciled.

Paper by
Mr. Lewes.



LONDON:
1836-70.

repel it in such a form once for all is due to Dickens's memory.

"Dickens in
"relation to
"Criticism."

Plea for
objectors to
Dickens.

A "distingu-
"guished"
man's con-
tempt.

The paper begins by the usual concessions—that he was a writer of vast popularity, that he delighted no end of people, that his admirers were in all classes and all countries, that he stirred the sympathy of masses not easily reached through literature and always to healthy emotion, that he impressed a new direction on popular writing, and modified the literature of his age in its spirit no less than its form. The very splendour of these successes, on the other hand, so deepened the shadow of his failures, that to many there was nothing but darkness. Was it unnatural? Could greatness be properly ascribed, by the fastidious, to a writer whose defects were so glaring, exaggerated, untrue, fantastic, and melodramatic? Might they not fairly insist on such defects as outweighing all positive qualities, and speak of him with condescending patronage or sneering irritation? Why, very often such men, though their talk would be seasoned with quotations from, and allusions to, his writings, and though they would lay aside their most favourite books to bury themselves in his new "number," had been observed by this critic to be as niggardly in their praise of him as they were lavish in their scorn. He actually heard "*a very distinguished man*," on one occasion, express measureless contempt for Dickens, and a few minutes afterwards admit that Dickens had "entered into his life." And so the critic betook himself to the task of reconciling this immense popularity

and this critical contempt, which he does after the following manner. LONDON:
1836-70.

He says that Dickens was so great in "fun" ^{"Fun."} (humour he does not concede to him anywhere) that Fielding and Smollett are small in comparison, but that this would only have been a passing amusement for the world if he had not been "gifted with an imagination of marvellous vividness, and an emotional sympathetic nature capable of furnishing that imagination with elements ^{Alleged "gifts."} of universal power." To people who think that words should carry some meaning it might seem, that, if only a man could be "gifted" with all this, nothing more need be said. With marvellous imagination, and a nature to endow it with elements of universal power, what secrets of creative art could possibly be closed to him? But this is reckoning without your philosophical critic. The vividness of Dickens's imagination M. Taine found to be simply monomaniacal, and his fol- ^{Again the monomaniac.} lower finds it to be merely hallucinative. Not the less he heaps upon it epithet after epithet. He talks of its irradiating splendour; calls it glorious as well as imperial and marvellous; and, to make us quite sure he is not with these fine phrases puffing-off an inferior article, he interposes that such imagination is "common to all <sup>"Hallu-
cinative"</sup> great writers." Luckily for great writers in ^{imagination.} general, however, their creations are of the old, immortal, common-place sort; whereas Dickens in his creative processes, according to this philosophy of criticism, is tied up hard and fast within hallucinative limits.

LONDON:
1836-70.

Dickens a
"seer of
"visions."

Vain critical
warnings.

Intelligence
of "the
"public."

The pre-
posterous and
impossible
made facts of
observation.

"He was," we are told, "a seer of visions." Amid silence and darkness, we are assured, he heard voices and saw objects; of which the revived impressions to him had the vividness of sensations, and the images his mind created in explanation of them had the coercive force of realities;* so that what he brought into existence in this way, no matter how fantastic and unreal, was (whatever this may mean) universally intelligible. "His types established themselves in the public mind like personal experiences. Their falsity was unnoticed in the blaze of their illumination. Every humbug seemed a Pecksniff, every jovial improvident a Micawber, every stunted serving-wench a Marchioness." The critic, indeed, saw through it all, but he gave his warnings in vain. "In vain critical reflection showed these figures to be merely masks; not characters, but personified characteristics; caricatures and distortions of human nature. The vividness of their presentation triumphed over reflection; their creator managed to communicate to the public his own unhesitating belief." What, however, is the public? Mr. Lewes goes on to relate. "Give a child a wooden horse, with hair for mane

* I hope my readers will find themselves able to understand that, as well as this which follows: "What seems preposterous, impossible to us, seemed to him simple fact of observation. When he imagined a street, a house, a room, a figure, he saw it not in the vague schematic way of ordinary imagination, but in the sharp definition of actual perception, all the salient details obtruding themselves on his attention. He seeing it thus vividly, made us also see it; and believing in its reality however fantastic, he communicated something of his belief to us. He presented it in such relief that we ceased to think of it as a picture. So definite and insistent was the image, that even while knowing it was false we could not help, for a moment, being affected, as it were, by his hallucination."

LONDON:
1836-70.

“and tail, and wafer-spots for colouring; he will “never be disturbed by the fact that this horse “does not move its legs but runs on wheels; and “this wooden horse, which he can handle and “draw, is believed in more than a pictured horse “by a Wouvermanns or an Ansdell (!! It may “be said of Dickens’s human figures that they “too are wooden, and run on wheels; but these “are details which scarcely disturb the belief of “admirers. Just as the wooden horse is brought “within the range of the child’s emotions, and “dramatizing tendencies, when he can handle and “draw it, so Dickens’s figures are brought within “the range of the reader’s interests, and receive “from these interests a sudden illumination, when “they are the puppets of a drama every incident “of which appeals to the sympathies.”

"Wooden"
figures of
Dickens.

Risum teneatis? But the smile is grim that rises to the face of one to whom the relations of the writer and his critic, while both writer and critic lived, are known; and who sees the drift of now scattering such rubbish as this over an established fame. As it fares with the imagination that is imperial, so with the drama every incident of which appeals to the sympathies. The one being explained by hallucination, and the other by the wooden horse, plenty of fine words are to spare by which contempt may receive the show of candour. When the characters in a play are puppets, and the audiences of the theatre fools or children, no wise man forfeits his wisdom by proceeding to admit that the successful playwright, "with a fine felicity of instinct," seized

Contempt
under show
of candour.

LONDON:
1836-70.

What puppets
and spotted
horses may
do.

Effective
suggestive-
ness of daubs.

An opinion on
Mr. and Mrs.
Micawber.

upon situations, for his wooden figures, having "irresistible hold over the domestic affections;" that, through his puppets, he spoke "in the "mother-tongue of the heart;" that, with his spotted horses and so forth, he "painted the life "he knew and everyone knew;" that he painted, of course, nothing ideal or heroic, and that the world of thought and passion lay beyond his horizon; but that, with his artificial performers and his feeble-witted audiences, "all the resources of the bourgeois epic were in his grasp; the joys "and pains of childhood, the petty tyrannies of "ignoble natures, the genial pleasantries of happy "natures, the life of the poor, the struggles of the "street and back parlour, the insolence of office, "the sharp social contrasts, east wind and Christ- "mas jollity, hunger, misery, and hot punch"— "so that even critical spectators who complained "that these broadly painted pictures were artistic "daubs could not wholly resist their effective "suggestiveness." Since Trinculo and Caliban were under one cloak, there has surely been no such delicate monster with two voices. "His "forward voice, now, is to speak well of his "friend; his backward voice is to utter foul "speeches and to detract." One other of the foul speeches I may not overlook, since it contains what is alleged to be a personal revelation of Dickens made to the critic himself.

"When one thinks of Micawber always pre- "sented himself in the same situation, moved "with the same springs* and uttering the same "sounds, always confident of something turning

LONDON:
1836-70.

"up, always crushed and rebounding, always
 "making punch—and his wife always declaring
 "she will never part from him, always referring
 "to his talents and her family—when one thinks
 "of the 'catchwords' personified as characters, one
 "is reminded of the frogs whose brains have been
 "taken out for physiological purposes, and whose
 "actions henceforth want the distinctive pecu-
 "liarity of organic action, that of fluctuating
 "spontaneity." Such was that sheer inability of
 Dickens, indeed, to comprehend this complexity
 of the organism, that it quite accounted, in the
 view of this philosopher, for all his unnaturalness,
 for the whole of his fantastic people, and for the
 strained dialogues of which his books are made
 up, painfully resembling in their incongruity "the
 "absurd and eager expositions which insane pa-
 "tients pour into the listener's ear when detailing
 "their wrongs, or their schemes. "Dickens once
 "declared to me," Mr. Lewes continues, "that
 "every word said by his characters was distinctly
 "*heard* by him; I was at first not a little puzzled
 "to account for the fact that he could hear
 "language so utterly unlike the language of real
 "feeling, and not be aware of its preposterous-
 "ness; but the surprise vanished when I thought
 "of the phenomena of hallucination." Wonderful
 sagacity! to unravel easily such a bewildering
 "puzzle"! And so to the close. Between the
 uncultivated whom Dickens moved, and the cul-
 tivated he failed to move; between the power
 that so worked in delf as to stir the universal
 heart, and the commonness that could not meddle

Inability to
comprehend
complex
organisms.

Hallucinative
phenomena.

LONDON:
1836-70.
Common self
and finer
clay.

Dickens in
a fit of hal-
lucination.

with porcelain or aspire to any noble clay; the pitiful see-saw is continued up to the final sentence, where, in the impartial critic's eagerness to discredit even the value of the emotion awakened in such men as Jeffrey by such creations as Little Nell, he reverses all he has been saying about the cultivated and uncultivated, and presents to us a cultivated philosopher, in his ignorance of the stage, applauding an actor whom every uncultivated playgoing apprentice despises as stagey. But the bold stroke just exhibited, of bringing forward Dickens himself in the actual crisis of one of his fits of hallucination, requires an additional word.

Composition
of the *Bride of
Lammermoor*.

To establish the hallucinative theory, he is said on one occasion to have declared to the critic that every word uttered by his characters was distinctly *heard* by him before it was written down. Such an averment, not credible for a moment as thus made, indeed simply untrue to the extent described, may yet be accepted in the limited and quite different sense which a passage in one of Dickens's letters gives to it. All writers of genius to whom their art has become as a second nature, will be found capable of doing upon occasion what the vulgar may think to be "hallucination," but hallucination will never account for. After Scott began the *Bride of Lammermoor* he had one of his terrible seizures of cramp, yet during his torment he dictated* that

* "Though," John Ballantyne told Lockhart, "he often turned "himself on his pillow with a groan of torment, he usually continued the "sentence in the same breath. But when dialogue of peculiar animation

fine novel; and when he rose from his bed, and the published book was placed in his hands, "he did not," James Ballantyne explicitly assured Lockhart, "recollect one single incident, character, or conversation it contained." When Dickens was under the greatest trial of his life, and illness and sorrow were contending for the mastery over him, he thus wrote to me. "Of my distress I will say no more than that it has borne a terrible, frightful, horrible proportion to the quickness of the gifts you remind me of. But may I not be forgiven for thinking it a wonderful testimony to my being made for my art, that when, in the midst of this trouble and pain, I sit down to my book, some beneficent power shows it all to me, and tempts me to be interested, and I don't invent it—really do not—but see it, and write it down. . . It is only when it all fades away and is gone, that I begin to suspect that its momentary relief has cost me something."

LONDON:
1836-70.

Not inventing
but seeing
what is
written.

Whatever view may be taken of the man who wrote those words, he had the claim to be judged by reference to the highest models in the art which he studied. In the literature of his time, from 1836 to 1870, he held the most conspicuous place, and his claim to the most popular one in

A claim to be
fairly judged.

"was in progress, spirit seemed to triumph altogether over matter—he arose from his couch and walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and as it were acting the parts." *Lockhart*, vi. 67-8. The statement of James Ballantyne is at p. 89 of the same volume. The original incidents on which Scott had founded the tale he remembered, but "not a single character woven by the romancer, not one of the many scenes and points of humour, nor anything with which he was connected as the writer of the work."

LONDON:
1836-70.

the literature of fiction was by common consent admitted. He obtained this rank by the sheer force of his genius, unhelped in any way, and he held it without dispute. As he began he closed. After he had written for only four months, and after he had written incessantly for four and thirty years, he was of all living writers the most widely read. It is of course quite possible that such popularity might imply rather littleness in his contemporaries than greatness in him: but his books are the test to judge by. Each thus far, as it appeared, has had notice in these pages for its illustration of his life, or of his method of work, or of the variety and versatility in the manifestations of his power. But his latest books remain still for notice, and will properly suggest what is farther to be said of his general place in literature.

Dickens's
leading
quality.

His leading quality was Humour. It has no mention in either of the criticisms cited, but it was his highest faculty; and it accounts for his magnificent successes, as well as for his not infrequent failures, in characteristic delineation. He was conscious of this himself. Five years before he died, a great and generous brother artist, Lord Lytton, amid much ungrudging praise of a work he was then publishing, asked him to consider, as to one part of it, if the modesties of art were not a little overpassed. "I cannot tell you," he replied, "how highly I prize your letter, "or with what pride and pleasure it inspires me. "Nor do I for a moment question its criticism (if "objection so generous and easy may be called

Reply to a
remonstrance
from Bulwer
Lytton.

LONDON:
1836-70.

“by that hard name) otherwise than on this ground—that I work slowly and with great care, “and never give way to my invention recklessly, “but constantly restrain it; and that I think it is “my infirmity to fancy or perceive relations in “things which are not apparent generally. Also, “I have such an inexpressible enjoyment of what “I see in a droll light, that I dare say I pet it as “if it were a spoilt child. This is all I have to “offer in arrest of judgment.” To perceive relations in things which are not apparent generally, is one of those exquisite properties of humour by which are discovered the affinities between the high and the low, the attractive and the repulsive, the rarest things and things of every day, which bring us all upon the level of a common humanity. It is this which gives humour an immortal touch that does not belong of necessity to pictures, even the most exquisite, of mere character or manners; the property which in its highest aspects Carlyle so subtly described as a sort of inverse sublimity, exalting into our affections what is below us as the other draws down into our affections what is above us. But it has a danger which Dickens also hints at, and into which he often fell. All humour has in it, is indeed identical with, what ordinary people are apt to call exaggeration; but there is an excess beyond the allowable even here, and to “pet” or magnify out of proper bounds its sense of what is droll, is to put the merely grotesque in its place. What might have been overlooked in a writer with no uncommon powers of invention, was thrown into

Apology for
occasional
excess.

Humour at its
highest.

Its dangers.

LONDON:
1836-70.

overpowering prominence by Dickens's wealth of fancy; and a splendid excess of his genius came to be objected to as its integral and essential quality.

Dickens's
earlier books.

It cannot be said to have had any place in his earlier books. His powers were not at their highest and the humour was less fine and subtle, but there was no such objection to be taken. No misgiving interrupted the enjoyment of the wonderful freshness of animal spirits in *Pickwick*; but beneath its fun, laughter, and light-heartedness were indications of power of the first rank in the delineation of character. Some caricature was in the plan; but as the circle of people widened beyond the cockney club, and the delightful oddity of Mr. Pickwick took more of an independent existence, a different method revealed itself, nothing appeared beyond the exaggerations permissible to humorous comedy, and the art was seen which can combine traits vividly true to particular men or women with propensities common to all mankind. This has its highest expression in Fielding: but even the first of Dickens's books showed the same kind of mastery; and, by the side of its life-like middle-class people universally familiar, there was one figure before seen by none but at once knowable by all, delightful for the surprise it gave by its singularity and the pleasure it gave by its truth; and, though short of the highest in this form of art, taking rank with the class in which live everlastingly the dozen unique inventions that have immortalized the English novel. The groups in *Oliver Twist*,

*Pickwick
Papers.*

Sam Weller.

Fagin and his pupils, Sikes and Nancy, Mr. Bumble and his parish-boy, belong to the same period; when Dickens also began those pathetic delineations that opened to the neglected, the poor, and the fallen, a world of compassion and tenderness. Yet I think it was not until the third book, *Nickleby*, that he began to have his place as a writer conceded to him; and that he ceased to be regarded as a mere phenomenon or marvel of fortune, who had achieved success by any other means than that of deserving it, and who challenged no criticism better worth the name than such as he has received from the Fortnightly reviewer. It is to be added to what before was said of *Nickleby*, that it established beyond dispute his mastery of dialogue, or that power of making characters real existences, not by describing them but by letting them describe themselves, which belongs only to story-tellers of the first rank. Dickens never excelled the easy handling of the subordinate groups in this novel, and he never repeated its mistakes in the direction of aristocratic or merely polite and dissipated life. It displayed more than before of his humour on the tragic side; and, in close connection with its affecting scenes of starved and deserted childhood, were placed those contrasts of miser and spendthrift, of greed and generosity, of hypocrisy and simple-heartedness, which he handled in later books with greater power and fullness, but of which the first formal expression was here. It was his first general picture, so to speak, of the character and manners of his time, which it was the design more or less

LONDON:
1836-70.

Character-
drawing in
Oliver Twist.

Effect of
Nicholas
Nickleby.

Mastery of
dialogue.

Contrasts
taken from
the time.

LONDON:
1836-70.

*Nicholas
Nickleby.*

People in the
Curiosity Shop.

*Barnaby
Rudge.*

Sara Cole-
ridge on
Little Nell.

of all his books to exhibit; and it suffers by comparison with his later productions, because the humour is not to the same degree enriched by imagination; but it is free from the not infrequent excess into which that supreme gift also tempted its possessor. None of the tales is more attractive throughout, and on the whole it was a step in advance even of the stride previously taken. Nor was the gain lost in the succeeding story of the *Old Curiosity Shop*. The humorous traits of Mrs. Nickleby could hardly be surpassed: but, in Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness, there was a subtlety and lightness of touch that led to finer issues; and around Little Nell* and her fortunes, surpassingly touching and beautiful, let criticism object what it will, were gathered some small characters that had a deeper intention and more imaginative insight, than anything yet done. Strokes of this kind were also observable in the hunted life of the murderer in *Barnaby Rudge*; and his next book, *Chuzzlewit* was, as it still remains, one of his greatest achievements. Even so brief a retrospect of the six opening years of Dickens's literary labour will help to a clearer judgment of the work of the twenty-eight more years that remained to him.

To the special observations already made on the series of stories which followed the return

* "Do you know *Master Humphrey's Clock*? I admire Nell in the *Old Curiosity Shop* exceedingly. The whole thing is a good deal borrowed from *Wilhelm Meister*. But Little Nell is a far purer, lovelier, more English conception than Mignon, treasonable as the saying "would seem to some. No doubt it was suggested by Mignon."—Sara Coleridge to Aubrey de Vere (*Memoirs and Letters*, ii. 269-70). Expressing no opinion on this comparison, I may state it as within my knowledge that the book referred to was not then known to Dickens.

from America, *Chuzzlewit*, *Dombey*, *Copperfield*, and *Bleak House*, in which attention has been directed to the higher purpose and more imaginative treatment that distinguished them,* a general remark is to be added. Though the range of character they traverse is not wide, it is surrounded by a fertility of invention and illustration without example in any previous novelist; and it is represented in these books, so to speak, by a number and variety of existences sufficiently real to have taken places as among the actual people of the world. Could half as many known and universally recognisable men and women be selected out of one story, by any other prose writer of the first rank, as at once rise to the mind from one of the masterpieces of Dickens? So difficult of dispute is this, that as much perhaps will be admitted; but then it will be added, if the reply is by a critic of the school burlesqued by Mr. Lewes, that after all they are not individual or special men and women so much as general impersonations of men and women, abstract types made up of telling catchwords or surface traits, though with such accumulation upon them of a wonderful wealth of humorous illustration, itself filled with minute and accurate knowledge of life,

LONDON:
1836-70.
Books after
first American
visit.

Realities
of fiction.

* The distinction I then pointed out was remarked by Sara Cole-ridge (*Memoirs and Letters*, ii. 169) in writing of her children. "They like to talk to me . . . above all about the productions of Dickens, the *Chuzzlewit*. "never-to-be-exhausted fun of *Pickwick*, and the capital new strokes "of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. ¶This last work contains, besides all the fun, "some very marked and available morals. I scarce know any book "in which the evil and odiousness of selfishness are more forcibly "brought out, or in a greater variety of exhibitions. In the midst of the "merry quotations, or at least on any fair opportunity, I draw the boys' "attention to these points."

LONDON:
1836-70.

Johnson and
his contem-
poraries.

Richardson
preferred to
Fielding.

Fielding and
Dickens.

V. 41.

that the real nakedness of the land of character is hidden. Well, what can be rejoined to this, but that the poverty or richness of any territory worth survey will for the most part lie in the kind of observation brought to it. There was no finer observer than Johnson of the manners of his time, and he protested of their greatest delineator that he knew only the shell of life. Another of his remarks, after a fashion followed by the criticizers of Dickens, places Fielding below one of his famous contemporaries; but who will not now be eager to reverse such a comparison, as that Fielding tells you correctly enough what o'clock it is by looking at the face of the dial, but that Richardson shows you how the watch is made? There never was a subtler or a more sagacious observer than Fielding, or who better deserved what is generously said of him by Smollett, that he painted the characters and ridiculed the follies of life with equal strength, humour, and propriety. But might it not be said of him, as of Dickens, that his range of character was limited; and that his method of proceeding from a central idea in all his leading people, exposed him equally to the charge of now and then putting human nature itself in place of the individual who should only be a small section of it? This is in fact but another shape of what I have expressed on a former page, that what a character, drawn by a master, will roughly present upon its surface, is frequently such as also to satisfy its more subtle requirements; and that when only the salient points or sharper prominences are thus displayed,

the great novelist is using his undoubted privilege of showing the large degree to which human intercourse is carried on, not by men's habits or ways at their commonest, but by the touching of their extremes. A definition of Fielding's genius has been made with some accuracy in the saying, that he shows common propensities in connection with the identical unvarnished adjuncts which are peculiar to the individual, nor could a more exquisite felicity of handling than this be any man's aim or desire; but it would be just as easy, by employment of the critical rules applied to Dickens, to transform it into matter of censure. Partridge, Adams, Trulliber, Squire Western, and the rest, present themselves often enough under the same aspects, and use with sufficient uniformity the same catchwords, to be brought within the charge of mannerism; and though M. Taine cannot fairly say of Fielding as of Dickens, that he suffers from too much morality, he brings against him precisely the charge so strongly put against the later novelist of "looking upon the passions "not as simple forces but as objects of approbation or blame." We must keep in mind all this to understand the worth of the starved fancy, that can find in such a delineation as that of Micawber only the man described by Mr. Lewes as always in the same situation, moved with the same springs and uttering the same sounds, always confident of something turning up, always crushed and rebounding, always making punch, and his wife always declaring she will never part from him. It is not thus that such creations are to be viewed;

LONDON:
1836-70.

Touching of
extremes.

Definition of
Fielding's
method.

M. Taine's
criticism on
Fielding.

LONDON:
1836-70.

Why the
creations of
fiction live.

Universality
of Micawber
experiences.

Protectionist
Micawbers.

but by the light which enables us to see why the country squires, village schoolmasters, and hedge parsons of Fielding became immortal. The later ones will live, as the earlier do, by the subtle quality of genius that makes their doings and sayings part of those general incentives which pervade mankind. Who has not had occasion, however priding himself on his unlikeness to Micawber, to think of Micawber as he reviewed his own experiences? Who has not himself waited, like Micawber, for something to turn up? Who has not at times discovered, in one or other acquaintance or friend, some one or other of that cluster of sagacious hints and fragments of human life and conduct which the kindly fancy of Dickens embodied in this delightful form? If the irrepressible New Zealander ever comes over to achieve his long promised sketch of St. Paul's, who can doubt that it will be no other than our undying Micawber, who had taken to colonisation the last time we saw him, and who will thus again have turned up? There are not many conditions of life or society to which his and his wife's experiences are not applicable; and when, the year after the immortal couple made their first appearance on earth, Protection was in one of its then frequent difficulties, declaring it could not live without something widely different from existing circumstances shortly turning up, and imploring its friends to throw down the gauntlet and boldly challenge society to turn up a majority and rescue it from its embarrassments, a distinguished wit seized upon the likeness to Micawber,

showed how closely it was borne out by the jollity and gin-punch of the banquets at which the bewailings were heard, and asked whether Dickens had stolen from the farmer's friends or the farmer's friends had stolen from Dickens. "Corn, said
"Mr. Micawber, may be gentlemanly, but it is not
"remunerative. . . I ask myself this question: if
"corn is not to be relied on, what is? We must
"live. . ." Loud as the general laughter was, I think the laughter of Dickens himself was loudest, at this discovery of so exact and unexpected a likeness.*

LONDON:
1836-70.

Micawber on
corn.

A readiness in all forms thus to enjoy his own
pleasantry was indeed always observable (it is
common to great humourists, nor would it be
easier to carry it farther than Sterne did), and his
own confession on the point may receive addi-

Dickens's
enjoyment
of his own
humour.

* All the remarks in my text had been some time in type when Unpublished,
Lord Lytton sent me what follows, from one of his father's manuscript note by the
(and unpublished) note-books. Substantially it agrees with what I have late Lord
said; and such unconscious testimony of a brother novelist of so high a Lytton.
rank, careful in the study of his art, is of special value. "The greatest
"masters of the novel of modern manners have generally availed them-
"selves of Humour for the illustration of manners; and have, with a
"deep and true, but perhaps unconscious, knowledge of art, pushed
"the humour almost to the verge of caricature. For, as the serious
"ideal requires a certain exaggeration in the proportions of the natural,
"so also does the ludicrous. Thus, Aristophanes, in painting the
"humours of his time, resorts to the most poetical extravagance of
"machinery, and calls the Clouds in aid of his ridicule of philosophy, or
"summons Frogs and Gods to unite in his satire on Euripides. The
"Don Quixote of Cervantes never lived, nor, despite the vulgar belief,
"ever could have lived, in Spain; but the art of the portrait is in the Defence of
"admirable exaltation of the humorous by means of the exaggerated. humourists
"With more or less qualification, the same may be said of Parson Adams, from charges
"of Sir Roger de Coverley, and even of the Vicar of Wakefield. . . It of exaggera-
"follows therefore that art and correctness are far from identical, and tion.
"that the one is sometimes proved by the disdain of the other. For the
"ideal, whether humorous or serious, does not consist in the imitation
"but in the exaltation of nature. And we must accordingly enquire of
"art, not how far it resembles what we have seen, so much as how far
"it embodies what we can imagine."

LONDON:
1836-70.

An example
from Mrs.
Lirriper.

Another from
"Lazy Tour,"
V. 167.

The waiter
in *Somebody's*
Luggage.

tional illustration before proceeding to the later books. He accounted by it, as we have seen, for occasional even grotesque extravagances. In another of his letters there is this passage: "I can report that I have finished the job I set myself, and that it has in it something—to me at all events—so extraordinarily droll, that though I have been reading it some hundred times in the course of the working, I have never been able to look at it with the least composure, but have always roared in the most unblushing manner. I leave you to find out what it was." It was the encounter of the major and the tax-collector in the second Mrs. Lirriper. Writing previously of the papers in *Household Words* called *The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*, after saying that he and Mr. Wilkie Collins had written together a story in the second part, "in which I think you would find it very difficult to say where I leave off and he comes in," he had said of the preceding descriptions: "Some of my own tickle me very much; but that may be in great part because I know the originals, and delight in their fantastic fidelity." "I have been at work with such a will" he writes later of a piece of humour for the holidays, "that I have done the opening and conclusion of the Christmas number. They are done in the character of a waiter, and I think are exceedingly droll. The thread on which the stories are to hang, is spun by this waiter, and is, purposely, very slight; but has, I fancy, a ridiculously comical and unexpected end. The waiter's account of himself includes (I hope)

“everything you know about waiters, presented humorously.” In this last we have a hint of the “fantastic fidelity” with which, when a fancy “tickled” him, he would bring out what Corporal Nym calls the humour of it under so astonishing a variety of conceivable and inconceivable aspects of subtle exaggeration, that nothing was left to the subject but that special individual illustration of it. In this, however, humour was not his servant but his master; because it reproduced too readily, and carried too far, the grotesque imaginings to which great humourists are prone; which lie indeed deep in their nature; and from which they derive their genial sympathy with eccentric characters that enables them to find motives for what to other men is hopelessly obscure, to exalt into types of humanity what the world turns impatiently aside at, and to enshrine in a form for eternal homage and love such whimsical absurdity as Captain Toby Shandy’s. But Dickens was too conscious of these excesses from time to time, not zealously to endeavour to keep the leading characters in his more important stories under some strictness of discipline. To confine exaggeration within legitimate limits was an art he laboriously studied; and, in whatever proportions of failure or success, during the vicissitudes of both that attended his later years, he continued to endeavour to practise it. In regard to mere description, it is true, he let himself loose more frequently, and would sometimes defend it even on the ground of art; nor would it be fair to omit his reply, on one occasion, to some such

LONDON:
1836-70.

“The Humour
of it.”

Temptations
of all great
humourists.

LONDON:
1836-70.

Excesses in
descriptive
writing.

A word for
the fanciful in
description.

Professor
Ward on
Dickens.

remonstrance as M. Taine has embodied in his adverse criticism, against the too great imaginative wealth thrown by him into mere narrative.* "It does not seem to me to be enough to say of any description that it is the exact truth. The exact truth must be there; but the merit or art in the narrator, is the manner of stating the truth. As to which thing in literature, it always seems to me that there is a world to be done. And in these times, when the tendency is to be frightfully literal and catalogue-like—to make the thing, in short, a sort of sum in reduction—that any miserable creature can do in that way

* I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of quoting, from the best criticism of Dickens I have seen since his death, remarks very pertinent to what is said in my text. "Dickens possessed an imagination unsurpassed, not only in vividness, but in swiftness. I have intentionally avoided all needless comparisons of his works with those of other writers of his time, some of whom have gone before him to their rest, while others survive to gladden the darkness and relieve the monotony of our daily life. But in the power of his imagination—of this I am convinced—he surpassed them, one and all. That imagination could call up at will those associations which, could we but summon them in their full number, would bind together the human family, and make that expression no longer a name, but a living reality. . . . Such associations sympathy alone can warm into life, and imagination alone can at times discern. The great humourist reveals them to every one of us; and his genius is indeed an inspiration from no human source, in that it enables him to render this service to the brotherhood of mankind. But more than this. So marvellously has this earth become the inheritance of mankind, that there is not a thing upon it, animate or inanimate, with which, or with the likeness of which, man's mind has not come into contact; . . . with which human feelings, aspirations, thoughts, have not acquired an endless variety of single or subtle associations. . . . These also, which we imperfectly divine or carelessly pass by, the imagination of genius distinctly reveals to us, and powerfully impresses upon us. When they appeal directly to the emotions of the heart, it is the power of Pathos which has awakened them; and when the suddenness, the unexpectedness, the apparent oddity of the one by the side of the other, strike the mind with irresistible force, it is the equally divine gift of Humour which has touched the spring of laughter by the side of the spring of tears."—*Charles Dickens. A Lecture by Professor Ward. Delivered in Manchester, 30th November, 1870.*

"—I have an idea (really founded on the love of "what I profess), that the very holding of popular literature through a kind of popular dark age, "may depend on such fanciful treatment."

LONDON:
1836-70.

THE TALE OF TWO CITIES.

Dickens's next story to *Little Dorrit* was the *Tale of Two Cities*, of which the first notion occurred to him while acting with his friends and his children in the summer of 1857 in Mr. Wilkie Collins's drama of *The Frozen Deep*. But it was only a vague fancy, and the sadness and trouble of the winter of that year were not favourable to it. Towards the close (27th) of January 1858, talking of improvements at Gadshill in which he took little interest, it was again in his thoughts. "Growing inclinations of a fitful and undefined sort are upon me sometimes to fall to work on a new book. Then I think I had better not worry my worried mind yet awhile. Then I think it would be of no use if I did, for I couldn't settle to one occupation. — And that's all!" "If I can discipline my thoughts," he wrote three days later, "into the channel of a story, I have made up my mind to get to work on one: always supposing that I find myself, on the trial, able to do well. Nothing whatever will do me the least 'good' in the way of shaking the one strong possession of change impending over us that every day makes stronger; but if I could work on with some approach to steadiness, through

Origin of Tale
of Two Cities.
1857-8.

Untoward
time.

LONDON:
1857-8.

Title-
hunting.

Name found.

Monthly
numbers as
well as
weekly parts.

"the summer, the anxious toil of a new book would have its neck well broken before beginning to publish, next October or November. Sometimes, I think I may continue to work; sometimes, I think not. What do you say to the title, ONE OF THESE DAYS?" That title held its ground very briefly. "What do you think," he wrote after six weeks, "of *this* name for my story—BURIED ALIVE? Does it seem too grim? Or, THE THREAD OF GOLD? Or, THE DOCTOR OF BEAUVAIS?" But not until twelve months later did he fairly buckle himself to the task he had contemplated so long. *All the Year Round* had taken the place of *Household Words* in the interval; and the tale was then started to give strength to the new weekly periodical for whose pages it was designed.

"This is merely to certify," he wrote on the 11th of March 1859, "that I have got exactly the name for the story that is wanted; exactly what will fit the opening to a T. A TALE OF TWO CITIES. Also, that I have struck out a rather original and bold idea. That is, at the end of each month to publish the monthly part in the green cover, with the two illustrations, at the old shilling. This will give *All the Year Round* always the interest and precedence of a fresh weekly portion during the month; and will give me my old standing with my old public, and the advantage (very necessary in this story) of having numbers of people who read it in no portions smaller than a monthly part. . . My American ambassador pays a thousand pounds for the first year, for the privilege of republishing

 LONDON:
1859.

"in America one day after we publish here. Not
 "bad?" . . He had to struggle at the opening
 through a sharp attack of illness, and on the 9th
 of July progress was thus reported. "I have been
 "getting on in health very slowly and through
 "irksome botheration enough. But I think I am
 "round the corner. This cause—and the heat—
 "has tended to my doing no more than hold my
 "ground, my old month's advance, with the *Tale*
 "*of Two Cities*. The small portions thereof, drive
 "me frantic; but I think the tale must have taken
 "a strong hold. The run upon our monthly parts
 "is surprising, and last month we sold 35,000
 "back numbers. A note I have had from Carlyle
 "about it has given me especial pleasure." A letter
 of the following month expresses the intention he
 had when he began the story, and in what respect
 it differs as to method from all his other books.
 Sending in proof four numbers ahead of the cur-
 rent publication, he adds: "I hope you will like
 "them. Nothing but the interest of the subject,
 "and the pleasure of striving with the difficulty of
 "the form of treatment,—nothing in the way of
 "mere money, I mean,—could else repay the time
 "and trouble of the incessant condensation. But
 "I set myself the little task of making a *picturesque*
 "*story*, rising in every chapter, with characters
 "true to nature, but whom the story should ex-
 "press more than they should express themselves
 "by dialogue. I mean in other words, that I fancied
 "a story of incident might be written (in place of
 "the odious stuff that *is* written under that pre-
 "tence), pounding the characters in its own mortar,

Success.

 Method
different from
his other
books.

 Speciality
in the
treatment.

 Not dialogue
but incident.

LONDON:
1859.

Reply to an
objection.

Conviction
reversed
by pardon.

Tennyson's
Idylls.

"and beating their interest out of them. If you
"could have read the story all at once, I hope
"you wouldn't have stopped halfway."* Another
of his letters supplies the last illustration I need
to give of the design and meanings in regard to
this tale expressed by himself. It was a reply to
some objections of which the principal were, a
doubt if the feudal cruelties came sufficiently
within the date of the action to justify his use of
them, and some question as to the manner of
disposing of the chief revolutionary agent in the
plot. "I had of course full knowledge of the
"formal surrender of the feudal privileges, but
"these had been bitterly felt quite as near to the
"time of the Revolution as the Doctor's narrative,
"which you will remember dates long before the
"Terror. With the slang of the new philosophy
"on the one side, it was surely not unreasonable
"or unallowable, on the other, to suppose a noble-

* The opening of this letter (25th of August 1859), referring to a conviction for murder, afterwards reversed by a Home Office pardon against the continued and steadily expressed opinion of the judge who tried the case, is much too characteristic of the writer to be lost. "I cannot easily tell you how much interested I am by what you tell me of our brave and excellent friend. . . I have often had more than half a mind to write and thank that upright judge. I declare to heaven that I believe such a service one of the greatest that a man of intellect and courage can render to society. . . Of course I have been driving the girls out of their wits here, by incessantly proclaiming that there needed no medical evidence either way, and that the case was plain without it. . . Lastly of course (though a merciful man—because a merciful man, I mean), I would hang any Home Secretary, Whig, Tory, Radical, or otherwise, who should step in between so black a scoundrel and the gallows. . . I am reminded of Tennyson by thinking that King Arthur would have made short work of the amiable man! How fine the Idylls are! Lord! what a blessed thing it is to read a man who really can write. I thought nothing could be finer than the first poem, till I came to the third; but when I had read the last, it seemed to me to be absolutely unapproachable." Other literary likings rose and fell with him, but he never faltered in his allegiance to Tennyson.

LONDON:
1859.

"man wedded to the old cruel ideas, and repre-
 "senting the time going out as his nephew repre-
 "sents the time coming in. If there be anything
 "certain on earth, I take it that the condition of
 "the French peasant generally at that day was in-
 "tolerable. No later enquiries or provings by
 "figures will hold water against the tremendous
 "testimony of men living at the time. There is
 "a curious book printed at Amsterdam, written to
 "make out no case whatever, and tiresome enough
 "in its literal dictionary-like minuteness; scattered
 "up and down the pages of which is full authority
 "for my marquis. This is Mercier's *Tableau de*
 "*Paris*. Rousseau is the authority for the pea-
 "sant's shutting up his house when he had a bit
 "of meat. The tax-tables are the authority for the
 "wretched creature's impoverishment. . . I am not
 "clear, and I never have been clear, respecting
 "the canon of fiction which forbids the interposi-
 "tion of accident in such a case as Madame De-
 "farge's death. Where the accident is inseparable
 "from the passion and action of the character;
 "where it is strictly consistent with the entire de-
 "sign, and arises out of some culminating pro-
 "ceeding on the part of the individual which the
 "whole story has led up to; it seems to me to
 "become, as it were, an act of divine justice. And
 "when I use Miss Pross (through this is quite an-
 "other question) to bring about such a catastrophe,
 "I have the positive intention of making that half-
 "comic intervention a part of the desperate woman's
 "failure; and of opposing that mean death, in-
 "stead of a desperate one in the streets which

Authorities.

Madame
Defarge's
death.

LONDON: 1859.
 Intended contrast of Carton's.

"she wouldn't have minded, to the dignity of "Carton's. Wrong or right, this was all design, "and seemed to me to be in the fitness of "things."

Care with which Dickens worked.

Tale of Two Cities characterized.

Conception of Carton's self-sacrifice.

These are interesting intimations of the care • with which Dickens worked; and there is no instance in his novels, excepting this, of a deliberate and planned departure from the method of treatment which had been pre-eminently the source of his popularity as a novelist. To rely less upon character than upon incident, and to resolve that his actors should be expressed by the story more than they should express themselves by dialogue, was for him a hazardous, and can hardly be called an entirely successful, experiment. With singular dramatic vivacity, much constructive art, and with descriptive passages of a high order everywhere (the dawn of the terrible outbreak in the journey of the marquis from Paris to his country seat, and the London crowd at the funeral of the spy, may be instanced for their power), there was probably never a book by a great humourist, and an artist so prolific in the conception of character, with so little humour and so few rememberable figures. Its merits lie elsewhere. Though there are excellent traits and touches all through the revolutionary scenes, the only full-length that stands out prominently is the picture of the wasted life saved at last by heroic sacrifice. Dickens speaks of his design to make impressive the dignity of Carton's death, and in this he succeeded perhaps even beyond his expectation. Carton suffers himself to be mistaken for another, and gives his life that the

girl he loves may be happy with that other; the secret being known only to a poor little girl in the tumbril that takes them to the scaffold, who at the moment has discovered it, and whom it strengthens also to die. The incident is beautifully told; and it is at least only fair to set against verdicts not very favourable as to this effort of his invention, what was said of the particular character and scene, and of the book generally, by an American critic whose literary studies had most familiarized him with the rarest forms of imaginative writing.* "Its portrayal of the noble-natured castaway makes it almost a peerless book in modern literature, and gives it a place among the highest examples of literary art. . . "The conception of this character shows in its author an ideal of magnanimity and of charity unsurpassed. There is not a grander, lovelier figure than the self-wrecked, self-devoted Sydney Carton, in literature or history; and the story itself is so noble in its spirit, so grand and graphic in its style, and filled with a pathos so profound and simple, that it deserves and will surely take a place among the great serious works of imagination." I should myself prefer to say that its distinctive merit is less in any of its conceptions of character, even Carton's, than as a specimen of Dickens's power in imaginative story-telling. There is no piece of fiction known to me, in which the domestic life of a few simple private people is in such a manner knitted and interwoven with the

LONDON:
1859.

Opinion of an
American
critic.

Mr. Grant
White on
Sydney
Carton.

* Mr. Grant White, whose edition of Shakespeare has been received with much respect in England.

LONDON:
1859.

Public and
private
incidents
interwoven.

outbreak of a terrible public event, that the one seems but part of the other. When made conscious of the first sultry drops of a thunderstorm that fall upon a little group sitting in an obscure English lodging, we are witness to the actual beginning of a tempest which is preparing to sweep away everything in France. And, to the end, the book in this respect is really remarkable.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

1860.

Germ of
new tale.

The *Tale of Two Cities* was published in 1859; the series of papers collected as the *Uncommercial Traveller* were occupying Dickens in 1860; and it was while engaged in these, and throwing off in the course of them capital "samples" of fun and enjoyment, he thus replied to a suggestion that he should let himself loose upon some single humorous conception, in the vein of his youthful achievements in that way. "For a little piece I "have been writing—or am writing; for I hope to "finish it to-day—such a very fine, new, and grotesque idea has opened upon me, that I begin "to doubt whether I had not better cancel the "little paper, and reserve the notion for a new "book. You shall judge as soon as I get it printed. "But it so opens out before *me* that I can see the "whole of a serial revolving on it, in a most singular and comic manner." This was the germ of Pip and Magwitch, which at first he intended to make the groundwork of a tale in the old twenty-number form, but for reasons perhaps for-

Pip and
Magwitch.

tunate brought afterwards within the limits of a less elaborate novel. "Last week," he wrote on the 4th of October 1860, "I got to work on the "new story. I had previously very carefully considered the state and prospects of *All the Year Round*, and, the more I considered them, the "less hope I saw of being able to get back, *now*, "to the profit of a separate publication in the old "20 numbers." (A tale, which at the time was appearing in his serial, had disappointed expectation.) "However I worked on, knowing that "what I was doing would run into another groove; "and I called a council of war at the office on "Tuesday. It was perfectly clear that the one "thing to be done was, for me to strike in. I "have therefore decided to begin the story as of "the length of the *Tale of Two Cities* on the first "of December—begin publishing, that is. I must "make the most I can out of the book. You shall "have the first two or three weekly parts to-morrow. The name is GREAT EXPECTATIONS. I think "a good name?" Two days later he wrote: "The "sacrifice of *Great Expectations* is really and truly "made for myself. The property of *All the Year Round* is far too valuable, in every way, to be "much endangered. Our fall is not large, but we "have a considerable advance in hand of the story "we are now publishing, and there is no vitality "in it, and no chance whatever of stopping the "fall; which on the contrary would be certain to "increase. Now, if I went into a twenty-number "serial, I should cut off my power of doing any "thing serial here for two good years—and that

LONDON:
1860.

Intended for
20 numbers.

Judicious
change.

Published in
*All the Year
Round*.

Stopping
a fall.

LONDON:
1860.

Another
boy-child
for Hero.

Reading
Copperfield
again.

"would be a most perilous thing. On the other hand, by dashing in now, I come in when most wanted; and if Reade and Wilkie follow me, our course will be shaped out handsomely and hope-fully for between two and three years. A thousand pounds are to be paid for early proofs of the story to America." A few more days brought the first instalment of the tale, and explanatory mention of it. "The book will be written in the first person throughout, and during these first three weekly numbers you will find the hero to be a boy-child, like David. Then he will be an apprentice. You will not have to complain of the want of humour as in the *Tale of Two Cities*. I have made the opening, I hope, in its general effect exceedingly droll. I have put a child and a good-natured foolish man, in relations that seem to me very funny. Of course I have got in the pivot on which the story will turn too—and which indeed, as you remember, was the grotesque tragi-comic conception that first encouraged me. To be quite sure I had fallen into no unconscious repetitions, I read *David Copperfield* again the other day, and was affected by it to a degree you would hardly believe."

It may be doubted if Dickens could better have established his right to the front rank among novelists claimed for him, than by the ease and mastery with which, in these two books of *Copperfield* and *Great Expectations*, he kept perfectly distinct the two stories of a boy's childhood, both told in the form of autobiography. A subtle penetration into character marks the unlikeness

in the likeness; there is enough at once of resemblance and of difference in the position and surroundings of each to account for the divergences of character that arise; both children are goodhearted, and both have the advantage of association with models of tender simplicity and oddity, perfect in their truth and quite distinct from each other; but a sudden tumble into distress steadies Peggotty's little friend, and as unexpected a stroke of good fortune turns the head of the small protégé of Joe Gargery. What a deal of spoiling nevertheless, a nature that is really good at the bottom of it will stand without permanent damage, is nicely shown in Pip; and the way he reconciles his determination to act very shabbily to his early friends, with a conceited notion that he is setting them a moral example, is part of the shading of a character drawn with extraordinary skill. His greatest trial comes out of his good luck; and the foundations of both are laid at the opening of the tale, in a churchyard down by the Thames, as it winds past desolate marshes twenty miles to the sea, of which a masterly picture in half a dozen lines will give only average example of the descriptive writing that is everywhere one of the charms of the book. It is strange, as I transcribe the words, with what wonderful vividness they bring back the very spot on which we stood when he said he meant to make it the scene of the opening of his story—Cooling Castle ruins and the desolate Church, lying out among the marshes seven miles from Gadshill! “My first most vivid and broad im-

LONDON:
1861.

Unlikeness
in likeness:
David and
Pip.

Gargery and
Peggotty.

Fiction and
Fact.

LONDON:
1861.

Vivid
descriptive
writing.

Groundwork
of the story.

The great
expectations.

What they
end in.

"pression . . on a memorable raw afternoon towards evening . . was . . that this bleak place, overgrown with nettles, was the churchyard, and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected with dykes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond, was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing, was the sea . . . On the edge of the river . . only two black things in all the prospect seemed to be standing upright . . one, the beacon by which the sailors steered, like an unhooped cask upon a pole, an ugly thing when you were near it; the other, a gibbet with some chains hanging to it which had once held a pirate." Here Magwitch, an escaped convict from Chatham, terrifies the child Pip into stealing for him food and a file; and though recaptured and transported, he carries with him to Australia such a grateful heart for the small creature's service, that on making a fortune there he resolves to make his little friend a gentleman. This requires circumspection; and is so done, through the Old-Bailey attorney who has defended Magwitch at his trial (a character of surprising novelty and truth), that Pip imagines his present gifts and "great expectations" to have come from the supposed rich lady of the story (whose eccentricities are the unattractive part of it, and have yet a weird character that somehow fits in with the kind of wrong she has suffered). When therefore the closing scenes bring back Magwitch himself, who risks his life to gratify

his longing to see the gentleman he has made, it is an unspeakable horror to the youth to discover his benefactor in the convicted felon. If any one doubts Dickens's power of so drawing a character as to get to the heart of it, seeing beyond surface peculiarities into the moving springs of the human being himself, let him narrowly examine those scenes. There is not a grain of substitution of mere sentiment, or circumstance, for the inner and absolute reality of the position in which these two creatures find themselves. Pip's loathing of what had built up his fortune, and his horror of the uncouth architect, are apparent in even his most generous efforts to protect him from exposure and sentence. Magwitch's convict habits strangely blend themselves with his wild pride in, and love for, the youth whom his money has turned into a gentleman. He has a craving for his good opinion; dreads to offend him by his "heavy grubbing," or by the oaths he lets fall now and then; and pathetically hopes his Pip, his dear boy, won't think him "low": but, upon a chum of Pip's appearing unexpectedly while they are together, he pulls out a jack-knife by way of hint he can defend himself, and produces afterwards a greasy little clasped black Testament on which the startled new-comer, being found to have no hostile intention, is sworn to secrecy. At the opening of the story there had been an exciting scene of the wretched man's chase and recapture among the marshes, and this has its parallel at the close in his chase and recapture on the river while poor

LONDON:
1861.

Masterly
drawing of
character.

A chase and
recapture.

LONDON:
1861.

Preliminary
survey of the
Thames.

Pip is helping to get him off. To make himself sure of the actual course of a boat in such circumstances, and what possible incidents the adventure might have, Dickens hired a steamer for the day from Blackwall to Southend. Eight or nine friends and three or four members of his family were on board, and he seemed to have no care, the whole of that summer day (22nd of May 1861), except to enjoy their enjoyment and entertain them with his own in shape of a thousand whims and fancies; but his sleepless observation was at work all the time, and nothing had escaped his keen vision on either side of the river. The fifteenth chapter of the third volume (Tauchnitz Edition vol. II. chap. XXVI.) is a masterpiece.

Jaggers and
Wemmick.

The characters generally afford the same evidence as those two that Dickens's humour, not less than his creative power, was at its best in this book. The Old-Bailey attorney Jaggers, and his clerk Wemmick (both excellent, and the last one of the oddities that live in everybody's liking for the goodheartedness of its humorous surprises), are as good as his earliest efforts in that

Minor people.

line; the Pumblechooks and Wopsles are perfect as bits of *Nickleby* fresh from the mint; and the scene in which Pip, and Pip's chum Herbert, make up their accounts and schedule their debts and obligations, is original and delightful as Micawber himself. It is the art of living upon nothing and making the best of it, in the most pleasing form. Herbert's intentions to trade east and west, and get himself into business transactions of a magnificent extent and variety, are as

Living on
nothing and
making the
best of it.

LONDON:
1861.

perfectly warranted to us, in his way of putting them, by merely "being in a counting-house and "looking about you," as Pip's means of paying his debts are lightened and made easy by his method of simply adding them up with a margin.

"The time comes," says Herbert, "when you see
"your opening. And you go in, and you swoop
"upon it, and you make your capital, and then
"there you are! When you have once made
"your capital you have nothing to do but employ
"it." In like manner Pip tells us "Suppose your
"debts to be one hundred and sixty four pounds
"four and twopence, I would say, leave a margin
"and put them down at two hundred; or sup-
"pose them to be four times as much, leave a
"margin and put them down at seven hundred."

Margins and
openings.

He is sufficiently candid to add, that, while he has the highest opinion of the wisdom and prudence of the margin, its dangers are that in the sense of freedom and solvency it imparts there is a tendency to run into new debt. But the satire that thus enforces the old warning against living upon vague hopes, and paying ancient debts by contracting new ones, never presented itself in more amusing or kindly shape. A word should be added of the father of the girl that Herbert marries, Bill Barley, ex-ship's purser, a gouty, bed-ridden, drunken old rascal, who lies on his back in an upper floor on Mill Pond Bank by Chinks's Basin, where he keeps, weighs, and serves out the family stores or provisions, according to old professional practice, with one eye at a telescope which is fitted on his bed for the

Homely and
shrewd satire.

Bill Barley.

LONDON:
1861.

convenience of sweeping the river. This is one of those sketches, slight in itself but made rich with a wealth of comic observation, in which Dickens's humour took especial delight; and to all this part of the story, there is a quaint river-side flavour that gives it amusing reality and relish.

Dickens on
progress of
the tale.

Sending the chapters that contain it, which open the third division of the tale, he wrote thus: "It is a pity that the third portion cannot be read all at once, because its purpose would be much more apparent; and the pity is the greater, because the general turn and tone of the working out and winding up, will be away from all such things as they conventionally go. But what must be, must be. As to the planning out from week to week, nobody can imagine what the difficulty is, without trying. But, as in all such cases, when it is overcome the pleasure is proportionate. Two months more will see me through it, I trust. All the iron is in the fire, and I have 'only' to beat it out." One other letter throws light upon an objection taken not unfairly to the too great speed with which the heroine, after being married, reclaimed, and widowed, is in a page or two again made love to, and remarried by the hero. This summary proceeding was not originally intended. But, over and above its popular acceptance, the book had interested some whose opinions Dickens specially valued (Carlyle among them, I remember);* and upon Bulwer Lytton objecting to a

Incident at
close objected
to.

Not as first
written.

At Chelsea.

* A dear friend now gone, used laughingly to relate what outcry

close that should leave Pip a solitary man, Dickens substituted what now stands. "You will be surprised" he wrote "to hear that I have changed the end of *Great Expectations* from and after Pip's return to Joe's, and finding his little likeness there. Bulwer, who has been, as I think you know, extraordinarily taken by the book, so strongly urged it upon me, after reading the proofs, and supported his view with such good reasons, that I resolved to make the change. You shall have it when you come back to town. I have put in as pretty a little piece of writing as I could, and I have no doubt the story will be more acceptable through the alteration." This turned out to be the case; but the first ending nevertheless seems to be more consistent with the drift, as well as natural working out, of the tale, and for this reason it is preserved in a note.*

LONDON:
1861.

Changed at
Bulwer
Lytton's
suggestion.

there used to be, on the night of the week when a number was due, for "that Pip nonsense!" and what roars of laughter followed, though at first it was entirely put aside as not on any account to have time wasted over it.

* There was no Chapter xx. (Tauchnitz Edition Vol. II. Chap. xxxi.) as now; but the sentence which opens it ("For eleven years" in the original, altered to "eight years") followed the paragraph about his business partnership with Herbert, and led to Biddy's question whether he is sure he does not fret for Estella ("I am sure and certain, Biddy" as originally written, altered to "O no—I think not, Biddy"): from which point here was the close. "It was two years more, before I saw herself. I had heard of her as leading a most unhappy life, and as being separated from her husband who had used her with great cruelty, and who had become quite renowned as a compound of pride, brutality, and meanness. I had heard of the death of her husband (from an accident consequent on ill-treating a horse), and of her being married again to a Shropshire doctor, who, against his interest, had once very manfully interposed, on an occasion when he was in professional attendance on Mr. Drummle, and had witnessed some outrageous treatment of her. I had heard that the Shropshire doctor was not rich, and that they lived on her own personal fortune. I was in England again—in London, and walking along Piccadilly with little Pip—when a servant came running after me to ask would I step

Close of *Great
Expectations*
as originally
written.

LONDON:
1862-4.

CHRISTMAS SKETCHES.

1862-3-4.

*Somebody's
Luggage.*

*Little
Bebelle.*

Between that fine novel, which was issued in three volumes in the autumn of 1861, and the completion of his next serial story, were interposed three sketches in his happiest vein at which everyone laughed and cried in the Christmas times of 1862, '3, and '4. Of the waiter in *Somebody's Luggage* Dickens has himself spoken; and if any theme is well treated, when, from the point of view taken, nothing more is left to say about it, that bit of fun is perfect. Call it exaggeration, grotesqueness, or by what hard name you will, laughter will always intercept any graver criticism. Writing from Paris of what he was himself responsible for in the articles left by Somebody with his wonderful Waiter, he said that in one of them he had made the story a camera obscura of certain French places and styles of people; having founded it on something he had noticed in a French soldier. This was the tale of Little Bebelle, which had a small French corporal for its hero, and became highly popular. But the triumph of the Christmas achievements in these days was Mrs. Lirriper.

"back to a lady in a carriage who wished to speak to me. It was a little pony carriage, which the lady was driving; and the lady and I looked sadly enough on one another. 'I am greatly changed, I know; but I thought you would like to shake hands with Estella too, Pip. Lift up that pretty child and let me kiss it!' (She supposed the child, I think, to be my child.) I was very glad afterwards to have had the interview; for, in her face and in her voice, and in her touch, she gave me the assurance, that suffering had been stronger than Miss Havisham's teaching, and had given her a heart to understand what my heart used to be."

She took her place at once among people known to everybody; and all the world talked of Major Jemmy Jackman, and his friend the poor elderly lodging-house keeper of the Strand, with her miserable cares and rivalries and worries, as if they had both been as long in London and as well known as Norfolk-street itself. A dozen volumes could not have told more than those dozen pages did. The *Legacy* followed the *Lodgings* in 1864, and there was no falling off in the fun and laughter.

LONDON:
1862-4.

Mrs. Livriper's
*Lodgings and
Legacy.*

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

The publication of *Our Mutual Friend*, in the form of the earliest stories, extended from May 1864 to November 1865. Four years earlier he had chosen this title as a good one, and he held to it through much objection. Between that time and his actual commencement there is mention, in his letters, of the three leading notions on which he founded the story. In his waterside wanderings during his last book, the many handbills he saw posted up, with dreary description of persons drowned in the river, suggested the 'long shore men and their ghastly calling whom he sketched in Hexam and Riderhood. "I think," he had written, "a man, young and perhaps eccentric, feigning to be dead, and *being* dead to "all intents and purposes external to himself, and "for years retaining the singular view of life and "character so imparted, would be a good leading

New book in
20 numbers.

First notion
for it.

LONDON:
1864-5.
Germ of
characters
for it.

Fustian-clad
father and
spectacled
son.

"incident for a story;" and this he partly did in Rokesmith. For other actors in the tale, he had thought of "a poor impostor of a man marrying a woman for her money; she marrying *him* for *his* money; after marriage both finding out their mistake, and entering into a league and covenant against folks in general;" with whom he had proposed to connect some Perfectly New people. "Everything new about them. If they presented a father and mother, it seemed as if THEY must be bran new, like the furniture and the carriages—shining with varnish, and just home from the manufacturers." These groups took shape in the Lammles and the Veneerings. "I must use somehow," is the remark of another letter, "the uneducated father in fustian and the educated boy in spectacles whom Leech and I saw at Chatham;" of which a hint is in Charley Hexam and his father. The benevolent old Jew whom he makes the unconscious agent of a rascal, was meant to wipe out a reproach against his Jew in *Oliver Twist* as bringing dislike upon the religion of the race he belonged to.*

Having got his title in '61 it was his hope to have begun in '62. "Alas!" he wrote in the April of that year, "I have hit upon nothing for a story. Again and again I have tried. But

* On this reproach, from a Jewish lady whom he esteemed, he had written two years before. "Fagin, in *Oliver Twist*, is a Jew, because it unfortunately was true, of the time to which that story refers, that that class of criminal almost invariably was a Jew. But surely no sensible man or woman of your persuasion can fail to observe—firstly, that all the rest of the wicked *dramatis personæ* are Christians; and, secondly, that he is called 'The Jew,' not because of his religion, but because of his race."

"this odious little house" (he had at this time for a few weeks exchanged Gadshill for a friend's house near Kensington) "seems to have stifled "and darkened my invention." It was not until the autumn of the following year he saw his way to a beginning. "The Christmas number has "come round again" (30th of August 1863)—"it "seems only yesterday that I did the last—but I "am full of notions besides for the new twenty "numbers. When I can clear the Christmas stone "out of the road, I think I can dash into it on "the grander journey." He persevered through much difficulty; which he described six weeks later, with characteristic glance at his own ways when writing, in a letter from the office of his journal. "I came here last night, to evade my "usual day in the week—in fact to shirk it—and "get back to Gad's for five or six consecutive "days. My reason is, that I am exceedingly "anxious to begin my book. I am bent upon "getting to work at it. I want to prepare it for, "the spring; but I am determined not to begin "to publish with less than five numbers done. I "see my opening perfectly, with the one main "line on which the story is to turn; and if I "don't strike while the iron (meaning myself) is "hot, I shall drift off again, and have to go "through all this uneasiness once more."

LONDON:
1864-5.
Delays in
beginning.
1862.

Writing
numbers
in advance.

He had written, after four months, very nearly three numbers, when upon a necessary rearrangement of his chapters he had to hit upon a new subject for one of them. "While I was considering" (25th of February) "what it should be,

Autumn of
1863.

LONDON:
1864-5.

New
illustrator.

Original of
Mr. Venus.
1864.

Working
slowly.

So much (not
fiction) in his
thoughts.

"Marcus,* who has done an excellent cover, came to tell me of an extraordinary trade he had found out, through one of his painting requirements. I immediately went with him to Saint Giles's to look at the place, and found—"what you will see." It was the establishment of Mr. Venus, preserver of animals and birds, and articulator of human bones; and it took the place of the last chapter of No. 2, which was then transferred to the end of No. 3. But a start with three full numbers done, though more than enough to satisfy the hardest self-conditions formerly, did not satisfy him now. With his previous thought given to the story, with his Memoranda to help him, with the people he had in hand to work it with, and ready as he still was to turn his untiring observation to instant use on its behalf, he now moved, with the old large canvas before him, somewhat slowly and painfully. "If I were to lose" (29th of March) "a page of the five numbers I have proposed to myself to be ready by the publication day, I should feel that I had fallen short. I have grown hard to satisfy, and write very slowly. And I have so much—not fiction—that *will* be thought of, when I don't want to think of it, that I am forced to take more care than I once took."

* Mr. Marcus Stone had, upon the separate issue of the *Tale of Two Cities*, taken the place of Mr. Hablot Browne as his illustrator. *Hard Times* and the first edition of *Great Expectations* were not illustrated; but when Pip's story appeared in one volume, Mr. Stone contributed designs for it.

The first number was launched at last, on the first of May; and after two days he wrote: "No-thing can be better than *Our Friend*, now in "his thirtieth thousand, and orders flowing in "fast." But between the first and second number there was a drop of five thousand, strange to say, for the larger number was again reached, and much exceeded, before the book closed. "This "leaves me" (10th of June) "going round and "round like a carrier-pigeon before swooping on "number seven." Thus far he had held his ground; but illness came, with some other anxieties, and on the 29th of July he wrote sadly enough. "Although I have not been wanting in "industry, I have been wanting in invention, and "have fallen back with the book. Looming large "before me is the Christmas work, and I can "hardly hope to do it without losing a number "of *Our Friend*. I have very nearly lost one al-ready, and two would take one half of my "whole advance. This week I have been very "unwell; am still out of sorts; and, as I know "from two days' slow experience, have a very "mountain to climb before I shall see the open "country of my work." The three following months brought hardly more favourable report. "I have not done my number. This death of "poor Leech (I suppose) has put me out woe-fully. Yesterday and the day before I could do "nothing; seemed for the time to have quite lost "the power; and am only by slow degrees get-ting back into the track to-day." He rallied after this, and satisfied himself for a while; but

LONDON:
1864-5.

Sale of first
and drop of
second
number.

Falling back.

Impediments.

Death of
Leech.

LONDON:
1864-5.

Suffering
from lame-
ness. V. 304.
Post, 211-12.

Holiday in
France.

In the
Staplehurst
accident.

A MS.
number of
his book:
9th of June,
1865.

in February 1865 that formidable illness in his foot broke out which, at certain times for the rest of his life, deprived him more or less of his inestimable solace of bodily exercise. In April and May he suffered severely; and after trying the sea went abroad for more complete change. "Work and worry, without exercise, would soon "make an end of me. If I were not going away "now, I should break down. No one knows as I "know to-day how near to it I have been."

That was the day of his leaving for France, and the day of his return brought these few hurried words. "Saturday, tenth of June, 1865. I "was in the terrific Staplehurst accident yester- "day, and worked for hours among the dying "and dead. I was in the carriage that did "not go over, but went off the line, and hung "over the bridge in an inexplicable manner. No "words can describe the scene.* I am away to "Gads." Though with characteristic energy he resisted the effects upon himself of that terrible ninth of June, they were for some time evident; and, up to the day of his death on its fatal fifth

* He thus spoke of it in his "Postscript in lieu of Preface" (dated 2nd of September 1865), which accompanied the last number of the story under notice. "On Friday the ninth of June in the present year, Mr. "and Mrs. Boffin (in their manuscript dress of receiving Mr. and Mrs. "Lammle at breakfast) were on the South-Eastern Railway with me, in "a terribly destructive accident. When I had done what I could to help "others, I climbed back into my carriage—nearly turned over a viaduct, "and caught aslant upon the turn—to extricate the worthy couple. "They were much soiled, but otherwise unhurt. The same happy re- "sult attended Miss Bella Wilfer on her wedding-day, and Mr. Rider- "hood inspecting Bradley Headstone's red neckerchief as he lay asleep. "I remember with devout thankfulness that I can never be much "nearer parting company with my readers for ever, than I was then, "until there shall be written against my life the two words with which I "have this day closed this book--THE END."

anniversary, were perhaps never wholly absent. But very few complaints fell from him. "I am curiously weak—weak as if I were recovering from a long illness." "I begin to feel it more in my head. I sleep well and eat well; but I write half a dozen notes, and turn faint and sick." "I am getting right, though still low in pulse and very nervous. Driving into Roches-ter yesterday I felt more shaken than I have since the accident." "I cannot bear railway travelling yet. A perfect conviction, against the senses, that the carriage is down on one side (and generally that is the left, and *not* the side on which the carriage in the accident really went over), comes upon me with anything like speed, and is inexpressibly distressing." These are passages from his letters up to the close of June. Upon his book the immediate result was that another lost number was added to the losses of the preceding months, and "alas!" he wrote at the opening of July, "for the two numbers you write of! There is only one in existence. I have but just begun the other." "Fancy!" he added next day, "fancy my having under-written number sixteen by two and a half pages—a thing I have not done since *Pickwick*!" He did it once with *Dombey*, and was to do it yet again.

LONDON:
1864-5.

A fatal
anniversary.

Effects of
accident on
himself:

on his novel.

He IV. 103.

The book thus begun and continued under adverse influences, though with fancy in it, descriptive power, and characters well designed, will never rank with his higher efforts. It has some pictures of a rare veracity of soul amid the

LONDON:
1864-5.

*Our Mutual
Friend.*

*The dolls'
dress-maker.*

*One of
Dickens's
masterpieces.*

lowest forms of social degradation, placed beside others of sheer falsehood and pretence amid unimpeachable social correctness, which lifted the writer to his old place; but the judgment of it on the whole must be, that it wants freshness and natural development. This indeed will be most freely admitted by those who feel most strongly that all the old cunning of the master hand is yet in the wayward loving Bella Wilfer, in the vulgar canting Podsnap, and in the dolls' dressmaker Jenny Wren, whose keen little quaint weird ways, and precocious wit sharpened by trouble, are fitted into a character as original and delightfully conceived as it is vividly carried through to the last. A dull coarse web her small life seems made of; but even from its taskwork, which is undertaken for childhood itself, there are glittering threads cast across its woof and warp of care. The unconscious philosophy of her tricks and manners has in it more of the subtler vein of the satire aimed at in the book, than even the voices of society which the tale begins and ends with. In her very kindness there is the touch of malice that shows a childish playfulness familiar with unnatural privations; this gives a depth as well as tenderness to her humours which entitles them to rank with the writer's happiest things, and though the odd little creature's talk is incessant when she is on the scene, it has the individuality that so seldom tires. It is veritably her own small "trick" and "manner," and is never mistakeable for any one else's. "I have been reading," Dickens wrote to

me from France while he was writing the book, "a capital little story by Edmond About—*The Notary's Nose*. I have been trying other books; but so infernally conversational, that I forget "who the people are before they have done talking, and don't in the least remember what they "talked about before when they begin talking "again!" The extreme contrast to his own art could not be defined more exactly; and other examples from this tale will be found in the differing members of the Wilfer family, in the riverside people at the Fellowship Porters, in such marvellous serio-comic scenes as that of Rogue Riderhood's restoration from drowning, and in those short and simple annals of Betty Higden's life and death which might have given saving virtue to a book more likely than this to perish prematurely. It has not the creative power which crowded his earlier page, and transformed into popular realities the shadows of his fancy; but the observation and humour he excelled in are not wanting to it, nor had there been, in his first completed work, more eloquent or generous pleading for the poor and neglected, than this last completed work contains. Betty Higden finishes what *Oliver Twist* began.

LONDON:
1864-5.

On a tale by
Edmond
About.

Betty Higden.

First and last.

DR. MARIGOLD AND TALES FOR AMERICA.

He had scarcely closed that book in September, wearied somewhat with a labour of invention, which had not been so free or self-sustain-

1865.

LONDON:
1865.

A Cheap Jack.

How Doctor
Marigold was
written.

Minor stories.
l. 174.

ing as in the old facile and fertile days, when his customary contribution to Christmas became due from him; and his fancy, let loose in a narrower field, resumed its old luxury of enjoyment. Here are notices of it from his letters. "If people at large understand a Cheap Jack, my part of the Christmas number will do well. It is wonderfully like the real thing, of course a little refined and humoured." "I do hope that in the beginning and end of this Christmas number you will find something that will strike you as being fresh, forcible, and full of spirits." He described its mode of composition afterwards. "Tired with *Our Mutual*, I sat down to cast about for an idea, with a depressing notion that I was, for the moment, overworked. Suddenly, the little character that you will see, and all belonging to it, came flashing up in the most cheerful manner, and I had only to look on and leisurely describe it." This was *Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions*, one of the most popular of all the pieces selected for his readings, and a splendid example of his humour, pathos, and character. There were three more Christmas pieces before he made his last visit to America: *Barbox Brothers*, *The Boy at Mugby Station*, and *No Thoroughfare*: the last a joint piece of work with Mr. Wilkie Collins, who during Dickens's absence in the States transformed it into a play for Mr. Fechter, with a view to which it had been planned originally. There were also two papers written for first publication in America, *George Silverman's Explanation*, and *Holiday Romance*, containing about the quantity

of half a shilling number of his ordinary serials, and paid for at a rate unexampled in literature. They occupied him not many days in the writing, and he received a thousand pounds for them.

LONDON:
1836-70.

How
remunerated.
V. 252.

The year after his return, as the reader knows, saw the commencement of the work which death interrupted. The fragment will hereafter be described; and here meanwhile may close my criticism—itself a fragment left for worthier completion by a stronger hand than mine.

But at least I may hope that the ground has been cleared by it from those distinctions and comparisons never safely to be applied to an original writer, and which always more or less intercept his fair appreciation. It was long the fashion to set up wide divergences between novels of incident and manners, and novels of character; the narrower range being left to Fielding and Smollett, and the larger to Richardson; yet there are not many now who will accept such classification. Nor is there more truth in other like distinctions alleged between novelists who are assumed to be real, or ideal, in their methods of treatment. To any original novelist of the higher grade there is no meaning in these contrasted phrases. Neither mode can exist at all perfectly without the other. No matter how sensitive the mind to external impressions, or how keen the observation to whatever can be seen, without the rarer seeing of imagination nothing will be arrived at that is

Needless
classifica-
tions.

"Real"
worthless
without
"ideal."

LONDON:
1836-70.

Failing com-
mon to men
of genius.

"Something
"from
"above."

Purity of
Dickens's
writings.

real in any genuine artist-sense. Reverse the proposition, and the result is expressed in an excellent remark of Lord Lytton's, that the happiest effort of imagination, however lofty it may be, is that which enables it to be cheerfully at home with the real. I have said that Dickens felt criticism, of whatever kind, with too sharp a relish for the indifference he assumed to it; but the secret was that he believed himself to be entitled to higher tribute than he was always in the habit of receiving. It was the feeling which suggested a memorable saying of Wordsworth. "I am not "at all desirous that any one should write a cri- "tique on my poems. If they be from above, "they will do their own work in course of time; "if not, they will perish as they ought."

The something "from above" never seems to me absent from Dickens, even at his worst. When the strain upon his invention became apparent, and he could only work freely in a more confined space than of old, it was still able to assert itself triumphantly; and his influence over his readers was continued by it to the last day of his life. Looking back over the series of his writings, the first reflection that rises to the mind of any thoughtful person, is one of thankfulness that the most popular of writers, who had carried into the lowest scenes and conditions an amount of observation, fun, and humour not approached by any of his contemporaries, should never have sullied that world-wide influence by a hint of impurity or a possibility of harm. Nor is there anything more surprising than the freshness and

variety of character which those writings include, within the range of the not numerous types of character that were the limit of their author's genius. For, this also appears, upon any review of them collectively, that the teeming life which is in them is that of the time in which his own life was passed; and that with the purpose of showing vividly its form and pressure, was joined the hope and design to leave it better than he found it. It has been objected that humanity receives from him no addition to its best types; that the burlesque humourist is always stronger in him than the reflective moralist; that the light thrown by his genius into out of the way corners of life never steadily shines in its higher beaten ways; and that beside his pictures of what man is or does, there is no attempt to show, by delineation of an exalted purpose or a great career, what man is able to be or to do. In the charge abstractedly there is truth; but the fair remark upon it is that whatever can be regarded as essential in the want implied by it will be found in other forms in his writings, that the perfect innocence of their laughter and tears has been itself a prodigious blessing, and that it is otherwise incident to so great a humourist to work after the fashion most natural to the genius of humour. What kind of work it has been in his case, the attempt is made in preceding pages to show; and on the whole it can be said with some certainty that the best ideals in this sense are obtained, not by presenting with added comeliness or grace the figures which life is ever eager to

LONDON:
1836-70.

Life of the
time repro-
duced and
bettered.

An alleged
deficiency.

A sufficient
substitute.

LONDON:
1836-70.

True province
of Humour.

The Bishop
of Manchester
on Dickens's
writings.

Praise worth
having.

present as of its best, but by connecting the singularities and eccentricities, which ordinary life is apt to reject or overlook, with the appreciation that is deepest and the laws of insight that are most universal. It is thus that all things human are happily brought within human sympathy. It was at the heart of everything Dickens wrote. It was the secret of the hope he had that his books might help to make people better; and it so guarded them from evil, that there is scarcely a page of the thousands he has written which might not be put into the hands of a little child.* It

* I borrow this language from the Bishop of Manchester, who, on the third day after Dickens's death, in the Abbey where he was soon to be laid, closed a plea for the toleration of differences of opinion where the foundations of religious truth are accepted, with these words. "It will not be out of harmony with the line of thought we have been pursuing—certainly it will be in keeping with the associations of this place, dear to Englishmen, not only as one of the proudest Christian temples, but as containing the memorials of so many who by their genius in arts, or arms, or statesmanship, or literature, have made England what she is—if in the simplest and briefest words I allude to that sad and unexpected death which has robbed English literature of one of its highest living ornaments, and the news of which, two mornings ago, must have made every household in England feel as though they had lost a personal friend. He has been called in one notice an apostle of the people. I suppose it is meant that he had a mission, but in a style and fashion of his own; a gospel, a cheery, joyous, gladsome message, which the people understood, and by which they could hardly help being bettered; for it was the gospel of kindness, of brotherly love, of sympathy in the widest sense of the word. I am sure I have felt in myself the healthful spirit of his teaching. Possibly we might not have been able to subscribe to the same creed in relation to God, but I think we should have subscribed to the same creed in relation to man. He who has taught us our duty to our fellow men better than we knew it before, who knew so well to weep with them that wept, and to rejoice with them that rejoiced, who has shown forth in all his knowledge of the dark corners of the earth how much sunshine may rest upon the lowliest lot, who had such evident sympathy with suffering, and such a natural instinct of purity that there is scarcely a page of the thousands he has written which might not be put into the hands of a little child, must be regarded by those who recognise the diversity of the gifts of the spirit as a teacher sent from God. He would have been welcomed as a fellow-labourer in the common interests of humanity by Him who asked the question 'If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?'"

made him the intimate of every English household, and a familiar friend wherever the language is spoken whose stores of harmless pleasure he has so largely increased.

LONDON:
1836-70.

"The loss of no single man during the present generation, if we except Abraham Lincoln alone," said Mr. Horace Greeley, describing the profound and universal grief of America at his death, "has carried mourning into so many families, and been so unaffectedly lamented through all the ranks of society." "The terrible news from England," wrote Longfellow to me (Cambridge, Mass. 12th of June 1870), "fills us all with inexpressible sadness. Dickens was so full of life that it did not seem possible he could die, and yet he has gone before us, and we are sorrowing for him.... I never knew an author's death cause such general mourning. It is no exaggeration to say that this whole country is stricken with grief..." Nor was evidence then wanting, that far beyond the limits of society on that vast continent the English writer's influence had penetrated. Of this, very touching illustration was given in my first volume; and proof even more striking has since been afforded to me, that not merely in wild or rude communities, but in life the most savage and solitary, his genius had helped to while time away.

9th June 1870.
Effect in
America.

H. W.
Longfellow.

L. 271-2.

"Like all Americans who read," writes an American gentleman, "and that takes in nearly all our people, I am an admirer and student of Dickens. . . . Its perusal" (that of my second volume [Vol. III. of the Tauchnitz Edition])

Letter from
an American
to the author
of this book.

LONDON:
'1836-70.

On the
Nevada
Mountains.

Strange
encounter.

"has recalled an incident which may interest
"you. Twelve or thirteen years ago I crossed
"the Sierra Nevada mountains as a Govern-
"ment surveyor under a famous frontiersman and
"civil engineer—Colonel Lander. We were too
"early by a month, and became snow-bound just
"on the very summit. Under these circumstances
"it was necessary to abandon the wagons for a
"time, and drive the stock (mules) down the
"mountains to the valleys where there was pastur-
"age and running water. This was a long and
"difficult task, occupying several days. On the
"second day, in a spot where we expected to find
"nothing more human than a grizzly bear or an
"elk, we found a little hut, built of pine boughs
"and a few rough boards clumsily hewn out of
"small trees with an axe. The hut was covered
"with snow many feet deep, excepting only the
"hole in the roof which served for a chimney,
"and a small pit-like place in front to permit
"egress. The occupant came forth to hail us and
"solicit whisky and tobacco. He was dressed in
"a suit made entirely of flour-sacks, and was
"curiously labelled on various parts of his person
"*Best Family Flour. Extra.* His head was
"covered by a wolf's skin drawn from the brute's
"head—with the ears standing erect in a fierce
"alert manner. He was a most extraordinary
"object, and told us he had not seen a human
"being in four months. He lived on bear and
"elk meat and flour laid in during his short sum-
"mer. Emigrants in the season paid him a kind
"of ferry-toll. I asked him how he passed his

"time, and he went to a barrel and produced
"*Nicholas Nickleby* and *Pickwick*. I found he
"knew them almost by heart. He did not know,
"or seem to care, about the author; but he
"gloried in Sam Weller, despised Squeers, and
"would probably have taken the latter's scalp
"with great skill and cheerfulness. For Mr.
"Winkle he had no feeling but contempt, and in
"fact regarded a fowling-piece as only a toy for
"a squaw. He had no Bible; and perhaps if he
"practised in his rude savage way all Dickens
"taught, he might less have felt the want even of
"that companion."

LONDON:
1836-70.
Companions
in solitude.

CHAPTER LIX.

AMERICA REVISITED: NOVEMBER AND
DECEMBER, 1867.

1867.

AMERICA:
1867.

It is the intention of this and the following chapter to narrate the incidents of the visit to America in Dickens's own language, and in that only. They will consist almost exclusively of extracts from his letters written home, to members of his family and to myself.

At Parker
House:
Boston.

On the night of Tuesday the 19th of November he arrived at Boston, where he took up his residence at the Parker House hotel; and his first letter (21st) stated that the tickets for the first four Readings, all to that time issued, had been sold immediately on their becoming saleable. "An immense train of people waited in the freezing street for twelve hours, and passed into the office in their turns, as at a French theatre. The receipts already taken for these nights exceed our calculation by more than £250." Up to the last moment, he had not been able to clear off wholly a shade of misgiving that some of the old grudges might make themselves felt; but from the instant of his setting foot in Boston not a vestige of such fear remained. The greeting was to the full as extraordinary as that of twenty-five years

Warmth of
the greeting.

AMERICA:
1867.

before, and was given now, as then, to the man who had made himself the most popular writer in the country. His novels and tales were crowding the shelves of all the dealers in books in all the cities of the Union. In every house, in every car, on every steam-boat, in every theatre of America, the characters, the fancies, the phraseology of Dickens were become familiar beyond those of any other writer of books. "Even in England," said one of the New York journals, "Dickens is less known than here; and of the millions here who treasure every word he has written, there are tens of thousands who would make a large sacrifice to see and hear the man who has made happy so many hours. Whatever sensitiveness there once was to adverse or sneering criticism, the lapse of a quarter of a century, and the profound significance of a great war, have modified or removed." The point was more pithily, and as truly, put by Mr. Horace Greeley in the *Tribune*. "The fame as a novelist which Mr. Dickens had already created in America, and which, at the best, has never yielded him anything particularly munificent or substantial, is become his capital stock in the present enterprise." Same cause for greeting as in 1842. II. 133.

The first Reading was appointed for the second of December, and in the interval he saw some old friends and made some new ones.*

* Among these I think he was most delighted with the great naturalist and philosopher, Agassiz, whose death is unhappily announced while I write, and as to whom it will no longer be unbecoming to quote his allusion. "Agassiz, who married the last Mrs. Felton's sister, is not only one of the most accomplished but the most natural and jovial of Agassiz."

AMERICA:
1867.
Old and new
friends.

Boston he was fond of comparing to Edinburgh as Edinburgh was in the days when several dear friends of his own still lived there. Twenty-five years had changed much in the American city; some genial faces were gone, and on ground which he had left a swamp he found now the most princely streets; but there was no abatement of the old warmth of kindness, and, with every attention and consideration shown to him, there was no intrusion. He was not at first completely conscious of the change in this respect, or of the prodigious increase in the size of Boston. But the latter grew upon him from day to day, and then there was impressed along with it a contrast to which it was difficult to reconcile himself. Nothing enchanted him so much as what he again saw of the delightful domestic life of Cambridge, simple, self-respectful, cordial, and affectionate; and it seemed impossible to believe that within half an hour's distance of it should be found what might at any time be witnessed in such

Cambridge
and Boston.

Famous
writers dead
since 1842.

"men." Again he says: "I cannot tell you how pleased I was by "Agassiz, a most charming fellow, or how I have regretted his seclusion "for a while by reason of his mother's death." A valued correspondent, Mr. Grant Wilson, sends me a list of famous Americans who greeted Dickens at his first visit, and in the interval had passed away. "It is "melancholy to contemplate the large number of American authors who "had, between the first and second visits of Mr. Dickens, "gone hence, "to be no more seen." The sturdy Cooper, the gentle Irving, his friend "and kinsman Paulding, Prescott the historian and Percival the poet, "the eloquent Everett, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edgar A. Poe, N. P. "Willis, the genial Halleck, and many lesser lights, including Prof. Fel- "ton and Geo. P. Morris, had died during the quarter of a century that "elapsed between Dickens's visits to this country, leaving a new genera- "tion of writers to extend the hand of friendship to him on his second "coming."—Let me add to this that Dickens was pleased, at this second visit, to see his old secretary who had travelled so agreeably with him through his first tour of triumph. "He would have known him "anywhere."

II. 128.

hotels as that which he was staying at: crowds of swaggerers, loafers, bar-loungers, and dram-drinkers, that seemed to be making up, from day to day, not the least important part of the human life of the city. But no great mercantile resort in the States, such as Boston had now become, could be without that drawback; and fortunate should we account any place to be, though even so plague-afflicted, that has yet so near it the healthier influence of the other life which our older world has well-nigh lost altogether.

"The city has increased prodigiously in twenty-five years," he wrote to his daughter Mary. "It has grown more mercantile. It is like Leeds mixed with Preston, and flavoured with New Brighton. Only, instead of smoke and fog, there is an exquisitely bright light air." "Cambridge is exactly as I left it," he wrote to me. "Boston more mercantile, and much larger. The hotel I formerly stayed at, and thought a very big one, is now regarded as a very small affair. I do not yet notice—but a day, you know, is not a long time for observation!—any marked change in character or habits. In this immense hotel I live very high up, and have a hot and cold bath in my bed room, with other comforts not in existence in my former day. The cost of living is enormous." "Two of the staff are at New York," he wrote to his sister-in-law on the 25th of November, "where we are at our wits' end how to keep tickets out of the hands of speculators. We have communications from all parts of the country, but we take no offer whatever. The

AMERICA:
1867.
A contrast.

Changes
since 1842.

II. 129.

Speculators.

AMERICA:
1867.

Cambridge
under-
graduates.

Sale of
tickets in
New York.

First Boston
Reading:

effect of it.

"young undergraduates of Cambridge have made a representation to Longfellow that they are 500 strong and cannot get one ticket. I don't know what is to be done, but I suppose I must read there, somehow. We are all in the clouds until 'I shall have broken ground in New York.' The sale of tickets, there, had begun two days before the first reading in Boston. 'At the New York barriers,' he wrote to his daughter on the first of December, 'where the tickets were on sale and the people ranged as at the Paris theatres, speculators went up and down offering twenty dollars for any body's place. The money was in no case accepted. But one man sold two tickets for the second, third, and fourth nights; his payment in exchange being one ticket for the first night, fifty dollars (about £7 10s.), and a 'brandy cock-tail.'"

On Monday the second of December he read for the first time in Boston, his subjects being the *Carol* and the *Trial from Pickwick*; and his reception, from an audience than which perhaps none more remarkable could have been brought together, went beyond all expectations formed. "It is really impossible," he wrote to me next morning, "to exaggerate the magnificence of the reception or the effect of the reading. The whole city will talk of nothing else and hear of nothing else to-day. Every ticket for those announced here, and in New York, is sold. All are sold at the highest price, for which in our calculation we made no allowance; and it is impossible to keep out speculators who imme-

diately sell at a premium. At the decreased AMERICA:
1867.
rate of money even, we had above £450 English in the house last night; and the New York hall holds 500 people more. Everything looks brilliant beyond the most sanguine hopes, and I was quite as cool last night as though I were reading at Chatham." The next night he read again; and also on Thursday and Friday; on Wednesday he had rested; and on Saturday he travelled to New York.

He had written, the day before he left, that Profits.
he was making a clear profit of thirteen hundred pounds English a week, even allowing seven dollars to the pound; but words were added having no good omen in them, that the weather was taking a turn of even unusual severity, and that he found the climate, in the suddenness of its changes, "and the wide leaps they take," excessively trying. "The work is of course rather trying Drawbacks
too; but the sound position that everything must be subservient to it enables me to keep aloof from invitations. To-morrow," ran the close of the letter, "we move to New York. We cannot beat the speculators in our tickets. We sell no Troubles
from
speculators.
more than six to any one person for the course of four readings; but these speculators, who sell at greatly increased prices and make large profits, will employ any number of men to buy. One of the chief of them—now living in this house, in order that he may move as we move!—can put on 50 people in any place we go to; and thus he gets 300 tickets into his own hands." Almost while Dickens was writing these words an

AMERICA:
1867.

Scene at first
New York
sales.

eyewitness was describing to a Philadelphia paper the sale of the New York tickets. The pay-place was to open at nine on a Wednesday morning, and at midnight of Tuesday a long line of speculators were assembled in *queue*; at two in the morning a few honest buyers had begun to arrive; at five there were, of all classes, two lines of not less than 800 each; at eight there were at least 5000 persons in the two lines; at nine each line was more than three-quarters of a mile in length, and neither became sensibly shorter during the whole morning. "The tickets for the course were "all sold before noon. Members of families relieved each other in the *queues*: waiters flew "across the streets and squares from the neighbouring restaurant, to serve parties who were "taking their breakfast in the open December air; "while excited men offered five and ten dollars "for the mere permission to exchange places with "other persons standing nearer the head of the "line!"

Strange
picture.

First New
York reading.

The effect of the reading in New York corresponded with this marvellous preparation, and Dickens characterised his audience as an unexpected support to him; in its appreciation quick and unfailing, and highly demonstrative in its satisfactions. On the 11th of December he wrote to his daughter: "Amazing success. A very fine audience, "far better than at Boston. *Carol* and *Trial* on "first night, great: still greater, *Copperfield* and "*Bob Sawyer* on second. For the tickets of the "four readings of next week there were, at nine "o'clock this morning, 3000 people in waiting,

Enthusiasm!

"and they had begun to assemble in the bitter
"cold as early as two o'clock in the morning."
To myself he wrote on the 15th, adding touches
to the curious picture. "Dolby has got into
"trouble about the manner of issuing the tickets
"for next week's series. He cannot get four thou-
"sand people into a room holding only two
"thousand, he cannot induce people to pay at the
"ordinary price for themselves instead of giving
"thrice as much to speculators, and he is at-
"tacked in all directions. . . I don't much like
"my hall, for it has two large balconies far re-
"moved from the platform; but no one ever way-
"lays me as I go into it or come out of it, and
"it is kept as rigidly quiet as the Français at a
"rehearsal. We have not yet had in it less than
"£430 per night, allowing for the depreciated
"currency! I send £3000 to England by this
"packet. From all parts of the States, applications
"and offers continually come in. We go to Boston
"next Saturday for two more readings, and come
"back here on Christmas Day for four more. I
"am not yet bound to go elsewhere, except three
"times (each time for two nights) to Philadelphia;
"thinking it wisest to keep free for the largest
"places. I have had an action brought against
"me by a man who considered himself injured
"(and really may have been) in the matter of his
"tickets. Personal service being necessary, I was
"politely waited on by a marshal for that pur-
"pose; whom I received with the greatest courtesy,
"apparently very much to his amazement. The
"action was handsomely withdrawn next day, and

AMERICA:
1867.

Manager's
troubles.

An action
against
Dickens:
handsomely
withdrawn.

AMERICA:
1867.

The most
"unpopular
"man in
"America."

At West-
minster
Hotel: Irving
Place.

A fire at the
hotel.

"the plaintiff paid his own costs. . . Dolby hopes
"you are satisfied with the figures so far; the
"profit each night exceeding the estimated profit
"by £130 odd. He is anxious I should also tell
"you that he is the most unpopular and best-
"abused man in America." Next day a letter to
his sister-in-law related an incident too common
in American cities to disconcert any but strangers.
He had lodged himself, I should have said, at the
Westminster Hotel in Irving Place. "Last night
"I was getting into bed just at 12 o'clock, when
"Dolby came to my door to inform me that the
"house was on fire. I got Scott up directly; told
"him first to pack the books and clothes for the
"Readings; dressed and pocketed my jewels and
"papers; while the manager stuffed himself out
"with money. Meanwhile the police and firemen
"were in the house tracing the mischief to its
"source in a certain fire-grate. By this time the
"hose was laid all through from a great tank on
"the roof, and everybody turned out to help. It
"was the oddest sight, and people had put the
"strangest things on! After chopping and cutting
"with axes through stairs, and much handing
"about of water, the fire was confined to a din-
"ing-room in which it had originated; and then
"everybody talked to everybody else, the ladies
"being particularly loquacious and cheerful. I
"may remark that the second landlord (from both,
"but especially the first, I have had untiring at-
"tention) no sooner saw me on this agitating oc-
"casion, than, with his property blazing, he in-
"sisted on taking me down into a room full of

"hot smoke, to drink brandy and water with him!
 "And so we got to bed again about 2."

AMERICA:
 1867.

Dickens had been a week in New York before he was able to identify the great city which a lapse of twenty-five years had so prodigiously increased. "The only portion that has even now
 "come back to me," he wrote, "is the part of
 "Broadway in which the Carlton Hotel (long
 "since destroyed) used to stand. There is a
 "very fine new park in the outskirts, and the
 "number of grand houses and splendid equipages
 "is quite surprising. There are hotels close here
 "with 500 bedrooms and I don't know how many
 "boarders; but this hotel is quite as quiet as
 "and not much larger than, Mivart's in Brook
 "Street. My rooms are all en suite, and I come
 "and go by a private door and private staircase
 "communicating with my bedroom. The waiters
 "are French, and one might be living in Paris.
 "One of the two proprietors is also proprietor of
 "Niblo's Theatre, and the greatest care is taken
 "of me. Niblo's great attraction, the *Black Crook*,
 "has now been played every night for 16
 "months (!), and is the most preposterous peg to
 "hang ballets on that was ever seen. The people
 "who act in it have not the slightest idea of
 "what it is about, and never had; but, after
 "taxing my intellectual powers to the utmost, I
 "fancy that I have discovered Black Crook to be
 "a malignant hunchback leagued with the Powers
 "of Darkness to separate two lovers; and that
 "the Powers of Lightness coming (in no skirts
 "whatever) to the rescue, he is defeated. I am

Increase of
 New York
 city.

II. 150.

Quiet of the
 hotel.

Niblo's
 theatre.

AMERICA:
1867.

Story of
Black Crook!

Fenianism.

Local and
general
politics.

"quite serious in saying that I do not suppose
"there are two pages of *All the Year Round* in
"the whole piece (which acts all night); the whole
"of the rest of it being ballets of all sorts, per-
"fectly unaccountable processions, and the Donkey
"out of last year's Covent Garden pantomime!
"At the other theatres, comic operas, melodramas,
"and domestic dramas prevail all over the city,
"and my stories play no inconsiderable part in
"them. I go nowhere, having laid down the rule
"that to combine visiting with my work would be
"absolutely impossible. . . The Fenian explosion
"at Clerkenwell was telegraphed here in a few
"hours. I do not think there is any sympathy
"whatever with the Fenians on the part of the
"American people, though political adventurers
"may make capital out of a show of it. But no
"doubt large sections of the Irish population of
"this State are themselves Fenian; and the local
"politics of the place are in a most depraved
"condition, if half of what is said to me be true.
"I prefer not to talk of these things, but at odd
"intervals I look round for myself. Great social
"improvements in respect of manners and for-
"bearance have come to pass since I was here
"before, but in public life I see as yet but little
"change."

Snow storm.

He had got through half of his first New York readings when a winter storm came on, and from this time until very near his return the severity of the weather was exceptional even for America. When the first snow fell, the railways were closed for some days; and he described New York

crowded with sleighs, and the snow piled up in enormous walls the whole length of the streets. AMERICA: 1867.

"I turned out in a rather gorgeous sleigh yesterday with any quantity of buffalo robes, and "made an imposing appearance." "If you were Imposing sight.

"to behold me driving out," he wrote to his daughter, "furred up to the moustache, with an "immense white red-and-yellow-striped rug for a "covering, you would suppose me to be of "Hungarian or Polish nationality." These protections nevertheless availed him little; and when the time came for getting back to Boston, he found himself at the close of his journey with a Struck with cold.

cold and cough that never again left him until he had quitted the country, and of which the effects became more and more disastrous. For the present there was little allusion to this, his belief at the first being strong that he should overmaster it; but it soon forced itself into all his letters.

His railway journey otherwise had not been agreeable. "The railways are truly alarming. Railway travelling. II. 177, 219.

"Much worse (because more worn I suppose) than "when I was here before. We were beaten about "yesterday, as if we had been aboard the Cuba. "Two rivers have to be crossed, and each time "the whole train is banged aboard a big steamer. "The steamer rises and falls with the river, which "the railroad don't do; and the train is either "banged up hill or banged down hill. In coming "off the steamer at one of these crossings yesterday, we were banged up such a height that the "rope broke, and one carriage rushed back with

AMERICA:
1867.

Treatment of
luggage.

Police of
New York.

"a run down-hill into the boat again. I whisked out in a moment, and two or three others after me; but nobody else seemed to care about it. "The treatment of the luggage is perfectly outrageous. Nearly every case I have is already broken. When we started from Boston yesterday, I beheld, to my unspeakable amazement, Scott, my dresser, leaning a flushed countenance against the wall of the car, and *weeping bitterly*. "It was over my smashed writing-desk. Yet the arrangements for luggage are excellent, if the porters would not be beyond description reckless." The same excellence of provision, and flinging away of its advantages, are observed in connection with another subject in the same letter. "The halls are excellent. Imagine one holding two thousand people, seated with exact equality for every one of them, and every one seated separately. I have nowhere, at home or abroad, seen so fine a police as the police of New York; and their bearing in the streets is above all praise. On the other hand, the laws for regulation of public vehicles, clearing of streets, and removal of obstructions, are wildly outraged by the people for whose benefit they are intended. Yet there is undoubtedly improvement in every direction, and I am taking time to make up my mind on things in general. Let me add that I have been tempted out at three in the morning to visit one of the large police station-houses, and was so fascinated by the study of a horrible photograph-book of thieves' portraits that I couldn't shut it up."

A letter of the same date (22nd) to his sister-in-law told of personal attentions awaiting him on his return to Boston by which he was greatly touched. He found his rooms garnished with flowers and holly, with real red berries, and with festoons of moss; and the homely Christmas look of the place quite affected him. "There is a certain Captain Doliiver belonging to the Boston custom-house, who came off in the little steamer that brought me ashore from the Cuba; and he took it into his head that he would have a piece of English mistletoe brought out in this week's Cunard, which should be laid upon my breakfast-table. And there it was this morning. In such affectionate touches as this, these New England people are especially amiable. . . As a general rule you may lay it down that whatever you see about me in the papers is not true; but you may generally lend a more believing ear to the Philadelphia correspondent of the *Times*, a well-informed gentleman. Our hotel in New York was on fire again the other night. But fires in this country are quite matters of course. There was a large one in Boston at four this morning; and I don't think a single night has passed, since I have been under the protection of the Eagle, that I have not heard the Fire Bells dolefully clanging all over both cities." The violent abuse of his manager by portions of the press is the subject of the rest of the letter, and receives farther illustration in one of the same date to me. "A good specimen of the sort of newspaper you and I know something of, came

AMERICA:
1867.

Again in
Boston.

Remem-
brance of
Christmas.

Mistletoe
from Eng-
land.

More fires.

AMERICA:
1867.

A nuisance in
all countries.

As to news-
papers
generally.

Settling the
Readings for
other cities.

"out in Boston here this morning. The editor
"had applied for our advertisements, saying that
"it was at Mr. D's disposal for paragraphs.' The
"advertisements were not sent; Dolby did not
"enrich its columns paragraphically; and among
"its news to-day is the item that 'this chap calling
"himself Dolby got drunk down town last night,
"and was taken to the police station for fighting
"an Irishman!' I am sorry to say that I don't
"find anybody to be much shocked by this live-
"liness." It is right to add what was said to me
a few days later. "The *Tribune* is an excellent
"paper. Horace Greeley is editor in chief, and
"a considerable shareholder too. All the people
"connected with it whom I have seen are of the
"best class. It is also a very fine property—but
"here the *New York Herald* beats it hollow,
"hollow, hollow! Another able and well edited
"paper is the *New York Times*. A most respect-
"able journal too is Bryant's *Evening Post*, ex-
"cellently written. There is generally a much
"more responsible and respectable tone than pre-
"vailed formerly, however small may be the lite-
"rary merit, among papers pointed out to me as
"of large circulation. In much of the writing
"there is certainly improvement, but it might be
"more widely spread."

The time had now come when the course his
Readings were to take independently of the two
leading cities must be settled, and the general
tour made out. His agent's original plan was
that they should be in New York every week
"But I say No. By the 10th of January I shall

"have read to 35,000 people in that city alone.
 "Put the readings out of the reach of all the
 "people behind them, for the time. It is that
 "one of the popular peculiarities which I most
 "particularly notice, that they must not have a
 "thing too easily. Nothing in the country lasts
 "long; and a thing is prized the more, the less
 "easy it is made. Reflecting therefore that I shall
 "want to close, in April, with farewell readings
 "here and in New York, I am convinced that the
 "crush and pressure upon these necessary to their
 "adequate success is only to be got by absence;
 "and that the best thing I can do is not to give
 "either city as much reading as it wants now,
 "but to be independent of both while both are
 "most enthusiastic. I have therefore resolved
 "presently to announce in New York so many
 "readings (I mean a certain number) as the last
 "that can be given there, before I travel to pro-
 "mised places; and that we select the best places,
 "with the largest halls, on our list. This will
 "include, East here—the two or three best New
 "England towns; South—Baltimore and Washing-
 "ton; West—Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Chicago, and
 "St. Louis; and towards Niagara—Cleveland and
 "Buffalo. Philadelphia we are already pledged
 "to, for six nights; and the scheme will pretty
 "easily bring us here again twice before the fare-
 "wells. I feel convinced that this is the sound
 "policy." (It was afterwards a little modified, as
 "will be seen, by public occurrences and his own
 "condition of health; the West, as well as a pro-
 "mise to Canada, having to be abandoned; but

AMERICA:
 1867.

Nothing lasts
 long.

Cities chosen
 for Readings.

AMERICA:
1867.

Plan as
carried out.

Resisting
temptation.

The Webster
murder in
1849.

Letter to
Lord Lytton.

otherwise it was carried out.) "I read here to-morrow and Tuesday; all tickets being sold to the end of the series, even for subjects not announced. I have not read a single time at a lower clear profit per night (all deductions made) than £315. But rely upon it I shall take great care not to read oftener than four times a week —after this next week, when I stand committed to five. The inevitable tendency of the staff, when these great houses excite them, is, in the words of an old friend of ours, to 'hurge the 'hartist hon;' and a night or two ago I had to cut away five readings from *their* list."

An incident at Boston should have mention before he resumes his readings in New York. In the interval since he was first in America, the Harvard professor of chemistry, Dr. Webster, whom he had at that visit met among the honoured men who held chairs in their Cambridge University, had been hanged for the murder, committed in his laboratory in the college, of a friend who had lent him money, portions of whose body lay concealed under the lid of the lecture-room table where the murderer continued to meet his students. "Being in Cambridge," Dickens wrote to Lord Lytton, "I thought I would go over the Medical School, and see the exact localities where Professor Webster did that amazing murder, and worked so hard to rid himself of the body of the murdered man. (I find there is of course no rational doubt that the Professor was always a secretly cruel man). They were horribly grim, private, cold, and quiet; the

"identical furnace smelling fearfully (some ana-
 "tomical broth in it I suppose) as if the body
 "were still there; jars of pieces of sour mortality
 "standing about, like the forty robbers in *Ali*
 "*Baba* after being scalded to death; and bodies
 "near us ready to be carried in to next morning's
 "lecture. At the house where I afterwards dined
 "I heard an amazing and fearful story; told by
 "one who had been at a dinner-party of ten or
 "a dozen, at Webster's, less than a year before
 "the murder. They began rather uncomfortably,
 "in consequence of one of the guests (the victim
 "of an instinctive antipathy) starting up with the
 "sweat pouring down his face, and crying out,
 "'O Heaven! There's a cat somewhere in the
 "'room!' The cat was found and ejected, but
 "they didn't get on very well. Left with their
 "wine, they were getting on a little better; when
 "Webster suddenly told the servants to turn the
 "gas off and bring in that bowl of burning mine-
 "rals which he had prepared, in order that the
 "company might see how ghastly they looked
 "by its weird light. All this was done, and every
 "man was looking, horror-stricken, at his neigh-
 "bour; when Webster was seen bending over the
 "bowl with a rope round his neck, holding up
 "the end of the rope, with his head on one side
 "and his tongue lolled out, to represent a hanged
 "man!"

AMERICA:
1867.

Going over
scenes of
a murder.

Dinner at the
murderer's
in 1848.

Disagreeable
but appro-
priate.

Dickens read at Boston on the 23rd. and the
 24th of December, and on Christmas day travelled
 back to New York where he was to read on the
 26th. The last words written before he left were

Again at
New York.

- AMERICA: 1867.
V. 306, 313.
- Illness.
- Mr. James T. Fields.
- Account of Dickens while in America.
- of illness. "The low action of the heart, or what-ever it is, has inconvenienced me greatly this last week. On Monday night, after the reading, "I was laid upon a bed, in a very faint and shady state; and on the Tuesday I did not get up till "the afternoon." But what in reality was less grave took outwardly the form of a greater distress; and the effects of the cold which had struck him in travelling to Boston, as yet not known to his English friends, appear most to have alarmed those about him. I depart from my rule in this narrative, otherwise strictly observed, in singling out one of those friends for mention by name: but a business connection with the Readings, as well as untiring offices of personal kindness and sympathy, threw Mr. Fields into closer relations with Dickens from arrival to departure than any other person had; and his description of the condition of health in which Dickens now quitted Boston and went through the rest of the labour he had undertaken, will be a sad though fit prelude to what the following chapter has to tell. "He went from Boston to New York carrying "with him a severe catarrh contracted in our "climate. He was quite ill from the effects of "the disease; but he fought courageously against "them. . . His spirit was wonderful, and, although "he lost all appetite and could partake of very "little food, he was always cheerful and ready for "his work when the evening came round. A "dinner was tendered to him by some of his "literary friends in Boston; but he was so ill the "day before that the banquet had to be given up.

"The strain upon his strength and nerves was very great during all the months he remained, and only a man of iron will could have accomplished what he did. He was accustomed to talk and write a good deal about eating and drinking, but I have rarely seen a man eat and drink less. He liked to dilate in imagination over the brewing of a bowl of punch, but when the punch was ready he drank less of it than any one who might be present. It was the sentiment of the thing and not the thing itself that engaged his attention. I scarcely saw him eat a hearty meal during his whole stay. Both at Parker's hotel in Boston, and at the Westminster in New York, everything was arranged by the proprietors for his comfort, and tempting dishes to pique his invalid appetite were sent up at different hours of the day; but the influenza had seized him with masterful power, and held the strong man down till he left the country."

AMERICA:
1867.

Illness and
abstinence.

When he arrived in New York on the evening of Christmas Day he found a letter from his daughter. Answering her next day he told her: "I wanted it much, for I had a frightful cold (English colds are nothing to those of this country) and was very miserable . . . It is a bad country to be unwell and travelling in. You are one of, say, a hundred people in a heated car with a great stove in it, all the little windows being closed; and the bumping and banging about are indescribable, the atmosphere detestable, the ordinary motion all but intolerable." The following day this addition was made to the

Christmas
Day.

Miseries of
American
travel.

AMERICA:
1867.

letter. "I managed to read last night, but it was "as much as I could do. To-day I am so very "unwell that I have sent for a doctor. He has "just been, and is in doubt whether I shall not "have to stop reading for a while."

His stronger will prevailed, and he went on without stopping. On the last day of the year he announced to us that though he had been very low he was getting right again; that in a couple of days he should have accomplished a fourth of the entire Readings; and that the first month of the new year would see him through Philadelphia and Baltimore, as well as through two more nights in Boston. He also prepared his English friends for the startling intelligence they might shortly expect, of four readings coming off in a church, before an audience of two thousand people accommodated in pews, and with himself emerging from a vestry.

Startling
prospect.

CHAPTER LX.

AMERICA REVISITED: JANUARY TO APRIL, 1868.

1868.

THE Reading on the third of January closed a fourth of the entire series, and on that day Dickens wrote of the trouble brought on them by the "speculators," which to some extent had affected unfavourably the three previous nights in New York. When adventurers buy up the best places, the public resent it by refusing the worst; to prevent it by first helping themselves, being the last thing they ever think of doing. "We try to withhold the best seats from the speculators, but the unaccountable thing is that the great mass of the public buy of them (prefer it), and the rest of the public are injured if we have not got those very seats to sell them. We have now a travelling staff of six men, in spite of which Dolby, who is leaving me to-day to sell tickets in Philadelphia to-morrow morning, will no doubt get into a tempest of difficulties. Of course also, in such a matter, as many obstacles as possible are thrown in an Englishman's way; and he may himself be a little injudicious into the bargain. Last night, for instance, he met one of the 'ushers' (who show people to their seats) coming in with one of our men. It is against orders

AMERICA:
1868.Speculators
and the
public.An
Englishman's
disadvantage
and mistakes.

AMERICA:
1868.

"Freedom
"and inde-
"pendence."

Republican
self-help.

Receipts
affected by
speculators.

"that any one employed in front should go out
"during the reading, and he took this man to task
"in the British manner. Instantly, the free and
"independent usher put on his hat and walked
"off. Seeing which, all the other free and in-
"dependent ushers (some 20 in number) put on
"their hats and walked off; leaving us absolutely
"devoid and destitute of a staff for to-night. One
"has since been improvised: but it was a small
"matter to raise a stir and ill-will about, especially
"as one of our men was equally in fault; and
"really there is little to be done at night. American
"people are so accustomed to take care of them-
"selves, that one of these immense audiences will
"fall into their places with an ease amazing to a
"frequenter of St. James's Hall; and the certainty
"with which they are all in, before I go on, is a
"very acceptable mark of respect. Our great
"labour is outside; and we have been obliged to
"bring our staff up to six, besides a boy or two,
"by employment of a regular additional clerk, a
"Bostonian. The speculators buying the front-
"seats (we have found instances of this being
"done by merchants in good position), the public
"won't have the back seats; return their tickets;
"write and print volumes on the subject; and
"deter others from coming. You are not to sup-
"pose that this prevails to any great extent, as
"our lowest house here has been £300; but it
"does hit us. There is no doubt about it. For-
"tunately I saw the danger when the trouble
"began, and changed the list at the right time. . .
"You may get an idea of the staff's work, by

“what is in hand now. They are preparing, “numbering, and stamping, 6000 tickets for Philadelphia, and 8000 tickets for Brooklyn. The “moment those are done, another 8000 tickets “will be wanted for Baltimore, and probably another 6000 for Washington; and all this in addition to the correspondence, advertisements, accounts, travelling, and the nightly business of the Readings four times a week . . . I cannot “get rid of this intolerable cold! My landlord “invented for me a drink of brandy, rum, and “snow, called it a ‘Rocky Mountain Sneezer,’ and “said it was to put down all less effectual sneezing; but it has not yet had the effect. Did I tell “you that the favourite drink before you get up “is an Eye-Opener? There has been another fall “of snow, succeeded by a heavy thaw.”

AMERICA:
1868.
Work of the
staff.

Rocky
Mountain
Sneezers and
Eye-openers.

The day after (the 4th) he went back to Boston, and next day wrote to me: “I am to read “here on Monday and Tuesday, return to New “York on Wednesday, and finish there (except “the farewells in April) on Thursday and Friday. “The New York reading of *Doctor Marigold* made “really a tremendous hit. The people doubted “at first, having evidently not the least idea what “could be done with it, and broke out at last “into a perfect chorus of delight. At the end “they made a great shout, and gave a rush towards the platform as if they were going to “carry me off. It puts a strong additional arrow “into my quiver. Another extraordinary success “has been *Nickleby* and *Boots at the Holly Tree* “(appreciated here in Boston, by the bye, even

Again at
Boston:
5th Jan.

Hit of
Marigold :

and of *Boots
at Holly Tree*.

AMERICA:
1868.

The work
and the gain.

"more than *Copperfield*); and think of our last New York night bringing £500 English into the house, after making more than the necessary deduction for the present price of gold! The manager is always going about with an immense bundle that looks like a sofa-cushion, but is in reality paper-money, and it had risen to the proportions of a sofa on the morning he left for Philadelphia. Well, the work is hard, the climate is hard, the life is hard: but so far the gain is enormous. My cold steadily refuses to stir an inch. It distresses me greatly at times, though it is always good enough to leave me for the needful two hours. I have tried allopathy, homœopathy, cold things, warm things, sweet things, bitter things, stimulants, narcotics, all with the same result. Nothing will touch it."

Chapel
readings.

In the same letter, light was thrown on the ecclesiastical mystery. "At Brooklyn I am going to read in Mr. Ward Beecher's chapel: the only building there available for the purpose. You must understand that Brooklyn is a kind of sleeping-place for New York, and is supposed to be a great place in the money way. We let the seats pew by pew! the pulpit is taken down for my screen and gas! and I appear out of the vestry in canonical form! These ecclesiastical entertainments come off on the evenings of the 16th, 17th, 20th, and 21st, of the present month." His first letter after returning to New York (9th of January) made additions to the Brooklyn picture. "Each evening an enormous ferry-boat will convey me and my state-carriage (not to mention

To and from
Brooklyn.

"half a dozen wagons and any number of people
"and a few score of horses) across the river to
"Brooklyn, and will bring me back again. The
"sale of tickets there was an amazing scene. The
"noble army of speculators are now furnished
"(this is literally true, and I am quite serious)
"each man with a straw mattress, a little bag of
"bread and meat, two blankets, and a bottle of
"whiskey. With this outfit, *they lie down in line*
"*on the pavement* the whole of the night before
"the tickets are sold: generally taking up their
"position at about 10. It being severely cold at
"Brooklyn, they made an immense bonfire in the
"street—a narrow street of wooden houses—which
"the police turned out to extinguish. A general
"fight then took place; from which the people
"farthest off in the line rushed bleeding when
"they saw any chance of ousting others nearer
"the door, put their mattresses in the spots so
"gained, and held on by the iron rails. At 8 in
"the morning Dolby appeared with the tickets in
"a portmanteau. He was immediately saluted
"with a roar of Halloa! Dolby! So Charley has
"let you have the carriage, has he, Dolby? How
"is he, Dolby? Don't drop the tickets, Dolby!
"Look alive, Dolby! &c. &c. &c. in the midst of
"which he proceeded to business, and concluded
"(as usual) by giving universal dissatisfaction.
"He is now going off upon a little journey to
"look over the ground and cut back again. This
"little journey (to Chicago) is twelve hundred
"miles on end, by railway, besides the back
"again!" It might tax the Englishman, but was

AMERICA :
1868.

Equipment of
speculators.

Bonfire in a
street of
wood.

Salutations
to manager.

A small
journey!

AMERICA:
1868.
Nothing to
a native
American.

nothing to the native American. It was part of his New York landlord's ordinary life in a week, Dickens told me, to go to Chicago and look at his theatre there on a Monday; to pelt back to Boston and look at his theatre there on a Thursday; and to come rushing to New York on a Friday, to apostrophize his enormous ballet.

12th Jan.

Three days later, still at New York, he wrote to his sister-in-law. "I am off to Philadelphia this evening for the first of three visits of two nights each, tickets for all being sold. My cold steadily refuses to leave me, but otherwise I am as well as I can hope to be under this heavy work. My New York readings are over (except the farewell nights), and I look forward to the relief of being out of my hardest hall. On Friday I was again dead beat at the end, and was once more laid upon a sofa. But the faintness went off after a little while. We have now cold bright frosty weather, without snow; the best weather for me." Next day from Philadelphia he wrote to his daughter that he was lodged in The Continental, one of the most immense of American hotels, but that he found himself just as quiet as elsewhere. "Everything is very good, my waiter is German, and the greater part of the servants seem to be coloured people. The town is very clean, and the day as blue and bright as a fine Italian day. But it freezes very very hard, and my cold is not improved; for the cars were so intolerably hot that I was often obliged to stand upon the brake outside, and then the frosty air bit me indeed.

Faintness.

At Philadelphia.

"I find it necessary (so oppressed am I with this
 "American catarrh as they call it) to dine at three
 "o'clock instead of four, that I may have more
 "time to get voice; so that the days are cut short
 "and letter-writing not easy."

AMERICA :
 1868.
 Sufferings.

He nevertheless found time in this city to
 write to me (14th of January) the most interesting
 mention he had yet made of such opinions as he
 had been able to form during his present visit,
 apart from the pursuit that absorbed him. Of
 such of those opinions as were given on a former
 page, it is only necessary to repeat that while the

III. 36-7.

tone of party politics still impressed him unfavour-
 ably, he had thus far seen everywhere great
 changes for the better socially. I will add other
 points from the same letter. That he was un-
 fortunate in his time of visiting New York, as far
 as its politics were concerned, what has since

Changes for
 the better.

happened conclusively shows. "The Irish ele-
 "ment is acquiring such enormous influence in
 "New-York city, that when I think of it, and see
 "the large Roman Catholic cathedral rising there,
 "it seems unfair to stigmatise as 'American' other
 "monstrous things that one also sees. But the
 "general corruption in respect of the local funds
 "appears to be stupendous, and there is an alarm-
 "ing thing as to some of the courts of law which
 "I am afraid is native-born. A case came under
 "my notice the other day in which it was per-
 "fectly plain, from what was said to me by a per-
 "son interested in resisting an injunction, that his
 "first proceeding had been to 'look up the Judge.'"

Irish element
 in New York.

Of such occasional provincial oddity, harmless in

Looking up
 the judges.

AMERICA:
1868.

III. 37.

itself but strange in large cities, as he noticed in the sort of half disappointment at the small fuss made by himself about the Readings, and in the newspaper references to "Mr. Dickens's extra-ordinary composure" on the platform, he gives an illustration. "Last night here in Philadelphia (my first night), a very impressible and responsive audience were so astounded by my simply walking in and opening my book that I wondered what was the matter. They evidently thought that there ought to have been a flourish, and Dolby sent in to prepare for me. With them it is the simplicity of the operation that raises wonder. With the newspapers 'Mr. Dickens's 'extraordinary composure' is not reasoned out as being necessary to the art of the thing, but is sensitively watched with a lurking doubt whether it may not imply disparagement of the audience. Both these things strike me as drolly expressive." . .

Improved
social ways.

His testimony as to improved social habits and ways was expressed very decidedly. "I think it reasonable to expect that as I go westward, I shall find the old manners going on before me, and may tread upon their skirts mayhap. But so far, I have had no more intrusion or boredom than I have when I lead the same life in England. I write this in an immense hotel, but I am as much at peace in my own rooms, and am left as wholly undisturbed, as if I were at the Station Hotel in York. I have now read in New York city to 40,000 people, and am quite as well known in the streets there as I am in

"London. People will turn back, turn again and
 "face me, and have a look at me, or will say to
 "one another 'Look here! Dickens coming!' But
 "no one ever stops me or addresses me. AMERICA:
1868. Sitting No intrusive-
ness.
 "reading in the carriage outside the New York
 "post-office while one of the staff was stamping
 "the letters inside, I became conscious that a few
 "people who had been looking at the turn-out
 "had discovered me within. On my peeping out
 "good-humouredly, one of them (I should say a
 "merchant's book-keeper) stepped up to the door,
 "took off his hat, and said in a frank way: 'Mr.
 "'Dickens, I should very much like to have the
 "'honour of shaking hands with you'—and, that
 "done, presented two others. Nothing could be
 "more quiet or less intrusive. In the railway In railway
cars.
 "cars, if I see anybody who clearly wants to speak
 "to me, I usually anticipate the wish by speaking
 "myself. If I am standing on the brake outside
 "(to avoid the intolerable stove), people getting
 "down will say with a smile: 'As I am taking my
 "'departure, Mr. Dickens, and can't trouble you
 "'for more than a moment, I should like to take
 "'you by the hand sir.' And so we shake hands
 "and go our ways. . . Of course many of my im- In the halls.
 "pressions come through the readings. Thus I
 "find the people lighter and more humorous than
 "formerly; and there must be a great deal of in-
 "nocent imagination among every class, or they
 "never could get with such extraordinary pleasure
 "as they do, the Boots' story of the elopement of
 "the two little children. They seem to see the
 "children; and the women set up a shrill under-

AMERICA:
1868.

Result of 34
Readings.

Indisputable
evidence!

Shadow to
the sunshine.

Faintness.

Sleeplessness.

"current of half-pity and half-pleasure that
"is quite affecting. To-night's reading is my
"26th; but as all the Philadelphia tickets for
"four more are sold, as well as four at Brooklyn,
"you must assume that I am at—say—my 35th
"reading. I have remitted to Coutts's in English
"gold £10,000 odd; and I roughly calculate that
"on this number Dolby will have another thousand
"pounds profit to pay me. These figures are of
"course between ourselves, at present; but are
"they not magnificent? The expenses, always re-
"collect, are enormous. On the other hand we
"never have occasion to print a bill of any sort
"(bill-printing and posting are great charges at
"home); and have just now sold off £90 worth of
"billpaper, provided beforehand, as a wholly use-
"less incumbrance."

* Then came, as ever, the constant shadow that
still attended him, the slave in the chariot of his
triumph. "The work is very severe. There is
"now no chance of my being rid of this American
"catarrh until I embark for England. It is very
"distressing. It likewise happens, not seldom,
"that I am so dead beat when I come off that
"they lay me down on a sofa after I have been
"washed and dressed, and I lie there, extremely
"faint, for a quarter of an hour. In that time I
"rally and come right." One week later from
New York, where he had become due on the 16th
for the first of his four Brooklyn readings, he
wrote to his sister-in-law. "My cold sticks to me,
"and I can scarcely exaggerate what I undergo
"from sleeplessness. I rarely take any breakfast

"but an egg and a cup of tea—not even toast or bread and butter. My small dinner at 3, and a little quail or some such light thing when I come home at night, is my daily fare; and at the hall I have established the custom of taking an egg beaten up in sherry before going in, and another between the parts, which I think pulls me up. . . It is snowing hard now, and I begin to move to-morrow. There is so much floating ice in the river, that we are obliged to have a pretty wide margin of time for getting over the ferry to read." The last of the readings over the ferry was on the day when this letter was written. "I finished at my church to-night. It is Mrs. Stowe's brother's, and a most wonderful place to speak in. We had it enormously full last night (*Marigold* and *Trial*), but it scarcely required an effort. Mr. Ward Beecher being present in his pew, I sent to invite him to come round before he left. I found him to be an unostentatious, evidently able, straightforward, and agreeable man; extremely well-informed, and with a good knowledge of art."

AMERICA:
1868.

Daily fare.

Church
readings.

Mr. Ward
Beecher.

Baltimore and Washington were the cities in which he was now, on quitting New York, to read for the first time; and as to the latter some doubts arose. The exceptional course had been taken in regard to it, of selecting a hall with space for not more than 700 and charging everybody five dollars; to which Dickens, at first greatly opposed, had yielded upon use of the argument, "you have more people at New York, thanks to the speculators, paying more than five dollars every

Arrange-
ments for
Washington.

AMERICA:
1868.

A suggestion
from Horace
Greeley.

Change of
plan.

Chicago
dropped.

At Baltimore.

"night." But now other suggestions came. "Horace Greeley dined with me last Saturday," he wrote on the 20th, "and didn't like my going to Washington, now full of the greatest rowdies and worst kind of people in the States. Last night at eleven came B. expressing like doubts; and though they may be absurd I thought them worth attention, B. coming so close on Greeley." Mr. Dolby was in consequence sent express to Washington with power to withdraw or go on, as enquiry on the spot might dictate; and Dickens took the additional resolve so far to modify the last arrangements of his tour as to avoid the distances of Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, to content himself with smaller places and profits; and thereby to get home nearly a month earlier. He was at Philadelphia on the 23rd of January, when he announced this intention. "The worst of it is that everybody one advises with has a monomania respecting Chicago. 'Good heavens sir,' the great Philadelphia authority said to me this morning, 'if you don't read in Chicago the 'people will go into fits!' Well, I answered, I 'would rather they went into fits than I did. But 'he didn't seem to see it at all."

From Baltimore he wrote to his sister-in-law on the 29th, in the hour's interval he had to spare before going back to Philadelphia. "It has been snowing hard for four and twenty hours—though this place is as far south as Valentia in Spain; and my manager, being on his way to New York, has a good chance of being snowed up somewhere. This is one of the places where

"Butler carried it with a high hand during the
"war, and where the ladies used to spit when they
"passed a Northern soldier. They are very hand-
"some women, with an Eastern touch in them,
"and dress brilliantly. I have rarely seen so many
"fine faces in an audience. They are a bright
"responsive people likewise, and very pleasant to
"read to. My hall is a charming little opera
"house built by a society of Germans: quite a
"delightful place for the purpose. I stand on the
"stage, with the drop curtain down, and my
"screen before it. The whole scene is very pretty
"and complete, and the audience have a 'ring' in
"them that sounds deeper than the ear. I go
"from here to Philadelphia, to read to-morrow
"night and Friday; come through here again on
"Saturday on my way back to Washington; come
"back here on Saturday week for two finishing
"nights; then go to Philadelphia for two farewells
"—and so turn my back on the southern part of
"the country. Our new plan will give 82 read-
"ings in all." (The real number was 76, six
having been dropped on subsequent political ex-
citements.) "Of course I afterwards discovered
"that we had finally settled the list on a Friday.
"I shall be halfway through it at Washington; of
"course on a Friday also, and my birthday." To
myself he wrote on the following day from Phila-
delphia, beginning with a thank Heaven that he
had struck off Canada and the West, for he found
the wear and tear "enormous." "Dolby decided
"that the croakers were wrong about Washington,
"and went on; the rather as his raised prices,

AMERICA:
1868.Baltimore
women.Reading at
Baltimore.Movements
to and fro.End of doubt
as to Wash-
ington.

AMERICA: 1868.	"which he put finally at three dollars each, gave "satisfaction. Fields is so confident about Boston, "that my remaining list includes, in all, 14 more "readings there. I don't know how many more "we might not have had here (where I have "had attentions otherwise that have been very "grateful to me), if we had chosen. Tickets are "now being resold at ten dollars each. At Balti- "more I had a charming little theatre, and a very "apprehensive impulsive audience. It is remark- "able to see how the Ghost of Slavery haunts the "town; and how the shambling, untidy, evasive, "and postponing Irrepressible proceeds about his "free work, going round and round it, instead of "at it. The melancholy absurdity of giving these "people votes, at any rate at present, would glare "at one out of every roll of their eyes, chuckle "in their mouths, and bump in their heads, if one "did not see (as one cannot help seeing in the "country) that their enfranchisement is a mere "party trick to get votes. Being at the Peniten- "tiary the other day (this, while we mention votes), "and looking over the books, I noticed that al- "most every man had been 'pardoned' a day or "two before his time was up. Why? Because, "if he had served his time out, he would have "been <i>ipso facto</i> disfranchised. So, this form of "pardon is gone through to save his vote; and "as every officer of the prison holds his place "only in right of his party, of course his hopeful "clients vote for the party that has let them "out! . When I read in Mr. Beecher's church at "Brooklyn, we found the trustees had suppressed
Success in Philadelphia.	
Ghost of Slavery.	
Alleged party devices.	
Value of a vote.	

"the fact that a certain upper gallery holding
 "150 was 'the Coloured Gallery.' On the first
 "night not a soul could be induced to enter it;
 "and it was not until it became known next day
 "that I was certainly not going to read there
 "more than four times, that we managed to fill it.
 "One night at New York, on our second or third
 "row, there were two well-dressed women with a
 "tinge of colour—I should say, not even quadroons.
 "But the holder of one ticket who found his seat
 "to be next them, demanded of Dolby 'what he
 "'meant by fixing him next to those two Gord
 "'darined cusses of niggers?' and insisted on
 "being supplied with another good place. Dolby
 "firmly replied that he was perfectly certain Mr.
 "Dickens would not recognize such an objection
 "on any account, but he could have his money
 "back, if he chose. Which, after some squabbling,
 "he had. In a comic scene in the New York
 "Circus one night, when I was looking on, four
 "white people sat down upon a form in a barber's
 "shop to be shaved. A coloured man came as
 "the fifth customer, and the four immediately ran
 "away. This was much laughed at and applauded.
 "In the Baltimore Penitentiary, the white prisoners
 "dine on one side of the room, the coloured
 "prisoners on the other; and no one has the
 "slightest idea of mixing them. But it is in-
 "dubitably the fact that exhalations not the most
 "agreeable arise from a number of coloured people
 "got together, and I was obliged to beat a quick
 "retreat from their dormitory. I strongly believe
 "that they will die out of this country fast. It

AMERICA:
1868.

Objections to
coloured
people.

Ground for-
getting your
money back.

Successful
joke!

But in white
dormitories is
it not the
same?

AMERICA:
1868.

"seems, looking at them, so manifestly absurd to suppose it possible that they can ever hold their own against a restless, shift, striving, stronger race."

At Wash-
ington.

On the fourth of February he wrote from Washington. "You may like to have a line to let you know that it is all right here, and that the croakers were simply ridiculous. I began last night. A charming audience, no dissatisfaction whatever at the raised prices, nothing missed or lost, cheers at the end of the *Carol*, and rounds upon rounds of applause all through. All the foremost men and their families had taken tickets for the series of four. A small place to read in. £300 in it." It will be no violation of the rule of avoiding private detail if the very interesting close of this letter is given. Its anecdote of President Lincoln was repeatedly told by Dickens after his return, and I am under no necessity to withhold from it the authority of Mr. Sumner's name. "I am going to-morrow to see the President, who has sent to me twice. I dined with

With Sumner
and Stanton.

"Charles Sumner last Sunday, against my rule; and as I had stipulated for no party, Mr. Secretary Stanton was the only other guest, besides his own secretary. Stanton is a man with a very remarkable memory, and extraordinarily familiar with my books. . . He and Sumner having been the first two public men at the dying President's bedside, and having remained with him until he breathed his last, we fell into a very interesting conversation after dinner, when, each of them giving his own narrative separately, the usual

President
Lincoln's
death.

"discrepancies about details of time were observable. Then Mr. Stanton told me a curious little story which will form the remainder of this short letter.

AMERICA:
1868.

"On the afternoon of the day on which the President was shot, there was a cabinet council at which he presided. Mr. Stanton, being at the time commander-in-chief of the Northern troops that were concentrated about here, arrived rather late. Indeed they were waiting for him, and on his entering the room, the President broke off in something he was saying, and remarked: 'Let us proceed to business, gentlemen.' Mr. Stanton then noticed, with great surprise, that the President sat with an air of dignity in his chair instead of lolling about it in the most ungainly attitudes, as his invariable custom was; and that instead of telling irrelevant or questionable stories, he was grave and calm, and quite a different man. Mr. Stanton, on leaving the council with the Attorney-General, said to him, 'That is the most satisfactory cabinet meeting I have attended for many a long day! What an extraordinary change in Mr. Lincoln!' The Attorney-General replied, 'We all saw it, before you came in. While we were waiting for you, he said, with his chin down on his breast, "Gentlemen, something very extraordinary is going to happen, and that very soon."' To which the Attorney-General had observed, 'Something good, sir, I hope?' when the President answered very gravely: 'I don't know; I don't know. But it will happen, and shortly too!' As they were all impressed by

Lincoln's
last cabinet
council.

Day of
President
Lincoln's
death.

Altered
bearing of the
President.

AMERICA:
1868.
Lincoln's
dream.

President
Lincoln.

"his manner, the Attorney-General took him up again: 'Have you received any information, sir, 'not yet disclosed to us?' 'No,' answered the President: 'but I have had a dream. And I have 'now had the same dream three times. Once, on 'the night preceding the Battle of Bull Run. 'Once, on the night preceding' such another '(naming a battle also not favourable to the North). 'His chin sank on his breast again, and he sat 'reflecting. 'Might one ask the nature of this 'dream, sir?' said the Attorney-General. 'Well,' 'replied the President, without lifting his head or 'changing his attitude, 'I am on a great broad 'rolling river—and I am in a boat—and I drift '—and I drift!—But this is not business—' suddenly raising his face and looking round the 'table as Mr. Stanton entered, 'let us proceed to 'business, gentlemen.' Mr. Stanton and the 'Attorney-General said, as they walked on together, it would be curious to notice whether 'anything ensued on this; and they agreed to 'notice. He was shot that night."

Interview
with
President
Johnson.

On his birthday, the seventh of February, Dickens had his interview with President Andrew Johnson. "This scrambling scribblement is resumed this morning, because I have just seen 'the President: who had sent to me very courteously asking me to make my own appointment. 'He is a man with a remarkable face, indicating 'courage, watchfulness, and certainly strength of 'purpose. It is a face of the Webster type, but 'without the 'bounce' of Webster's face. I would 'have picked him out anywhere as a character of

"mark. Figure, rather stoutish for an American; "a trifle under the middle size; hands clasped "in front of him; manner suppressed, guarded, "anxious. Each of us looked at the other very "hard. . . . It was in his own cabinet that I saw "him. As I came away, Thornton drove up in a "sleigh—turned out for a state occasion—to de-
 liver his credentials. There was to be a cabinet "council at 12. The room was very like a Lon-
 don club's ante-drawingroom. On the walls, "two engravings only: one, of his own portrait; "one, of Lincoln's. . . In the outer room was sit-
 ting a certain sunburnt General Blair, with many "evidences of the war upon him. He got up to "shake hands with me, and then I found that he "had been out on the Prairie with me five-and-
 twenty years ago. . . The papers having referred "to my birthday's falling to-day, my room is filled "with most exquisite flowers.* They came pour-
 ing in from all sorts of people at breakfast time. "The audiences here are really very fine. So "ready to laugh or cry, and doing both so freely, "that you would suppose them to be Manchester
 shillings rather than Washington half-sovereigns. "Alas! alas! my cold worse than ever." So he had written too at the opening of his letter.

AMERICA:
1868.

English
minister.

An old
acquaintance.

II. 251-3.

Washington
audiences.

* A few days later he described it to his daughter. "I couldn't "help laughing at myself on my birthday at Washington; it was ob-
 served so much as though I were a little boy. Flowers and garlands "of the most exquisite kind, arranged in all manner of green baskets, "bloomed over the room; letters radiant with good wishes poured in; a "shirt pin, a handsome silver travelling bottle, a set of gold shirt studs, "and a set of gold sleeve links, were on the dinner table. Also, by hands
 unknown, the hall at night was decorated; and after *Boots at the* "Holly Tree, the whole audience rose and remained, great people and "all, standing and cheering, until I went back to the table and made "them a little speech."

AMERICA:
1868.

Incident at
first reading.

One of the
audience.

Comical dog:

Comes to
second
reading.

The first reading had been four days earlier, and was described to his daughter in a letter on the 4th, with a comical incident that occurred in the course of it. "The gas was very defective indeed last night, and I began with a small speech to the effect that I must trust to the brightness of their faces for the illumination of mine. This was taken greatly. In the *Carol* a most ridiculous incident occurred. All of a sudden, I saw a dog leap out from among the seats in the centre aisle, and look very intently at me. The general attention being fixed on me, I don't think anybody saw this dog; but I felt so sure of his turning up again and barking, that I kept my eye wandering about in search of him. He was a very comic dog, and it was well for me that I was reading a comic part of the book. But when he bounced out into the centre aisle again, in an entirely new place, and (still looking intently at me) tried the effect of a bark upon my proceedings, I was seized with such a paroxysm of laughter that it communicated itself to the audience, and we roared at one another, loud and long." Three days later the sequel came, in a letter to his sister-in-law. "I mentioned the dog on the first night here? Next night, I thought I heard (in *Copperfield*) a suddenly-suppressed bark. It happened in this wise:—One of our people, standing just within the door, felt his leg touched, and looking down beheld the dog, staring intently at me, and evidently just about to bark. In a transport of presence of mind

"and fury, he instantly caught him up in both hands, and threw him over his own head, out into the entry, where the check-takers received him like a game at ball. Last night he came again, *with another dog*; but our people were so sharply on the look-out for him that he didn't get in. He had evidently promised to pass the "other dog, free."

AMERICA:
1868.

Brings a
friend to
third.

What is expressed in these letters, of a still active, hopeful, enjoying, energetic spirit, able to assert itself against illness of the body and in some sort to overmaster it, was also so strongly impressed upon those who were with him, that, seeing his sufferings as they did, they yet found it difficult to understand the extent of them. The sadness thus ever underlying his triumph makes it all very tragical. "That afternoon of my birth-day," he wrote from Baltimore on the 11th, "my catarrh was in such a state that Charles Sumner, coming in at five o'clock, and finding me covered with mustard poultice, and apparently voiceless, turned to Dolby and said: 'Surely, Mr. Dolby, it is impossible that he can read to-night!' Says Dolby: 'Sir, I have told Mr. Dickens so; four times to-day, and I have been very anxious. But you have no idea how he will change, when he gets to the little table.' After five minutes of the little table I was not (for the time) even hoarse. The frequent experience of this return of force when it is wanted, saves me a vast amount of anxiety; but I am not at times without the nervous dread that I may some day sink altogether." To the

Incident
before a
Reading.

Virtue of the
little table.

AMERICA:
1868.

Proposed
walking-
match.

29th of
February.

No belief in
farewells.

In his hotel at
Philadelphia.

Modest
entreaty.

same effect in another letter he adds: "Dolby and Osgood" (the latter represented the publishing firm of Mr. Fields and was one of the travelling staff), "who do the most ridiculous things to keep me in spirits* (I am often very heavy, and rarely sleep much), are determined to have a walking match at Boston on the last day of February to celebrate the arrival of the day when I can say '*next* month!' for home." The match ended in the Englishman's defeat; which Dickens doubly commemorated, by a narrative of the American victory in sporting-news-paper style, and by a dinner in Boston to a party of dear friends there.

After Baltimore he was reading again at Philadelphia, from which he wrote to his sister-in-law on the 13th as to a characteristic trait observed in both places. "Nothing will induce the people to believe in the farewells. At Baltimore on Tuesday night (a very brilliant night indeed), they asked as they came out: 'When will Mr. Dickens read here again?' 'Never.' 'Non-sense! Not come back, after such houses as these? Come. Say when he'll read again.' 'Just the same here. We could as soon persuade them that I am the President, as that to-morrow night I am going to read here for the last time. . . There is a child in this house—a little girl—to whom I presented a black doll

* Mr. Dolby unconsciously contributed at this time to the same happy result by sending out some advertisements in these exact words: "The Reading will be comprised within *two minutes*, and the audience are earnestly entreated to be seated *ten hours* before its commencement." He had transposed the minutes and the hours.

"when I was here last; and as I have just seen her eye at the keyhole since I began writing—this, I think she and the doll must be outside still. 'When you sent it up to me by the 'coloured boy,' she said after receiving it '(coloured boy is the term for black waiter), 'I gave such a cream that Ma come running in 'and creamed too, 'cos she fort I'd hurt myself. 'But I creamed a cream of joy.' She had a friend to play with her that day, and brought the friend with her—to my infinite confusion. A friend all stockings and much too tall, who sat on the sofa very far back with her stockings sticking stiffly out in front of her, and glared at me, and never spake a word. Dolby found us confronted in a sort of fascination, like serpent and bird."

AMERICA:
1868.

A scream
of joy.

Disconcerting
visitor.

On the 15th he was again at New York, in the thick of more troubles with the speculators. They involved even charges of fraud in ticket-sales at Newhaven and Providence; indignation meetings having been held by the Mayors, and unavailing attempts made by his manager to turn the wrath aside. "I expect him back here presently half bereft of his senses, and I should be wholly bereft of mine if the situation were not comical as well as disagreeable. We can sell at our own box-office to any extent; but we cannot buy back of the speculators, because we have informed the public that all the tickets are gone; and even if we made the sacrifice of buying at their price and selling at ours, we should be accused of treating with them and of making

More troubles
from
speculators.

AMERICA:
1868.

Providence
and New-
haven.
II. 147-9.

"money by it." It ended in Providence by his going himself to the town and making a speech; and in Newhaven it ended by his sending back the money taken, with intimation that he would not read until there had been a new distribution of the tickets approved by all the town. Fresh disturbance broke out upon this; but he stuck to his determination to delay the reading until the heats had cooled down, and what should have been given in the middle of February he did not give until the close of March.

North-west
tour.

The Readings he had promised at the smaller outlying places by the Canadian frontier and Niagara district, including Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo, were appointed for that same March month which was to be the interval between the close of the ordinary readings and the farewells in the two leading cities. All that had been promised in New York were closed when he returned to Boston on the 23rd of February, ready for the increase he had promised there; but the check of a sudden political excitement came. It

Return to
Boston.

President's
impeachment.

was the month when the vote was taken for impeachment of President Johnson. "It is well" (25th of February) "that the money has flowed in hitherto so fast, for I have a misgiving that the great excitement about the President's impeachment will damage our receipts . . . The "vote was taken at 5 last night. At 7 the three "large theatres here, all in a rush of good business, were stricken with paralysis. At 8 our "long line of outsiders waiting for unoccupied "places, was nowhere. To-day you hear all the

Political
excitement.

"people in the streets talking of only one thing. "I shall suppress my next week's promised readings (by good fortune, not yet announced), and watch the course of events. Nothing in this country, as I before said, lasts long; and I think it likely that the public may be heartily tired of the President's name by the 9th of March, when I read at a considerable distance from here. "So behold me with a whole week's holiday in view!" Two days later he wrote pleasantly to his sister-in-law of his audiences. "They have come to regard the Readings and the Reader as their peculiar property; and you would be both amused and pleased if you could see the curious way in which they show this increased interest in both. Whenever they laugh or cry, they have taken to applauding as well; and the result is very inspiriting. I shall remain here until Saturday the 7th; but after to-morrow night shall not read here until the 1st of April, when I begin my farewells—six in number." On the 28th he wrote: "To-morrow fortnight we purpose being at the Falls of Niagara, and then we shall come back and really begin to wind up. I have got to know the *Carol* so well that I can't remember it, and occasionally go dodging about in the wildest manner, to pick up lost pieces. They took it so tremendously last night that I was stopped every five minutes. One poor young girl in mourning burst into a passion of grief about Tiny Tim, and was taken out. We had a fine house, and, in the interval while I was out, they covered the little table with flowers.

AMERICA:
1868.

Nothing
lasts long.

Boston
audiences.

The *Carol*
in Boston.
27th Feb.

AMERICA:
1868.

Struggle for
tickets in
remote places.

"The cough has taken a fresh start as if it were
"a novelty, and is even worse than ever to-day.
"There is a lull in the excitement about the Pre-
"sident: *but the articles of impeachment are to
"be produced this afternoon, and then it may set
"in again. Osgood came into camp last night
"from selling in remote places, and reports that
"at Rochester and Buffalo (both places near the
"frontier), tickets were bought by Canada people,
"who had struggled across the frozen river and
"clambered over all sorts of obstructions to get
"them. Some of those distant halls turn out to
"be smaller than represented; but I have no
"doubt—to use an American expression—that
"we shall 'get along.' The second half of the
"receipts cannot reasonably be expected to come
"up to the first; political circumstances, and all
"other surroundings, considered."

Another
snow-storm.

His old ill luck in travel pursued him. On
the day his letter was written a snow-storm began,
with a heavy gale of wind; and "after all the
"hard weather gone through," he wrote on the
2nd of March, "this is the worst day we have
"seen. It is telegraphed that the storm prevails
"over an immense extent of country, and is just
"the same at Chicago as here. I hope it may
"prove a wind up. We are getting sick of the
"very sound of sleigh-bells even." The roads
were so bad and the trains so much out of time,
that he had to start a day earlier; and on the
6th of March his tour north-west began, with the
gale still blowing and the snow falling heavily.
On the 13th he wrote to me from Buffalo.

"We go to the Falls of Niagara to-morrow
 "for our own pleasure; and I take all the men,
 "as a treat. We found Rochester last Tuesday in
 "a very curious state. Perhaps you know that
 "the Great Falls of the Genesee River (really
 "very fine, even so near Niagara) are at that
 "place. In the height of a sudden thaw, an im-
 "mense bank of ice above the rapids refused to
 "yield; so that the town was threatened (for the
 "second time in four years) with submersion.
 "Boats were ready in the streets, all the people
 "were up all night, and none but the children
 "slept. In the dead of the night a thundering
 "noise was heard, the ice gave way, the swollen
 "river came raging and roaring down the Falls,
 "and the town was safe. Very picturesque! but
 "not very good for business,' as the manager
 "says. Especially as the hall stands in the centre
 "of danger, and had ten feet of water in it on
 "the last occasion of flood. But I think we had
 "above £200 English. On the previous night
 "at Syracuse—a most out of the way and unin-
 "telligible-looking place, with apparently no people
 "in it—we had £375 odd. Here, we had last
 "night, and shall have to-night, whatever we can
 "cram into the hall.

AMERICA:
 1868.
 At Rochester.

Town
 threatened:

and saved.

At Syracuse:

and Buffalo.

"This Buffalo has become a large and im-
 "portant town, with numbers of German and Irish
 "in it. But it is very curious to notice, as we
 "touch the frontier, that the American female
 "beauty dies out; and a woman's face clumsily
 "compounded of German, Irish, Western Ame-
 "rica, and Canadian, not yet fused together, and

American
 female
 beauty.

AMERICA:
1868.

Severity of
the winter.

"Slopping
"round."

Sherry to
slop round
with.

"not yet moulded, obtains instead. Our show of
"Beauty at night is, generally, remarkable; but
"we had not a dozen pretty women in the whole
"throng last night, and the faces were all blunt.
"I have just been walking about, and observing
"the same thing in the streets. . . The winter has
"been so severe, that the hotel on the English
"side at Niagara (which has the best view of the
"Falls, and is for that reason very preferable) is
"not yet open. So we go, perforce, to the Ame-
"rican: which telegraphs back to our telegram:
"all Mr. Dickens's requirements perfectly under-
"stood.' I have not yet been in more than two
"very bad inns. I have been in some, where a
"good deal of what is popularly called 'slopping
"round' has prevailed; but have been able to
"get on very well. 'Slopping round,' so used,
"means untidiness and disorder. It is a comi-
"cally expressive phrase and has many meanings.
"Fields was asking the price of a quarter-cask of
"sherry the other day. 'Wa'al Mussr Fields,' the
"merchant replies, 'that varies according to qua-
"lity, as is but nay'tral. If yer wa'ant a sherry
"just to slop round with it, I can fix you some
"at a very low figger."

His letter was resumed at Rochester on the
18th. "After two most brilliant days at the Falls
"of Niagara, we got back here last night. To-
"morrow morning we turn out at 6 for a long
"railway journey back to Albany. But it is
"nearly all 'back' now, thank God! I don't
"know how long, though, before turning, we
"might have gone on at Buffalo. . . We went

"everywhere at the Falls, and saw them in every
 "aspect. There is a suspension bridge across
 "now, some two miles or more from the Horse
 "Shoe; and another, half a mile nearer, is to be
 "opened in July. They are very fine but very tick-
 "lish hanging aloft there, in the continual vibration
 "of the thundering water: nor is one greatly re-
 "assured by the printed notice that troops must
 "not cross them at step, that bands of music
 "must not play in crossing, and the like. I shall
 "never forget the last aspect in which we saw
 "Niagara yesterday. We had been everywhere,
 "when I thought of struggling (in an open car-
 "riage) up some very difficult ground for a good
 "distance, and getting where we could stand
 "above the river, and see it, as it rushes forward
 "to its tremendous leap, coming for miles and
 "miles. All away to the horizon on our right
 "was a wonderful confusion of bright green and
 "white water. As we stood watching it with our
 "faces to the top of the Falls, our backs were to-
 "wards the sun. The majestic valley below the
 "Falls, so seen through the vast cloud of spray,
 "was made of rainbow. The high banks, the
 "riven rocks, the forests, the bridge, the buildings,
 "the air, the sky, were all made of rainbow. No-
 "thing in Turner's finest water-colour drawings,
 "done in his greatest day, is so ethereal, so ima-
 "ginative, so gorgeous in colour, as what I then
 "beheld. I seemed to be lifted from the earth
 "and to be looking into Heaven. What I once
 "said to you, as I witnessed the scene five and
 "twenty years ago, all came back at this most

AMERICA:
1868.

Suspension
bridge at
Niagara.

At Niagara.

Final impres-
sion of the
Falls.

II. 267-8.

AMERICA: 1868. "affecting and sublime sight. The 'muddy vesture
 "of our clay' falls from us as we look. . . . I
 "chartered a separate carriage for our men, so
 "that they might see all in their own way, and
 "at their own time.

Prospects
 of travel.
 18th Feb.

"There is a great deal of water out between
 "Rochester and New York, and travelling is very
 "uncertain, as I fear we may find to-morrow.
 "There is again some little alarm here on ac-
 "count of the river rising too fast. But our to-
 "night's house is far ahead of the first. Most
 At Rochester. "charming halls in these places; excellent for
 "sight and sound. Almost invariably built as
 "theatres, with stage, scenery, and good dressing-
 "rooms. Audience seated to perfection (every
 "seat always separate), excellent doorways and
 "passages, and brilliant light. My screen and
 "gas are set up in front of the drop-curtain, and
 "the most delicate touches will tell anywhere.
 "No creature but my own men ever near me."

Letter to
 Mr. Ouvry.

His anticipation of the uncertainty that might
 beset his travel back had dismal fulfilment. It
 is described in a letter written on the 21st from
 Springfield to his valued friend, Mr. Frederic
 Ouvry, having much interest of its own, and
 making lively addition to the picture which these
 chapters give. The unflagging spirit that bears
 up under all disadvantages is again marvellously
 shown. "You can hardly imagine what my life
 "is with its present conditions—how hard the
 "work is, and how little time I seem to have at
 "my disposal. It is necessary to the daily reco-
 Way of life. "very of my voice that I should dine at 3 when

"not travelling; I begin to prepare for the even-
"ing at 6; and I get back to my hotel, pretty
"well knocked up, at half-past 10. Add to all
"this, perpetually railway travelling in one of the
"severest winters ever known; and you will
"descry a reason or two for my being an indif-
"ferent correspondent. Last Sunday evening I
"left the Falls of Niagara for this and two inter-
"vening places. As there was a great thaw, and
"the melted snow was swelling all the rivers, the
"whole country for three hundred miles was
"flooded. On the Tuesday afternoon (I had read
"on the Monday) the train gave in, as under cir-
"cumstances utterly hopeless, and stopped at a
"place called Utica; the greater part of which
"was under water, while the high and dry part
"could produce nothing particular to eat. Here,
"some of the wretched passengers passed the
"night in the train, while others stormed the hotel.
"I was fortunate enough to get a bed-room, and
"garnished it with an enormous jug of gin-punch;
"over which I and the manager played a double-
"dummy rubber. At six in the morning we were
"knocked up: 'to come aboard and try it.' At
"half-past six we were knocked up again with the
"tidings 'that it was of no use coming aboard or
"trying it.' At eight all the bells in the town
"were set agoing, to summon us to 'come aboard'
"instantly. And so we started, through the water,
"at four or five miles an hour; seeing nothing
"but drowned farms, barns adrift like Noah's
"arks, deserted villages, broken bridges, and all
"manner of ruin. I was to read at Albany that

AMERICA:
1868.Country
flooded.

At Utica.

Through
the water.

- AMERICA: 1868.
Getting along! "night, and all the tickets were sold. A very active superintendent of works assured me that "if I could be 'got along,' he was the man to get "me along: and that if I couldn't be got along, I "might conclude that it couldn't possibly be fixed. "He then turned on a hundred men in seven-league boots, who went ahead of the train, each "armed with a long pole and pushing the blocks "of ice away. Following this cavalcade, we got "to land at last, and arrived in time for me to "read the *Carol* and *Trial* triumphantly. My "people (I had five of the staff with me) turned "to at their work with a will, and did a day's "labour in a couple of hours. If we had not "come in as we did, I should have lost £350, "and Albany would have gone distracted. You "may conceive what the flood was, when I hint "at the two most notable incidents of our journey:—1, We took the passengers out of two "trains, who had been in the water, immovable "all night and all the previous day. 2, We released a large quantity of sheep and cattle from "trucks that had been in the water I don't know "how long, but so long that the creatures in them "had begun to eat each other, and presented a "most horrible spectacle."*
- Reading at Albany.
- Incidents of the flood.
- New England engagements.
- Beside Springfield, he had engagements at Portland, New Bedford, and other places in Mas-

* What follows is from the close of the letter. "On my return, I "have arranged with Chappell to take my leave of reading for good and "all, in a hundred autumnal and winter Farewells *for ever*. I return by "the Cunard steam-ship 'Russia.' I had the second officer's cabin on "deck, when I came out; and I am to have the chief steward's going "home. Cunard was so considerate as to remember that it will be on "the sunny side of the vessel."

"For ever."

sachusetts, before the Boston farewells began; and there wanted but two days to bring him to that time, when he thus described to his daughter the labour which was to occupy them. His letter was from Portland on the 29th of March, and it will be observed that he no longer compromises or glozes over was he was and had been suffering. During his terrible travel to Albany his cough had somewhat spared him, but the old illness had broken out in his foot; and, though he persisted in ascribing it to the former supposed origin ("having been lately again wet, from walking in melted snow, which I suppose to be he occasion of its swelling in the old way"), it troubled him sorely, extended now at intervals to the right foot also, and lamed him for all the time he remained in the States. "I should have written to you by the last mail, but I really was too unwell to do it. The writing day was last Friday, when I ought to have left Boston for New Bedford (55 miles) before eleven in the morning. But I was so exhausted that I could not be got up, and had to take my chance of an evening train's producing me in time to read—which it just did. With the return of snow, nine days ago, my cough became as bad as ever. I have coughed every morning from two or three till five or six, and have been absolutely sleepless. I have had no appetite besides, and no taste.* Last night here,

AMERICA:
1868.

Again
attacked by
lameness.
V. 304.
Post, 211-12.

Reading at
New Bedford.

Illness.

* Here was his account of his mode of living for his last ten weeks in America. "I cannot eat (to anything like the necessary extent) and have established this system. At 7 in the morning, in bed, a tumbler Sick diet. "of new cream and two tablespoonsful of rum. At 12, a sherry cobbler "and a biscuit. At 3 (dinner time) a pint of champagne. At five min-

AMERICA:
1868.

Exertion.

Sleeplessness.

"I took some laudanum; and it is the only thing that has done me good; though it made me sick this morning. But the life, in this climate, is so very hard! When I did manage to get to New Bedford, I read with my utmost force and vigour. Next morning, well or ill, I must turn out at seven, to get back to Boston on my way here. I dined at Boston at three, and at five had to come on here (a hundred and thirty miles or so) for to-morrow night: there being no Sunday train. To-morrow night I read here in a very large place; and Tuesday morning at six I must again start, to get back to Boston once more. But after to-morrow night I have only the farewells, thank God! Even as it is, however, I have had to write to Dolby (who is in New York) to see my doctor there, and ask him to send me some composing medicine that I can take at night, inasmuch as without sleep I cannot get through. However sympathetic and devoted the people are about one, they CAN NOT be got to comprehend, seeing me able to do the two hours when the time comes round, that it may also involve much misery." To myself on the 30th he wrote from the same place, making like confession. No comment could deepen the sadness of the story of suffering, revealed in his own simple language. "I write in a town three parts of which were burnt down in a tremendous fire

"utes to 8, an egg beaten up with a glass of sherry. Between the parts, the strongest beef tea that can be made, drunk hot. At a quarter past 10, soup, and any little thing to drink that I can fancy. I do not eat more than half a pound of solid food in the whole four-and-twenty hours, if so much."

"three years ago. The people lived in tents while
 "their city was rebuilding. The charred trunks
 "of the trees with which the streets of the old
 "city were planted, yet stand here and there in
 "the new thoroughfares like black spectres. The
 "rebuilding is still in progress everywhere. Yet
 "such is the astonishing energy of the people
 "that the large hall in which I am to read to-night
 "(its predecessor was burnt) would compare very
 "favourably with the Free Trade Hall at Man-
 "chester! . . . I am nearly used up. Climate,
 "distance, catarrh, travelling, and hard work, have
 "begun (I may say so, now they are nearly all
 "over) to tell heavily upon me. Sleeplessness
 "besets me; and if I had engaged to go on into
 "May, I think I must have broken down. It was
 "well that I cut off the Far West and Canada
 "when I did. There would else have been a sad
 "complication. It is impossible to make the people
 "about one understand, however zealous and de-
 "voted (it is impossible even to make Dolby un-
 "derstand until the pinch comes), that the power
 "of coming up to the mark every night, with
 "spirits and spirit, may coexist with the nearest
 "approach to sinking under it. When I got back
 "to Boston on Thursday, after a very hard three
 "weeks, I saw that Fields was very grave about
 "my going on to New Bedford (55 miles) next
 "day, and then coming on here (180 miles) *next*
 "day. But the stress is over, and so I can afford
 "to look back upon it, and think about it, and
 "write about it." On the 31st he closed his letter
 at Boston, and he was at home when I heard of

AMERICA:
1868.

Portland
burnt and
rebuilt.

"Nearly
"used up."

Seeing
prevents
believing.

AMERICA:
1868.

Work
virtually over.

Political
excitements.

Farewell
readings.

him again. "The latest intelligence, my dear old fellow, is, that I have arrived here safely, and that I am certainly better. I consider my work virtually over, now. My impression is, that the political crisis will damage the farewells by about one half. I cannot yet speak by the card; but my predictions here, as to our proceedings, have thus far been invariably right. We took last night at Portland, £360 English; where a costly Italian troupe, using the same hall to-night, had not booked £14! It is the same all over the country, and the worst is not seen yet. Everything is becoming absorbed in the Presidential impeachment, helped by the next Presidential election. Connecticut is particularly excited. "The night after I read at Hartford this last week, there were two political meetings in the town; meetings of two parties; and the hotel was full of speakers coming in from outlying places. So at Newhaven: the moment I had finished, carpenters came in to prepare for next night's politics. So at Buffalo. So everywhere very soon."

In the same tone he wrote his last letter to his sister-in-law from Boston. "My notion of the farewells is pretty certain now to turn out right. We had £300 English here last night. To-day is a Fast Day, and to-night we shall probably take much less. Then it is likely that we shall pull up again, and strike a good reasonable average; but it is not at all probable that we shall do anything enormous. Every pulpit in Massachusetts will resound with violent politics to-day and to-night." That was on the second of April, and

a postscript was added. "Friday afternoon the 3rd. Catarrh worse than ever! and we don't know (at four o'clock) whether I can read to-night or must stop. Otherwise, all well."

AMERICA:
1868.

Dickens's last letter from America was written to his daughter Mary from Boston on the 9th of April, the day before his sixth and last farewell night. "I not only read last Friday when I was doubtful of being able to do so, but read as I never did before, and astonished the audience quite as much as myself. You never saw or heard such a scene of excitement. Longfellow and all the Cambridge men have urged me to give in. I have been very near doing so, but feel stronger to-day. I cannot tell whether the catarrh may have done me any lasting injury in the lungs or other breathing organs, until I shall have rested and got home. I hope and believe not. Consider the weather! There have been two snow storms since I wrote last, and to-day the town is blotted out in a ceaseless whirl of snow and wind. Dolby is as tender as a woman, and as watchful as a doctor. He never leaves me during the reading, now, but sits at the side of the platform, and keeps his eye upon me all the time. Ditto George the gasman, steadiest and most reliable man I ever employed. I have *Dombey* to do to-night, and must go through it carefully; so here ends my report. The personal affection of the people in this place is charming to the last. Did I tell you that the New York Press are going to give me a public dinner on Saturday the 18th?"

Last Letter
from
America.

Last Boston
readings.

Care and
kindness of
Mr. Dolby.

V. 263.

AMERICA:
1868.

New York
farewells.

Receipts
throughout.

In New York, where there were five farewell nights, three thousand two hundred and ninety-eight dollars were the receipts of the last, on the 20th of April; those of the last at Boston, on the 8th, having been three thousand four hundred and fifty-six dollars. But on earlier nights in the same cities respectively, these sums also had been reached; and indeed, making allowance for an exceptional night here and there, the receipts varied so wonderfully little, that a mention of the highest average returns from other places will give no exaggerated impression of the ordinary receipts throughout. Excluding fractions of dollars, the lowest were New Bedford (\$1640), Rochester (\$1906), Springfield (\$1970), and Providence (\$2140). Albany and Worcester averaged something less than \$2400; while Hartford, Buffalo, Baltimore, Syracuse, Newhaven, and Portland rose to \$2600. Washington's last night was \$2610, no night there having less than \$2500. Philadelphia exceeded Washington by \$300, and Brooklyn went ahead of Philadelphia by \$200. The amount taken at the four Brooklyn readings was 11,128 dollars.

Public dinner
to Dickens.

The New York public dinner was given at Delmonico's, the hosts were more than two hundred, and the chair was taken by Mr. Horace Greeley. Dickens attended with great difficulty,* and spoke

* Here is the newspaper account: "At about five o'clock on Saturday the hosts began to assemble, but at 5.30 news was received that the expected guest had succumbed to a painful affection of the foot. "In a short time, however, another bulletin announced Mr. Dickens's intention to attend the dinner at all hazards. At a little after six, having been assisted up the stairs, he was joined by Mr. Greeley, and the hosts forming in two lines silently permitted the distinguished

in pain. But he used the occasion to bear his testimony to the changes of twenty-five years; the rise of vast new cities; growth in the graces and amenities of life; much improvement in the press, essential to every other advance; and changes in himself leading to opinions more deliberately formed. He promised his kindly entertainers that no copy of his *Notes*, or his *Chuzzlewit*, should in future be issued by him without accompanying mention of the changes to which he had referred that night; of the politeness, delicacy, sweet temper, hospitality, and consideration in all ways for which he had to thank them; and of his gratitude for the respect shown, during all his visit, to the privacy enforced upon him by the nature of his work and the condition of his health.

AMERICA:
1868.

A promise
which was
faithfully
redeemed.

He had to leave the room before the proceedings were over. On the following Monday he read to his last American audience, telling them at the close that he hoped often to recall them, equally by his winter fire and in the green summer weather, and never as a mere public audience but as a host of personal friends. He sailed two days later in the "Russia," and reached England in the first week of May 1868. Adieu.

"gentlemen to pass through. Mr. Dickens limped perceptibly; his right foot was swathed, and he leaned heavily on the arm of Mr. Greeley. He evidently suffered great pain."

CHAPTER LXI.

LAST READINGS.

1868-1870.

LONDON:
1868.

FAVOURABLE weather helped him pleasantly home. He had profited greatly by the sea voyage, perhaps greatly more by its repose; and on the 25th of May he described himself to his Boston friends as brown beyond belief, and causing the greatest disappointment in all quarters by looking so well. "My doctor was quite broken down in spirits on seeing me for the first time last Saturday. *Good Lord! seven years younger!* said the doctor, recoiling." That he gave all the credit to "those fine days at sea," and none to the rest from such labours as he had passed through, the close of the letter too sadly showed. "We are already settling—think of this!—the details of my farewell course of readings."

Health
improved.Project for
last readings.

Even on his way out to America that enterprise was in hand. From Halifax he had written to me. "I told the Chappells that when I got back to England, I would have a series of farewell readings in town and country; and then read No More. They at once offer in writing to pay all expenses whatever, to pay the ten per cent. for management, and to pay me, for a series of 75, six thousand pounds." The terms

were raised and settled before the first Boston readings closed. The number was to be a hundred; and the payment, over and above expenses and per centage, eight thousand pounds. Such a temptation undoubtedly was great; and though it was a fatal mistake which Dickens committed in yielding to it, it was not an ignoble one. He did it under no excitement from the American gains, of which he knew nothing when he pledged himself to the enterprise. No man could care essentially less for mere money than he did. But the necessary provision for many sons was a constant anxiety; he was proud of what the Readings had done to abridge this care; and the very strain of them under which it seems certain that his health had first given way, and which he always steadily refused to connect especially with them, had also broken the old confidence of being at all times available for his higher pursuit. What affected his health only he would not regard as part of the question either way. That was to be borne as the lot more or less of all men; and the more thorough he could make his feeling of independence, and of ability to rest, by what was now in hand, the better his final chances of a perfect recovery would be. That was the spirit in which he entered on this last engagement. It was an opportunity offered for making a particular work really complete before he should abandon it for ever. Something of it will not be indiscernible even in the summary of his past acquisitions, which with a pardonable exultation he now sent me.

LONDON:
1868.

Yielding to a
temptation.

What the
Readings did
and undid.

The motive
for more.

LONDON:
1868.

The expenses
in America.

The gains.

Profit from
all the
readings.

"We had great difficulty in getting our American accounts squared to the point of ascertaining what Dolby's commission amounted to in English money. After all, we were obliged to call in the aid of a money-changer, to determine what he should pay as his share of the average loss of conversion into gold. With this deduction made, I think his commission (I have not the figures at hand) was £2,888; Ticknor and Fields had a commission of £1,000, besides 5 per cent on all Boston receipts. The expenses in America to the day of our sailing were 38,948 dollars;—roughly 39,000 dollars, or £13,000. The preliminary expenses were £614. The average price of gold was nearly 40 per cent, and yet my profit was within a hundred or so of £20,000. Supposing me to have got through the present engagement in good health, I shall have made by the Readings, *in two years*, £33,000: that is to say, £13,000 received from the Chappells, and £20,000 from America. What I had made by them before, I could only ascertain by a long examination of Coutts's books. I should say, certainly not less than £10,000: for I remember that I made half that money in the first town and country campaign with poor Arthur Smith. These figures are of course between ourselves; but don't you think them rather remarkable? The Chappell bargain began with £50 a night and everything paid; then became £60; and now rises to £80."

The last readings were appointed to begin with October; and at the request of an old friend,

Chauncy Hare Townshend, who died during his absence in the States, he had accepted the trust, which occupied him some part of the summer, of examining and selecting for publication a bequest of some papers on matters of religious belief, which were issued in a small volume the following year. There came also in June a visit from Longfellow and his daughters, with later summer visits from the Eliot Nortons; and at the arrival of friends whom he loved and honoured as he did these, from the great country to which he owed so much, infinite were the rejoicings of Gadshill. Nothing could quench his old spirit in this way. But in the intervals of my official work I saw him frequently that summer, and never without the impression that America had told heavily upon him. There was manifest abatement of his natural force, the elasticity of bearing was impaired, and the wonderful brightness of eye was dimmed at times. One day, too, as he walked from his office with Miss Hogarth to dine at our house, he could read only the halves of the letters over the shop doors that were on his right as he looked. He attributed it to medicine. It was an additional unfavourable symptom that his right foot had become affected as well as the left, though not to anything like the same extent, during the journey from the Canada frontier to Boston. But all this disappeared, upon any special cause for exertion; and he was never unprepared to lavish freely for others the reserved strength that should have been kept for himself. This indeed was the great danger, for it dulled the apprehension of

LONDON:
1868.

Chauncy
Townshend's
trust.

v. 215.

Noticeable
changes.

Danger in the
new scheme.

LONDON:
1868.

us all to the fact that absolute and pressing danger did positively exist.

He had scarcely begun these last readings than he was beset by a misgiving, that, for a success large enough to repay Messrs. Chappell's liberality, the enterprise would require a new excitement to carry him over the old ground; and it was while engaged in Manchester and Liverpool at the outset of October that this announcement came. "I have made a short reading of the "murder in *Oliver Twist*. I cannot make up my "mind, however, whether to do it or not. I have "no doubt that I could perfectly petrify an audi- "ence by carrying out the notion I have of the "way of rendering it. But whether the impression "would not be so horrible as to keep them "away another time, is what I cannot satisfy "myself upon. What do you think? It is in "three short parts: 1, Where Fagin sets Noah "Claypole on to watch Nancy. 2, The scene on "London Bridge. 3, Where Fagin rouses Clay- "pole from his sleep, to tell his perverted story to "Sikes. And the Murder, and the Murderer's "sense of being haunted. I have adapted and "cut about the text with great care, and it is very "powerful. I have to-day referred the book and "the question to the Chappells as so largely inter- "ested." I had a strong dislike to this proposal, less perhaps on the ground which ought to have been taken of the physical exertion it would involve, than because such a subject seemed to be altogether out of the province of reading; and it was resolved, that, before doing it, trial should be

Proposed
reading from
Oliver Twist.

Objections
to such a
reading.

made to a limited private audience in St. James's Hall. The note announcing this, from Liverpool on the 25th of October, is for other reasons worth printing. "I give you earliest notice that "the Chappells suggest to me the 18th of November" (the 14th was chosen) "for trial of the "*Oliver Twist* murder, when everything in use for "the previous day's reading can be made available. I hope this may suit you? We have been "doing well here; and how it was arranged, nobody knows, but we had £410 at St. James's "Hall last Tuesday, having advanced from our "previous £360. The expenses are such, however, on the princely scale of the Chappells, that "we never begin at a smaller, often at a larger, "cost than £180. . . I have not been well, and "have been heavily tired. However, I have little "to complain of—nothing, nothing; though, like "Mariana, I am aweary. But think of this. If all "go well, and (like Mr. Dennis) I 'work off' this "series triumphantly, I shall have made of these "readings £28,000 in a year and a half." This did not better reconcile me to what had been too clearly forced upon him by the supposed necessity of some new excitement to ensure a triumphant result; and even the private rehearsal only led to a painful correspondence between us, of which a few words are all that need now be preserved. "We might have agreed," he wrote, "to "differ about it very well, because we only wanted "to find out the truth if we could, and because it "was quite understood that I wanted to leave behind me the recollection of something very pas-

LONDON:
1868.

Proposed
private
trial of it.

Supposed
need for new
excitement.

Suggestion
for agreement
to differ.

LONDON: "sionate and dramatic, done with simple means,
1868. "if the art would justify the theme." Apart from

Not possible.

mere personal considerations, the whole question lay in these last words. It was impossible for me to admit that the effect to be produced was legitimate, or such as it was desirable to associate with the recollection of his readings.

Parting from
his youngest
son.
Post, 176.

Mention should not be omitted of two sorrows which affected him at this time. At the close of the month before the readings began his youngest son went forth from home to join an elder brother in Australia. "These partings are hard hard things" (26th of September), "but they are the lot of us all, and might have to be done without means or influence, and then would be far harder. God bless him!" Hardly a month later, the last of his surviving brothers, Frederick, the next to himself, died at Darlington. "He had been tended" (24th of October) "with the greatest care and affection by some local friends. It was a wasted life, but God forbid that one should be hard upon it, or upon anything in this world that is not deliberately and coldly wrong."

Death of his
brother
Frederick.

Before October closed the renewal of his labour had begun to tell upon him. He wrote to his sister-in-law on the 29th of sickness and sleepless nights, and of its having become necessary, when he had to read, that he should lie on the sofa all day. After arrival at Edinburgh in December he had been making a calculation that the railway travelling over such a distance involved something more than thirty thousand

shocks to the nerves; but he went on to Christmas, alternating these far-off places with nights regularly intervening in London, without much more complaint than of an inability to sleep. Trade reverses at Glasgow had checked the success there,* but Edinburgh made compensation.

LONDON:
1868.

Effect of
renewed
work and
travel.

"The affectionate regard of the people exceeds all bounds and is shown in every way. The audiences do everything but embrace me, and take as much pains with the readings as I do... The keeper of the Edinburgh hall, a fine old soldier, presented me on Friday night with the most superb red camellia for my buttonhole that ever was seen. Nobody can imagine how he came by it, as the florists had had a considerable demand for that colour, from ladies in the stalls, and could get no such thing."

Old friends.

The red
camellia.

The second portion of the enterprise opened with the New Year, and the *Sikes and Nancy* scenes, everywhere his prominent subject, exacted the most terrible physical exertion from him. In January he was at Clifton, where he had given, he told his sister-in-law, "by far the best Murder yet done;" while at the same date he wrote to his daughter: "At Clifton on Monday night we had a contagion of fainting; and yet the place was not hot. I should think we had from a dozen to twenty ladies taken out stiff and rigid,

1869.

*Sikes and
Nancy*
reading.

* "I think I shall be pretty correct in both places as to the run "being on the Final readings. We had an immense house here" (Edinburgh, 12th of December) "last night, and a very large turnaway. But "Glasgow being shady and the charges very great, it will be the most "we can do, I fancy, on these first Scotch readings, to bring the Chap-pells safely home (as to them) without loss."

LONDON:
1869.

"at various times! It became quite ridiculous." He was afterwards at Cheltenham. "Macready is of opinion that the Murder is two Macbeths. He declares that he heard every word of the reading, but I doubt it. Alas! he is sadly infirm." On the 27th he wrote to his daughter from Torquay that the place into which they had put him to read, and where a pantomime had been played the night before, was something between a Methodist chapel, a theatre, a circus, a riding-school, and a cow-house. That day he wrote to me from Bath: "Landor's ghost goes along the silent streets here before me . . . The place looks to me like a cemetery which the Dead have succeeded in rising and taking. Having built streets, of their old gravestones, they wander about scantily trying to 'look alive.' A dead failure."

A fancy about
Bath.

In the second week of February he was in London, under engagement to return to Scotland (which he had just left) after the usual weekly reading at St. James's Hall, when there was a sudden interruption. "My foot has turned lame again!" was his announcement to me on the 15th, followed next day by this letter. "Henry Thompson will not let me read to-night, and will not let me go to Scotland to-morrow. Tremendous house here, and also in Edinburgh. Here is the certificate he drew up for himself and Beard to sign. 'We the undersigned hereby certify that Mr. C. D. is suffering from inflammation of the foot (caused by over-exertion), and that we have forbidden his appearance on

Lameness.

Reading
stopped.

Sir Henry
Thompson's
certificate.

“the platform this evening, as he must keep his
 “room for a day or two.’ I have sent up to the
 “Great Western Hotel for apartments, and, if I
 “can get them, shall move there this evening.
 “Heaven knows what engagements this may involve
 “in April! It throws us all back, and will cost me
 “some five hundred pounds.”

LONDON:
 1869.

A few days’ rest again brought so much relief, that, against the urgent entreaties of members of his family as well as other friends, he was in the railway carriage bound for Edinburgh on the morning of the 20th of February, accompanied by Mr. Chappell himself. “I came down lazily
 “on a sofa,” he wrote to me from Edinburgh next day, “hardly changing my position the whole
 “way. The railway authorities had done all sorts
 “of things, and I was more comfortable than on
 “the sofa at the hotel. The foot gave me no
 “uneasiness, and has been quiet and steady all
 “night.”* He was nevertheless under the necessity, two days later, of consulting Mr. Syme; and he told his daughter that this great authority had warned him against over-fatigue in the read-

Again
 travelling to
 Edinburgh.

Consults
 a famous
 surgeon.

* The close of the letter has an amusing picture which I may be excused for printing in a note. “The only news that will interest you
 “is that the good-natured Reverdy Johnson, being at an Art Dinner in
 “Glasgow the other night, and falling asleep over the post-prandial
 “speeches (only too naturally), woke suddenly on hearing the name of American
 “‘Johnson’ in a list of Scotch painters which one of the orators was eagle and
 “enumerating; at once plunged up, under the impression that some smaller birds,
 “body was drinking his health; and immediately, and with overflowing
 “amiability, began returning thanks. The spectacle was then presented
 “to the astonished company, of the American Eagle being restrained
 “by the coat tails from swooping at the moon, while the smaller birds
 “endeavoured to explain to it how the case stood, and the cock robin in
 “possession of the chairman’s eye twittered away as hard as he could
 “split. I am told that it was wonderfully droll.”

EDINBURGH:
1869.

Mr. Syme's
opinion of the
lameness.

A doctors'
difference.

ings, and given him some slight remedies, but otherwise reported him in "joost pairfactly splendid condition." With care he thought the pain might be got rid of. "'Wa'at mad' Thompson think it 'was goot?' he said often, and seemed to take "that opinion extremely ill." Again before leaving Scotland he saw Mr. Syme, and wrote to me on the second of March of the indignation with which he again treated the gout diagnosis, declaring the disorder to be an affection of the delicate nerves and muscles originating in cold. "I told him "that it had shewn itself in America in the other "foot as well. 'Noo I'll joost swear,' said he, "'that ayond the fatigue o' the readings ye'd been "tramping i' th' snaw, within twa or three days.' "I certainly had. 'Wa'al,' said he triumphantly, "and hoo did it first begin? I' th' snaw. Goot! "Bah!—Thompson knew no other name for it, "and just ca'd it Goot,—Boh!' For which he "took two guineas." Yet the famous pupil, Sir Henry Thompson, went certainly nearer the mark than the distinguished master, Mr. Syme, in giving to it a more than local character.

The whole of that March month he went on with the scenes from *Oliver Twist*. "The foot "goes famously," he wrote to his daughter. "I "feel the fatigue in it (four Murders in one week*) "but not overmuch. It merely aches at night; "and so does the other, sympathetically I suppose."

* I take from the letter a mention of the effect on a friend. "The "night before last, unable to get in, B. had a seat behind the screen, "and was nearly frightened off it, by the Murder. Every vestige of "colour had left his face when I came off, and he sat staring over a "glass of champagne in the wildest way."

At Hull on the 8th he heard of the death of the old and dear friend, Emerson Tennent, to whom he had inscribed his last book; and on the morning of the 12th I met him at the funeral. He had read the *Oliver Twist* scenes the night before at York; had just been able to get to the express train, after shortening the pauses in the reading, by a violent rush when it was over; and had travelled through the night. He appeared to me "dazed" and worn. No man could well look more so than he did, that sorrowful morning.

LONDON:
1869.
Emerson
Tennent's
funeral.

The end was near. A public dinner, which will have mention on a later page, had been given him in Liverpool on the 10th of April, with Lord Dufferin in the chair, and a reading was due from him in Preston on the 22nd of that month. But on Sunday the 18th we had ill report of him from Chester, and on the 21st he wrote from Blackpool to his sister-in-law. "I have come to this Sea-Beach Hotel (charming) for a day's rest. I am much better than I was on Sunday; but shall want careful looking to, to get through the readings. My weakness and deadness are all on the left side; and if I don't look at anything I try to touch with my left hand, I don't know where it is. I am in (secret) consultation with Frank Beard, who says that I have given him indisputable evidences of overwork which he could wish to treat immediately; and so I have telegraphed for him. I have had a delicious walk by the sea to-day, and I sleep soundly, and have picked up amazingly in appetite. My foot is greatly better too, and I

Public dinner
in Liverpool.
Post, 194-5.

At Blackpool.

Alarming
symptoms.

PRESTON:
1869.

His descrip-
tion of his
illness.

Still hoping
to go on.

V. 304.
Post, 211-12.

Making the
best he can
of it.

"wear my own boot." Next day was appointed for the reading at Preston; and from that place he wrote to me, while waiting the arrival of Mr. Beard. "Don't say anything about it, but the "tremendously severe nature of this work is a "little shaking me. At Chester last Sunday I found "myself extremely giddy, and extremely uncertain "of my sense of touch, both in the left leg and "the left hand and arms. I had been taking "some slight medicine of Beard's; and imme- "diately wrote to him describing exactly what I "felt, and asking him whether those feelings *could* "*be* referable to the medicine? He promptly "replied: 'There can be no mistaking them from "your exact account. The medicine cannot pos- "sibly have caused them. I recognise indisputable "symptoms of overwork, and I wish to take you "in hand without any loss of time.' They have "greatly modified since, but he is coming down "here this afternoon. To-morrow night at "Warrington I shall have but 25 more nights to "work through. If he can coach me up for them, "I do not doubt that I shall get all right again— "as I did when I became free in America. The "foot has given me very little trouble. Yet it is "remarkable that it is *the left foot too*; and that I "told Henry Thompson (before I saw his old "master Syme) that I had an inward conviction "that whatever it was, it was not gout. I also "told Beard, a year after the Staplehurst accident, "that I was certain that my heart had been "fluttered, and wanted a little helping. This the "stethoscope confirmed; and considering the im-

"mense exertion I am undergoing, and the constant jarring of express trains, the case seems to me quite intelligible. Don't say anything in the Gad's direction about my being a little out of sorts. I have broached the matter of course; but very lightly. Indeed there is no reason for broaching it otherwise."

LONDON:
1869.

Even to the close of that letter he had buoyed himself up with the hope that he might yet be "coached" and that the readings need not be discontinued. But Mr. Beard stopped them at once, and brought his patient to London. On Friday morning the 23rd, the same envelope brought me a note from himself to say that he was well enough, but tired; in perfectly good spirits, not at all uneasy, and writing this himself that I should have it under his own hand; with a note from his eldest son to say that his father appeared to him to be very ill, and that a consultation had been appointed with Sir Thomas Watson. The statement of that distinguished physician, sent to myself in June 1872, completes for the present the sorrowful narrative.

Brought to
town.

Sir Thomas
Watson's
called in.

"It was, I think, on the 23rd of April 1869 that I was asked to see Charles Dickens, in consultation with Mr. Carr Beard. After I got home I jotted down, from their joint account, what follows.

"After unusual irritability, C. D. found himself, last Saturday or Sunday, giddy, with a tendency to go backwards, and to turn round. Afterwards, desiring to put something on a small table, he pushed it and the table forwards, un-

Sir Thomas
Watson's
note of the
case.

LONDON:
1869.

"designedly. He had some odd feeling of insecurity about his left leg, as if there was something unnatural about his heel; but he could lift, and he did not drag, his leg. Also he spoke of some strangeness of his left hand and arm; missed the spot on which he wished to lay that hand, unless he carefully looked at it; felt an unreadiness to lift his hands towards his head, especially his left hand—when, for instance, he was brushing his hair.

"He had written thus to Mr. Carr Beard.

"Is it possible that anything in my medicine can have made me extremely giddy, extremely uncertain of my footing, especially on the left side, and extremely indisposed to raise my hands to my head. These symptoms made me very uncomfortable on Saturday (qy. Sunday?) night, and all yesterday, &c."

Sir Thomas
Watson's note
of Dickens'
illness in
April 1869.

"The state thus described showed plainly that C. D. had been on the brink of an attack of paralysis of his left side, and possibly of apoplexy. It was, no doubt, the result of extreme hurry, overwork, and excitement, incidental to his Readings.

"On hearing from him Mr. Carr Beard had gone at once to Preston, or Blackburn (I am not sure which), had forbidden his reading that same evening, and had brought him to London.

"When I saw him he *appeared* to be well. His mind was unclouded, his pulse quiet. His heart was beating with some slight excess of the natural impulse. He told me he had of late

"sometimes, but rarely, lost or misused a word;
 "that he forgot names, and numbers, but had
 "always done that; and he promised implicit
 "obedience to our injunctions.

LONDON:
 1869.

"We gave him the following certificate.

Certificate of
 Sir Thomas
 Watson and
 Mr. Beard.

"The undersigned certify that Mr. Charles
 "Dickens has been seriously unwell, through
 "great exhaustion and fatigue of body and mind
 "consequent upon his public Readings and long
 "and frequent railway journeys. In our judg-
 "ment Mr. Dickens will not be able with safety
 "to himself to resume his Readings for several
 "months to come.

"THOS. WATSON, M. D.

"F. CARR BEARD.'

"However, after some weeks, he expressed a wish
 "for my sanction to his endeavours to redeem, in a
 "careful and moderate way, some of the reading
 "engagements to which he had been pledged be-
 "fore those threatenings of brain-mischief in the
 "North of England.

Appeal to
 Sir Thomas
 Watson.

"As he had continued uniformly to seem and
 "to feel perfectly well, I did not think myself
 "warranted to refuse that sanction: and in writing
 "to enforce great caution in the trials, I expressed
 "some apprehension that he might fancy we had
 "been too peremptory in our injunctions of mental
 "and bodily repose in April; and I quoted the
 "following remark, which occurs somewhere in
 "one of Captain Cook's Voyages. 'Preventive
 "measures are always invidious, for when most

Guarded
 sanction to
 additional
 Readings.

LONDON:
1869.

Sir Thomas
Watson to
J. F.

“successful, the necessity for them is the least
“apparent.”

“I mention this to explain the letter which I
“send herewith,* and which I must beg you to
“return to me, as a precious remembrance of the
“writer with whom I had long enjoyed very friendly
“and much valued relations.

“I scarcely need say that if what I have now
“written can, *in any way*, be of use to you, it is
“entirely at your service and disposal—nor need
“I say with how much interest I have read the
“first volume of your late friend’s Life. I cannot
“help regretting that a great pressure of profes-
“sional work at the time, prevented my making a
“fuller record of a case so interesting.”

The twelve readings to which Sir Thomas
Watson consented, with the condition that railway
travel was not to accompany them, were farther
to be delayed until the opening months of 1870.
They were an offering from Dickens by way of
small compensation to Messrs. Chappell for the
breakdown of the enterprise on which they had
staked so much. But here practically he finished
his career as a public reader, and what remains
will come with the end of what is yet to be told.

Close of
career as
public
reader.

Dickens to
Sir Thomas
Watson, June
1869.

* In this letter Dickens wrote: “I thank you heartily” (23rd of June
1869) “for your great kindness and interest. It would really pain me
“if I thought you could seriously doubt my implicit reliance on your pro-
“fessional skill and advice. I feel as certain now as I felt when you
“came to see me on my breaking down through over fatigue, that the
“injunction you laid upon me to stop in my course of Readings was ne-
“cessary and wise. And to its firmness I refer (humanly speaking) my
“speedy recovery from that moment. I would on no account have re-
“sumed, even on the turn of this year, without your sanction. Your
“friendly aid will never be forgotten by me; and again I thank you for
“it with all my heart.”

One effort only intervened, by which he hoped to get happily back to his old pursuits; but to this, as to that which preceded it, sterner Fate said also No, and his Last Book, like his Last Readings, prematurely closed.

LONDON:
1869.

CHAPTER LXII.

LAST BOOK.

1869-1870.

LONDON:
1869-70.

THE last book undertaken by Dickens was to be published in illustrated monthly numbers, of the old form, but to close with the twelfth.* It closed, unfinished, with the sixth number, which was itself underwritten by two pages.

First fancy
for *Edwin*
Drood.

His first fancy for the tale was expressed in a letter in the middle of July. "What should you

Clause in the
agreement for
Edwin Drood.

* In drawing the agreement for the publication, Mr. Ouvry had, by Dickens's wish, inserted a clause thought to be altogether needless, but found to be sadly pertinent. It was the first time such a clause had been inserted in one of his agreements. "That if the said Charles Dickens shall die during the composition of the said work of the *Mystery of Edwin Drood*, or shall otherwise become incapable of completing the said work for publication in twelve monthly numbers as agreed, it shall be referred to John Forster, Esq. one of Her Majesty's Commissioners in Lunacy, or in the case of his death, incapacity, or refusal to act, then to such person as shall be named by Her Majesty's Attorney-General for the time being, to determine the amount which shall be repaid by the said Charles Dickens, his executors or administrators, to the said Frederic Chapman as a fair compensation for so much of the said work as shall not have been completed for publication." The sum to be paid at once for 25,000 copies was £7500; publisher and author sharing equally in the profit of all sales beyond that impression; and the number reached, while the author yet lived, was 50,000. The sum paid for early sheets to America was £1000; and Baron Tauchnitz paid liberally, as he always did, for his Leipzig reprint. "All Mr. Dickens's works," M. Tauchnitz writes to me, "have been published under agreement by me. My intercourse with him lasted nearly twenty-seven years. The first of his letters dates in October 1843, and his last at the close of March 1870. Our long relations were not only never troubled by the least disagreement, but were the occasion of most hearty personal feeling; and I shall never lose the sense of his kind and friendly nature. On my asking him his terms for *Edwin Drood*, he replied 'Your terms shall be mine.'"

Sale of 50,000.

Baron
Tauchnitz.

"think of the idea of a story beginning in this way?—Two people, boy and girl, or very young, going apart from one another, pledged to be married after many years—at the end of the book. The interest to arise out of the tracing of their separate ways, and the impossibility of telling what will be done with that impending fate." This was laid aside; but it left a marked trace on the story as afterwards designed, in the position of Edwin Drood and his betrothed.

LONDON:
1869-70.

First design.

I first heard of the later design in a letter dated "Friday the 6th of August 1869," in which after speaking, with the usual unstinted praise he bestowed always on what moved him in others, of a little tale he had received for his journal,* he spoke of the change that had occurred to him for the new tale by himself. "I laid aside the

Post, 186.

Later design.

"fancy I told you of, and have a very curious and new idea for my new story. Not a communicable idea (or the interest of the book would be gone), but a very strong one, though difficult to work." The story, I learnt immediately afterward, was to be that of the murder of a nephew by his uncle; the originality of which was to consist in the review of the murderer's career by himself at the close, when its

Story of Drood
as planned in
his mind.

* "I have a very remarkable story indeed for you to read. It is in "only two chapters. A thing never to melt into other stories in the "mind, but always to keep itself apart." The story was published in the 37th number of the new series of *All the Year Round*, with the title of "An Experience." The "new series" had been started to break up the too great length of volumes in sequence, and the only change it announced was the discontinuance of Christmas Numbers. He had tired of them himself; and, observing the extent to which they were now copied in all directions (as usual with other examples set by him), he supposed them likely to become tiresome to the public.

LONDON:
1869-70.

What the end
was to be.

Recollections
of proposed
course of the
tale.

Nothing
written of his
intentions.

temptations were to be dwelt upon as if, not he the culprit, but some other man, were the tempted. The last chapters were to be written in the condemned cell, to which his wickedness, all elaborately elicited from him as if told of another, had brought him. Discovery by the murderer of the utter needlessness of the murder for its object, was to follow hard upon commission of the deed; but all discovery of the murderer was to be baffled till towards the close, when, by means of a gold ring which had resisted the corrosive effects of the lime into which he had thrown the body, not only the person murdered was to be identified but the locality of the crime and the man who committed it.* So much was told to me before any of the book was written; and it will be recollected that the ring, taken by Drood to be given to his betrothed only if their engagement went on, was brought away with him from their last interview. Rosa was to marry Tartar, and Crisparkle the sister of Landless, who was himself, I think, to have perished in assisting Tartar finally to unmask and seize the murderer.

Nothing had been written, however, of the main parts of the design excepting what is found in the published numbers; there was no hint or preparation for the sequel in any notes of chapters in advance; and there remained not even what he had himself so sadly written of the book

* The reader curious in such matters will be helped to the clue for much of this portion of the plot by reference to pp. 201, 230, and 245, in Chapters XI, XII, and XIV (Tauchnitz Edition Vol. 1.).

by Thackeray also interrupted by death. The evidence of matured designs never to be accomplished, intentions planned never to be executed, roads of thought marked out never to be traversed, goals shining in the distance never to be reached, was wanting here. It was all a blank. Enough had been completed nevertheless to give promise of a much greater book than its immediate predecessor. "I hope his book is finished," wrote Longfellow when the news of his death was flashed to America. "It is certainly one of his "most beautiful works, if not the most beautiful "of all. It would be too sad to think the pen "had fallen from his hand, and left it incomplete." Some of its characters were touched with subtlety, and in its descriptions his imaginative power was at its best. Not a line was wanting to the reality, in the most minute local detail, of places the most widely contrasted; and we saw with equal vividness the lazy cathedral town and the lurid opium-eater's den.* Something like the old lightness and buoyancy of animal spirits gave a new freshness to the humour; the scenes of the child-heroine and her luckless betrothed had both novelty and nicety of character in them; and Mr.

LONDON:
1809-70.

Opinion of
Longfellow.

Merits of the
fragment.

The minor
characters.

* I subjoin what has been written to me by an American correspondent. "I went lately with the same inspector who accompanied Dickens. "Dickens to see the room of the opium-smokers, old Eliza and her "Lascar or Bengalee friend. There a fancy seized me to buy the bedstead which figures so accurately in *Edwin Drood*, in narrative and "picture. I gave the old woman a pound for it, and have it now packed "and ready for shipment to New York. Another American bought a "pipe. So you see we have heartily forgiven the novelist his pleasant "tries at our expense. Many military men who came to England "from America refuse to register their titles, especially if they be "Colonels; all the result of the basting we got on that score in *Martin Chuzzlewit*."

LONDON:
1869-70.

Miss
Billickin.

Last page of
Edwin Drood.

Comparison
of his early
and his late
MSS.

Grewgious in chambers with his clerk and the two waiters, the conceited fool Sapsea, and the blustering philanthropist Honeythunder, were first-rate comedy. Miss Twinkleton was of the family of Miss La Creevy; and the lodging-house keeper, Miss Billickin, though she gave Miss Twinkleton but a sorry account of her blood, had that of Mrs. Todgers in her veins. "I was put in life to a "very genteel boarding-school, the mistress being "no less a lady than yourself, of about your own "age, or it may be, some years younger, and a "poorness of blood flowed from the table which "has run through my life." Was ever anything better said of a school-fare of starved gentility?

The last page of *Edwin Drood* was written in the Châlet in the afternoon of his last day of consciousness; and I have thought there might be some interest in a facsimile of the greater part of this final page of manuscript that ever came from his hand, at which he had worked unusually late in order to finish the chapter. It has very much the character, in its excessive care of correction and interlineation, of all his later manuscripts: and in order that comparison may be made with his earlier and easier method, I place beside it a portion of a page of the original of *Oliver Twist*. His greater pains and elaboration of writing, it may be mentioned, become first very obvious in the later parts of *Martin Chuzzlewit*; but not the least remarkable feature in all his manuscripts, is the accuracy with which the portions of each representing the several numbers are exactly adjusted to the space the printer had

not here, for this
besides which my
this morning with
House of Commons, but
I can ~~do~~^{change} ~~do~~, and
a very numerous and
intangle as'll make
never been bow, or
~~do~~ footman to have
~~enough~~^{hit. less} ~~enough~~ afore they
wing to try it on

the "interposed the

written in 1837.

to fill. Whether without erasure or so interlined as to be illegible, nothing is wanting, and there is nothing in excess. So assured was the habit, that he has himself remarked upon an instance the other way, in *Our Mutual Friend*, as not having happened to him for thirty years. But *Edwin Drood* more startlingly showed him how unsettled the habit he most prized had become, in the clashing of old and new pursuits. "When 'I had written' (22nd of December 1869) 'and, 'as I thought, disposed of the first two Numbers 'of my story, Clowes informed me to my horror 'that they were, together, *twelve printed pages too short!!!* Consequently I had to transpose a 'chapter from number two to number one, and 'remodel number two altogether! This was the 'more unlucky, that it came upon me at the 'time when I was obliged to leave the book, in 'order to get up the Readings' (the additional twelve for which Sir Thomas Watson's consent had been obtained), 'quite gone out of my mind 'since I left them off. However, I turned to it 'and got it done, and both numbers are now in 'type. Charles Collins has designed an excellent 'cover.' It was his wish that his son-in-law should have illustrated the story; but, this not being practicable, upon an opinion expressed by Mr. Millais which the result thoroughly justified, choice was made of Mr. S. L. Fildes.

LONDON
1869-7

Ante, 67.

Ante, 154.

v. 254.

This reference to the last effort of Dickens's genius had been written as it thus stands, when a

LONDON:
1869-70.

Discovery of
unpublished
scene.

Probable
reason for
writing it in
advance.

V. 155.

discovery of some interest was made by the writer. Within the leaves of one of Dickens's other manuscripts were found some detached slips of his writing, on paper only half the size of that used for the tale, so cramped, interlined, and blotted as to be nearly illegible, which on close inspection proved to be a scene in which Sapsea the auctioneer is introduced as the principal figure, among a group of characters new to the story. The explanation of it perhaps is, that, having become a little nervous about the course of the tale, from a fear that he might have plunged too soon into the incidents leading on to the catastrophe, such as the Datchery assumption in the fifth number (a misgiving he had certainly expressed to his sister-in-law), it had occurred to him to open some fresh veins of character incidental to the interest, though not directly part of it, and so to handle them in connection with Sapsea as a little to suspend the final development even while assisting to strengthen it. Before beginning any number of a serial he used, as we have seen in former instances, to plan briefly what he intended to put into it chapter by chapter; and his first number-plan of *Drood* had the following: "Mr. Sapsea. Old Tory "jackass. Connect Jasper with him. (He will want "a solemn donkey by and by):" which was effected by bringing together both Durdles and Jasper, for connection with Sapsea, in the matter of the epitaph for Mrs. Sapsea's tomb. The scene now discovered might in this view have been designed to strengthen and carry forward that

element in the tale; and otherwise it very sufficiently expresses itself. It would supply an answer, if such were needed, to those who have asserted that the hopeless decadence of Dickens as a writer had set in before his death. Among the lines last written by him, these are the very last we can ever hope to receive; and they seem to me a delightful specimen of the power possessed by him in his prime, and the rarest which any novelist can have, of revealing a character by a touch. Here are a couple of people, Kimber and Peartree, not known to us before, whom we read off thoroughly in a dozen words; and as to Sapsea himself, auctioneer and mayor of Cloisterham, we are face to face with what before we only dimly realised, and we see the solemn jackass, in his business pulpit, playing off the airs of Mr. Dean in his Cathedral pulpit, with Cloisterham laughing at the impostor.

LONDON:
1869-70.

A delightful
specimen of
Dickens's
writing.

"HOW MR. SAPSEA CEASED TO BE A MEMBER OF
"THE EIGHT CLUB.

"TOLD BY HIMSELF.

"Wishing to take the air, I proceeded by a
"circuitous route to the Club, it being our weekly
"night of meeting. I found that we mustered our
"full strength. We were enrolled under the de-
"nomination of the Eight Club. We were eight
"in number; we met at eight o'clock during eight
"months of the year; we played eight games of
"four-handed cribbage, at eightpence the game;
"our frugal supper was composed of eight rolls,

Unpublished
scene for
Edwin Drood.

LONDON:
1869-70.

"eight mutton chops, eight pork sausages, eight
"baked potatoes, eight marrow-bones, with eight
"toasts, and eight bottles of ale. There may, or
"may not, be a certain harmony of colour in the
"ruling idea of this (to adopt a phrase of our
"lively neighbours) reunion. It was a little idea
"of mine.

"A somewhat popular member of the Eight
"Club, was a member by the name of Kimber.
"By profession, a dancing-master. A common-
"place, hopeful sort of man, wholly destitute of
"dignity or knowledge of the world.

"As I entered the Club-room, Kimber was
"making the remark: 'And he still half-believes
"him to be very high in the Church.'

Unpublished
scene for
Edwin Drood.

"In the act of hanging up my hat on the
"eighth peg by the door, I caught Kimber's visual
"ray. He lowered it, and passed a remark on
"the next change of the moon. I did not take
"particular notice of this at the moment, because
"the world was often pleased to be a little shy
"of ecclesiastical topics in my presence. For I
"felt that I was picked out (though perhaps only
"through a coincidence) to a certain extent to
"represent what I call our glorious constitution
"in Church and State. The phrase may be ob-
"jected to by captious minds; but I own to it as
"mine. I threw it off in argument some little
"time back. I said: 'OUR GLORIOUS CONSTITU-
"TION in CHURCH and STATE.'

"Another member of the Eight Club was
"Peartree; also member of the Royal College of
"Surgeons. Mr. Peartree is not accountable to

"me for his opinions, and I say no more of them
"here than that he attends the poor gratis when-
"ever they want him, and is not the parish doc-
"tor. Mr. Peartree may justify it to the grasp of
"his mind thus to do his republican utmost to
"bring an appointed officer into contempt. Suf-
"fice it that Mr. Peartree can never justify it to
"the grasp of *mine*.

LONDON:
1869-70.

"Between Peartree and Kimber there was a
"sickly sort of feeble-minded alliance. It came
"under my particular notice when I sold off
"Kimber by auction. (Goods taken in execu-
"tion). He was a widower in a white under-
"waistcoat, and slight shoes with bows, and had
"two daughters not ill-looking. Indeed the re-
"verse. Both daughters taught dancing in scho-
"lastic establishments for Young Ladies—had
"done so at Mrs. Sapsea's; nay, Twinkleton's—
"and both, in giving lessons, presented the un-
"womanly spectacle of having little fiddles tucked
"under their chins. In spite of which, the younger
"one might, if I am correctly informed—I will
"raise the veil so far as to say I KNOW she might
"—have soared for life from this degrading taint,
"but for having the class of mind allotted to
"what I call the common herd, and being so in-
"credibly devoid of veneration as to become
"painfully ludicrous.

Unpublished
scene for
Edwin Drood.

"When I sold off Kimber without reserve,
"Peartree (as poor as he can hold together) had
"several prime household lots knocked down to
"him. I am not to be blinded; and of course it
"was as plain to me what he was going to do

LONDON:
1869-70.

"with them, as it was that he was a brown hulk-
"ing sort of revolutionary subject who had been
"in India with the soldiers, and ought (for the
"sake of society) to have his neck broke. I saw
"the lots shortly afterwards in Kimber's lodgings
"—through the window—and I easily made out
"that there had been a sneaking pretence of
"lending them till better times. A man with a
"smaller knowledge of the world than myself
"might have been led to suspect that Kimber had
"held back money from his creditors, and frau-
"dulently bought the goods. But, besides that I
"knew for certain he had no money, I knew that
"this would involve a species of forethought not
"to be made compatible with the frivolity of a
"caperer, inoculating other people with capering,
"for his bread.

Unpublished
scene for
Edwin Drood.

"As it was the first time I had seen either of
"those two since the sale, I kept myself in what
"I call Abeyance. When selling him up, I had
"delivered a few remarks—shall I say a little
"homily?—concerning Kimber, which the world
"did regard as more than usually worth notice.
"I had come up into my pulpit, it was said, un-
"commonly like—and a murmur of recognition
"had repeated his (I will not name whose) title,
"before I spoke. I had then gone on to say that
"all present would find, in the first page of the
"catalogue that was lying before them, in the
"last paragraph before the first lot, the following
"words: 'Sold in pursuance of a writ of execution
"issued by a creditor.' I had then proceeded to
"remind my friends, that however frivolous, not

"to say contemptible, the business by which a
"man got his goods together, still his goods were
"as dear to him, and as cheap to society (if sold
"without reserve), as though his pursuits had been
"of a character that would bear serious con-
"templation. I had then divided my text (if I
"may be allowed so to call it) into three heads:
"firstly, Sold; secondly, In pursuance of a writ of
"execution; thirdly, Issued by a creditor; with a
"few moral reflections on each, and winding up
"with, 'Now to the first lot' in a manner that was
"complimented when I afterwards mingled with
"my hearers.

LONDON:
1869-70.

"So, not being certain on what terms I and
"Kimber stood, I was grave, I was chilling.
"Kimber, however, moving to me, I moved to
"Kimber. (I was the creditor who had issued
"the writ. Not that it matters.)

Unpublished
scene for
Edwin Drood.

"'I was alluding, Mr. Sapsea,' said Kimber,
"to a stranger who entered into conversation
"with me in the street as I came to the Club.
"He had been speaking to you just before, it
"seemed, by the churchyard; and though you
"had told him who you were, I could hardly
"persuade him that you were not high in the
"Church.'

"'Idiot!' said Peartree.

"'Ass!' said Kimber.

"'Idiot and Ass!' said the other five members.

"'Idiot and Ass, gentlemen,' I remonstrated,
"looking around me, 'are strong expressions to
"apply to a young man of good appearance

LONDON:
1869-70.

“‘and address.’ My generosity was roused; I own it.

“‘You’ll admit that he must be a Fool,’ said Peartree.

“‘You can’t deny that he must be a Block-head,’ said Kimber.

“Their tone of disgust amounted to being offensive. Why should the young man be so calumniated? What had he done? He had only made an innocent and natural mistake. I controlled my generous indignation, and said so.

“‘Natural?’ repeated Kimber; ‘*He’s* a Natural!’

Unpublished
scene for
Edwin Drood.

“The remaining six members of the Eight Club laughed unanimously. It stung me. It was a scornful laugh. My anger was roused in behalf of an absent, friendless stranger. I rose (for I had been sitting down).

“‘Gentlemen,’ I said with dignity, ‘I will not remain one of this Club allowing opprobrium to be cast on an unoffending person in his absence. I will not so violate what I call the sacred rites of hospitality. Gentlemen, until you know how to behave yourselves better, I leave you. Gentlemen, until then I withdraw, from this place of meeting, whatever personal qualifications I may have brought into it. Gentlemen, until then you cease to be the Eight Club, and must make the best you can of becoming the Seven.’

“I put on my hat and retired. As I went down stairs I distinctly heard them give a sup-

"pressed cheer. Such is the power of demeanour
"and knowledge of mankind. I had forced it
"out of them.

LONDON:
1869-70.

"II.

"Whom should I meet in the street, within a
"few yards of the door of the inn where the Club
"was held, but the self-same young man whose
"cause I had felt it my duty so warmly—and I
"will add so disinterestedly—to take up.

"Is it Mr. Sapsea,' he said doubtfully, 'or is
"it——'

"It is Mr. Sapsea,' I replied.

"Pardon me, Mr. Sapsea; you appear warm,
"sir.'

Unpublished
scene for
Edwin Drood.

"I have been warm,' I said, 'and on your
"account.' Having stated the circumstances at
"some length (my generosity almost overpowered
"him), I asked him his name.

"Mr. Sapsea,' he answered, looking down,
"your penetration is so acute, your glance into
"the souls of your fellow men is so penetrating,
"that if I was hardy enough to deny that my
"name is Poker, what would it avail me?"

"I don't know that I had quite exactly made
"out to a fraction that his name *was* Poker, but
"I daresay I had been pretty near doing it.

"Well, well,' said I, trying to put him at his
"ease by nodding my head in a soothing way.
"Your name is Poker, and there is no harm in
"being named Poker.'

"Oh Mr. Sapsea!' cried the young man, in a
"very well-behaved manner. 'Bless you for those

LONDON:
1869-70.

“‘words!’ He then, as if ashamed of having given way to his feelings, looked down again.

“‘Come, Poker,’ said I, ‘let me hear more about you. Tell me. Where are you going to, Poker? and where do you come from?’

“‘Ah Mr. Sapsea!’ exclaimed the young man. ‘Disguise from you is impossible. You know already that I come from somewhere, and am going somewhere else. If I was to deny it, what would it avail me?’

“‘Then don’t deny it,’ was my remark.

Unpublished
scene for
Edwin Drood.

“‘Or,’ pursued Poker, in a kind of despondent rapture, ‘or if I was to deny that I came to this town to see and hear you sir, what would it avail me? Or if I was to deny———’

The fragment ends there, and the hand that could alone have completed it is at rest for ever.

Some personal characteristics remain for illustration before the end is briefly told.

CHAPTER LXIII.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

1836-1870.

OBJECTION has been taken to this biography as likely to disappoint its readers in not making them "talk to Dickens as Boswell makes them talk to Johnson." But where will the blame lie if a man takes up *Pickwick* and is disappointed to find that he is not reading *Rasselas*? A book must be judged for what it aims to be, and not for what it cannot by possibility be. I suppose so remarkable an author as Dickens hardly ever lived who carried so little of authorship into ordinary social intercourse. Potent as the sway of his writings was over him, it expressed itself in other ways. Traces or triumphs of literary labour, displays of conversational or other personal predominance, were no part of the influence he exerted over friends. To them he was only the pleasantest of companions, with whom they forgot that he had ever written anything, and felt only the charm which a nature of such capacity for supreme enjoyment causes every one around it to enjoy. His talk was unaffected and natural, never bookish in the smallest degree. He was quite up to the average of well read men, but as there was no ostentation of it in his writing, so

 LONDON:
1836-70.

Dickens not a
bookish man.

Character of
his talk.

LONDON:
1836-70.

neither was there in his conversation. This was so attractive because so keenly observant, and lighted up with so many touches of humorous fancy; but, with every possible thing to give relish to it, there were not many things to bring away.

What
determines a
book's place.

Of course a book must stand or fall by its contents. Macaulay said very truly that the place of books in the public estimation is fixed, not by what is written about them, but by what is written in them. I offer no complaint of any remark made upon these volumes, but there have been some misapprehensions. Though Dickens bore outwardly so little of the impress of his writings, they formed the whole of that inner life which essentially constituted the man; and as in this respect he was actually, I have thought that his biography should endeavour to present him. The story of his books, therefore, at all stages of their progress, and of the hopes or designs connected with them, was my first care. With that view, and to give also to the memoir what was attainable of the value of autobiography, letters to myself, such as were never addressed to any other of his correspondents, and covering all the important incidents in the life to be retraced, were used with few exceptions exclusively; and though the exceptions are much more numerous in the present volume, this general plan has guided me to the end. Such were my limits indeed, that half even of those letters had to be put aside; and to have added all such others as were open to me would have doubled the size of my book,

Why so
much said of
Dickens's
books.

Why letters
to one
correspon-
dent so
largely used.

not contributed to it a new fact of life or character, and altered materially its design. It would have been so much lively illustration added to the subject, but out of place here. The purpose here was to make Dickens the sole central figure in the scenes revived, narrator as well as principal actor; and only by the means employed could consistency or unity be given to the self-revelation, and the picture made definite and clear. It is the peculiarity of few men to be to their most intimate friend neither more nor less than they are to themselves, but this was true of Dickens; and what kind or quality of nature such intercourse expressed in him, of what strength, tenderness, and delicacy susceptible, of what steady level warmth, of what daily unresting activity of intellect, of what unbroken continuity of kindly impulse through the change and vicissitude of three-and-thirty years, the letters to myself given in these volumes could alone express. Gathered from various and differing sources, their interest could not have been as the interest of these; in which everything comprised in the successive stages of a most attractive career is written with unexampled candour and truthfulness, and set forth in definite pictures of what he saw and stood in the midst of, unblurred by vagueness or reserve. Of the charge of obtruding myself to which their publication has exposed me, I can only say that I studied nothing so hard as to suppress my own personality, and have to regret my ill success where I supposed I had even too perfectly succeeded. But we have all of

LONDON:
1836-70.

Dickens made
to tell his
own story.

Intercourse
with a friend.

A fault not
consciously
committed.

LONDON:
1836-70.

us frequent occasion to say, parodying Mrs. Peachem's remark, that we are bitter bad judges of ourselves.

The other properties of these letters are quite subordinate to this main fact that the man who wrote them is thus perfectly seen in them. But they do not lessen the estimate of his genius. Admiration rises higher at the writer's mental forces, who, putting so much of himself into his work for the public, had still so much overflowing for such private intercourse. The sunny health of nature in them is manifest; its largeness, spontaneity, and manliness; but they have also that which highest intellects appreciate best.

Lord Russell
on Dickens's
letters.

"I have read them," Lord Russell wrote to me, "with delight and pain. His heart, his imagination, his qualities of painting what is noble, and "finding diamonds hidden far away, are greater "here than even his works convey to me. How "I lament he was not spared to us longer. I shall "have a fresh grief when he dies in your volumes."

Shallower
judgments.

Shallower people are more apt to find other things. If the bonhomme of a man's genius is obvious to all the world, there are plenty of knowing ones ready to take the shine out of the genius, to discover that after all it is not so wonderful, that what is grave in it wants depth, and the humour has something mechanical. But it will be difficult even for these to look over letters so marvellous in the art of reproducing to the sight what has once been seen, so natural and unstudied in their wit and fun, and with such a constant well-spring of sprightly runnings of

Answer to
detractors.

speech in them, point of epigram, ingenuity of quaint expression, absolute freedom from every touch of affectation, and to believe that the source of this man's humour, or of whatever gave wealth to his genius, was other than habitual, unbounded, and resistless.

LONDON:
1868.

There is another consideration of some importance. Sterne did not more incessantly fall back from his works upon himself than Dickens did, and undoubtedly one of the impressions left by the letters is that of the intensity and tenacity with which he recognized, realized, contemplated, cultivated, and thoroughly enjoyed, his own individuality in even its most trivial manifestations. But if any one is led to ascribe this to self-esteem, to a narrow exclusiveness, or to any other invidious form of egotism, let him correct the impression by observing how Dickens bore himself amid the universal blazing-up of America, at the beginning and at the end of his career. Of his hearty, undisguised, and unmistakeable enjoyment of his astonishing and indeed quite bewildering popularity, there can be as little doubt as that there is not a particle of vanity in it, any more than of false modesty or grimace.* While

No self-conceit in Dickens.

His bearing in America.

* Mr. Grant Wilson has sent me an extract from a letter by Fitz-Fitz-Greene Halleck (author of one of the most delightful poems ever written about Burns) which exactly expresses Dickens as he was, not only in 1842, but, as far as the sense of authorship went, all his life. It was addressed to Mrs. Rush of Philadelphia, and is dated the 8th of March 1842. "You ask me about Mr. Boz. I am quite delighted with him. He is a thorough good fellow, with nothing of the author about him but the reputation, and goes through his task as Lion with exemplary grace, patience, and good nature. He has the brilliant face of a man of genius . . . His writings you know. I wish you had listened to his eloquence at the dinner here. It was the only real specimen of elo-

LONDON:
1868.

realizing fully the fact of it, and the worth of the fact, there is not in his whole being a fibre that answers falsely to the charmer's voice. Few men in the world, one fancies, could have gone through such grand displays of fireworks, not merely with so marvellous an absence of what the French call *pose*, but unsoiled by the smoke of a cracker. No man's strong individuality was ever so free from conceit.

Other personal incidents and habits, and especially some matters of opinion of grave importance, will help to make his character better known. Much questioning followed a brief former reference to his religious belief, but, inconsistent or illogical as the conduct described may be, there is nothing to correct or to modify in my statement of it;* and, to what otherwise appeared to be in doubt, explicit answer will be afforded by a letter, written upon the youngest of his children leaving home in September 1868 to join his brother in Australia, than which none worthier appears in his story. "I write this note to-day because your going away is much upon my mind, and because I want you to have a few parting words from me, to think of now and then at quiet times. I need not tell you that I love you dearly, and am very, very sorry in my heart to part with you. But this life is half

III. 59-60.

Letter to his
youngest son.

Pains of
parting.

"quence I have ever witnessed. Its charm was not in its words, but in the manner of saying them."

* In a volume called *Home and Abroad*, by Mr. David Macrae, is printed a correspondence with Dickens on matters alluded to in the text, held in 1861, which will be found to confirm all that is here said.

"made up of partings, and these pains must be
 "borne. It is my comfort and my sincere con-
 "viction that you are going to try the life for
 "which you are best fitted. I think its freedom
 "and wildness more suited to you than any ex-
 "periment in a study or office would have been;
 "and without that training, you could have fol-
 "lowed no other suitable occupation. What you
 "have always wanted until now, has been a set,
 "steady, constant purpose. I therefore exhort you
 "to persevere in a thorough determination to do
 "whatever you have to do, as well as you can do
 "it. I was not so old as you are now, when I
 "first had to win my food, and to do it out of
 "this determination; and I have never slackened
 "in it since. Never take a mean advantage of
 "any one in any transaction, and never be hard
 "upon people who are in your power. Try to do to
 "others as you would have them do to you, and
 "do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes.
 "It is much better for you that they should fail
 "in obeying the greatest rule laid down by Our
 "Saviour than that you should. I put a New
 "Testament among your books for the very same
 "reasons, and with the very same hopes, that
 "made me write an easy account of it for you,
 "when you were a little child. Because it is the
 "best book that ever was, or will be, known in
 "the world; and because it teaches you the best
 "lessons by which any human creature, who tries
 "to be truthful and faithful to duty, can possibly
 "be guided. As your brothers have gone away,
 "one by one, I have written to each such words

LONDON:
1868.

His own
example.

Advice to
a son.

Ante, III. 264.

LONDON:
1868.

Forms not
realities in
religion.

Personal
prayer.

Hymn in a
Christmas
tale.

"as I am now writing to you, and have entreated
"them all to guide themselves by this Book,
"putting aside the interpretations and inventions
"of Man. You will remember that you have
"never at home been harassed about religious
"observances, or mere formalities. I have always
"been anxious not to weary my children with
"such things, before they are old enough to form
"opinions respecting them. You will therefore
"understand the better that I now most solemnly
"impress upon you the truth and beauty of the
"Christian Religion, as it came from Christ Him-
"self, and the impossibility of your going far
"wrong if you humbly but heartily respect it.
"Only one thing more on this head. The more
"we are in earnest as to feeling it, the less we
"are disposed to hold forth about it. Never
"abandon the wholesome practice of saying your
"own private prayers, night and morning. I have
"never abandoned it myself, and I know the com-
"fort of it. I hope you will always be able to
"say in after life, that you had a kind father.
"You cannot show your affection for him so well,
"or make him so happy, as by doing your duty."
They who most intimately knew Dickens will
know best that every word there is written from his
heart, and is radiant with the truth of his nature.

To the same effect, in the leading matter, he
expressed himself twelve years before, and again
the day before his death; replying in both cases
to correspondents who had addressed him as a
public writer. A clergyman, the Rev. R. H. Da-
vies, had been struck by the hymn in the Christ-

mas tale of the Wreck of the Golden Mary (*Household Words*, 1856). "I beg to thank you" LONDON:
1868.
 Dickens answered (Christmas Eve, 1856) "for
 "your very acceptable letter—not the less gratify-
 "ing to me because I am myself the writer you
 "refer to. . . . There cannot be many men, I be-
 "lieve, who have a more humble veneration for the
 "New Testament, or a more profound conviction
 "of its all-sufficiency, than I have. If I am ever
 "(as you tell me I am) mistaken on this subject, Letter to a
clergyman in
1856.
 "it is because I discountenance all obtrusive pro-
 "fessions of and tradings in religion, as one of the
 "main causes why real Christianity has been re-
 "tarded in this world; and because my observa-
 "tion of life induces me to hold in unspeakable
 "dread and horror, those unseemly squabbles
 "about the letter which drive the spirit out of
 "hundreds of thousands." In precisely similar
 tone, to a reader of *Edwin Drood* (Mr. J. M. Make-
 ham), who had pointed out to him that his em-
 ployment as a figure of speech of a line from
 Holy Writ in his tenth chapter might be subject
 to misconstruction, he wrote from Gadshill on
 Wednesday the eighth of June, 1870. "It would Letter to a
layman,
8th June
1870.
 "be quite inconceivable to me, but for your letter,
 "that any reasonable reader could possibly attach
 "a scriptural reference to that passage . . . I am
 "truly shocked to find that any reader can make
 "the mistake. I have always striven in my writ-
 "ings to express veneration for the life and lessons
 "of our Saviour; because I feel it; and because I
 "re-wrote that history for my children—every one
 "of whom knew it, from having it repeated to

LONDON:
1868.

"them, long before they could read, and almost
"as soon as they could speak. But I have never
"made proclamation of this from the house
"tops."*

Letter to
Mr. Fair-
bairn.

Objection to
posthumous
honours.

Dislike of
speech-
making at a
grave.

A dislike of all display was rooted in him; and his objection to posthumous honours, illustrated by the instructions in his will, was very strikingly expressed two years before his death; when Mr. Thomas Fairbairn asked his help to a proposed recognition of Rajah Brooke's services by a memorial in Westminster Abbey. "I am
"very strongly impelled" (24th of June 1868)
"to comply with any request of yours. But these
"posthumous honours of committee, subscriptions,
"and Westminster Abbey are so profoundly un-
"satisfactory in my eyes that—plainly—I would
"rather have nothing to do with them in any case.
"My daughter and her aunt unite with me in
"kindest regards to Mrs. Fairbairn, and I hope
"you will believe in the possession of mine until
"I am quietly buried without any memorial but
"such as I have set up in my lifetime." Asked
a year later (August 1869) to say something on
the inauguration of Leigh Hunt's bust at his grave
in Kensal-green, he told the committee that he
had a very strong objection to speech-making be-
side graves. "I do not expect or wish my feel-
"ings in this wise to guide other men; still, it is
"so serious with me, and the idea of ever being
"the subject of such a ceremony myself is so re-

* This letter is facsimile'd in *A Christmas Memorial of Charles Dickens* by A. B. Hume (1870), containing an Ode to his Memory written with feeling and spirit.

"pugnant to my soul, that I must decline to officiate."

LONDON:
1836-70.

His aversion to every form of what is called patronage of literature* was part of the same feeling. A few months earlier a Manchester gentleman** wrote for his support to such a scheme. "I beg to be excused," was his reply, "from complying with the request you do me the honour to prefer, simply because I hold the opinion that there is a great deal too much patronage in England. The better the design, the less (as I think) should it seek such adventitious aid, and the more composedly should it rest on its own merits." This was the belief Southey held; it extended to the support by way of patronage given by such societies as the Literary Fund, which Southey also strongly resisted; and it survived the failure of the Guild whereby it was hoped to establish a system of self-help, under which men engaged in literary pursuits might be as proud to receive as to give. Though there was no project of his life into which he flung himself with greater eagerness than the Guild, it was not taken up by the class it was meant to benefit, and every renewed exertion more largely added to the failure. There is no room in these pages for the story, which will add its chapter

Too much
"patronage"
in England.

Source of
quarrel with
Literary
Fund.

Exertions for
the Guild of
Literature.

* I may quote here from a letter (Newcastle-on-Tyne, 5th Sept. 1858) sent me by the editor of the *Northern Express*. "The view you take of the literary character in the abstract, or of what it might and ought to be, expresses what I have striven for all through my literary life—never to allow it to be patronized, or tolerated, or treated like a good or a bad child. I am always animated by the hope of leaving it 'a little better understood by the thoughtless than I found it.'—To James B. Manson, Esq.

** Henry Ryder-Taylor, Esq. Ph. D., 8th Sept. 1868.

LONDON:
1836-70.

some day to the vanity of human wishes; but a passage from a letter to Bulwer Lytton at its outset will be some measure of the height from which the writer fell, when all hope for what he had so set his heart upon ceased. "I do devoutly believe that this plan, carried by the support which "I trust will be given to it, will change the status "of the literary man in England, and make a revolution in his position which no government, "no power on earth but his own, could ever effect. "I have implicit confidence in the scheme—so "splendidly begun—if we carry it out with a "stedfast energy. I have a strong conviction that "we hold in our hands the peace and honour of "men of letters for centuries to come, and that you "are destined to be their best and most enduring "benefactor. . . . Oh what a procession of new "years may walk out of all this for the class we "belong to, after we are dust."

What he
hoped from it.
1850.

Vanity of
human
wishes.

These views about patronage did not make him more indulgent to the clamour with which it is so often invoked for the ridiculously small.

Small poets.

"You read that life of Clare?" he wrote (15th of August 1865). "Did you ever see such preposterous exaggeration of small claims? And isn't "it expressive, the perpetual prating of him in the "book as *the Poet*? So another Incompetent used "to write to the Literary Fund when I was on the "committee: 'This leaves the Poet at his divine "mission in a corner of the single room. The "Poet's father is wiping his spectacles. The "Poet's mother is weaving'—Yah!" He was equally intolerant of every magnificent proposal

Huge
pretensions.

that should render the literary man independent of the bookseller, and he sharply criticized even a compromise to replace the half-profits system by one of royalties on copies sold. "What does it 'come to?' he remarked of an ably-written pamphlet in which this was urged (10th of November 1866): "what is the worth of the remedy after 'all? You and I know very well that in nine 'cases out of ten the author is at a disadvantage 'with the publisher because the publisher has 'capital and the author has not. We know perfectly 'well that in nine cases out of ten money is ad- 'vanced by the publisher before the book is pro- 'ducible—often, long before. No young or un- 'successful author (unless he were an amateur 'and an independent gentleman) would make a 'bargain for having that royalty, to-morrow, if he 'could have a certain sum of money, or an ad- 'vance of money. The author who could com- 'mand that bargain, could command it to-morrow, 'or command anything else. For the less for- 'tunate or the less able, I make bold to say— 'with some knowledge of the subject, as a writer 'who made a publisher's fortune long before he 'began to share in the real profits of his books '—that if the publishers met next week, and re- 'solved henceforth to make this royalty bargain 'and no other, it would be an enormous hardship 'and misfortune because the authors could not 'live while they wrote. The pamphlet seems to 'me just another example of the old philosophical 'chess-playing, with human beings for pieces. "'Don't want money.' 'Be careful to be born

LONDON:
1836-70.

As to writers
and book-
sellers.
1866.

On "royalty"
bargains.

Personal
experience.

LONDON:
1836-70.

"with means, and have a banker's account."
"Your publisher will settle with you, at such and
"such long periods according to the custom of
"his trade, and you will settle with your butcher
"and baker weekly, in the meantime, by drawing
"cheques as I do." "You must be sure not to
"want money, and then I have worked it out for
"you splendidly."

Editorship.

Less has been said in this work than might perhaps have been wished, of the way in which his editorship of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round* was discharged. It was distinguished above all by liberality; and a scrupulous consideration and delicacy, evinced by him to all his contributors, was part of the esteem in which he held literature itself. It was said in a newspaper after his death, evidently by one of his contributors, that he always brought the best out of a man by encouragement and appreciation; that he liked his writers to feel unfettered; and that his last reply to a proposition for a series of articles had been: "Whatever you see your way to, I
"will see mine to, and we know and understand
"each other well enough to make the best of
"these conditions." Yet the strong feeling of personal responsibility was always present in his conduct of both journals; and varied as the contents of a number might be, and widely apart the writers, a certain individuality of his own was never absent. He took immense pains (as indeed was his habit about everything) with numbers in which he had written nothing; would often accept a paper from a young or unhandy

Relations
with
contributors.

contributor, because of some single notion in it which he thought 'it worth rewriting for; and in this way, or by helping generally to give strength and attractiveness to the work of others, he grudged no trouble.* "I have had a story" he wrote (22nd of June 1856) "to hack and hew "into some form for *Household Words* this morn-

LONDON:
1836-70.

Work for
others.

Insertion in
another man's
contribution.

Foreign view
of English
people.

Places!
places!

* By way of instance I subjoin an amusing insertion made by him in an otherwise indifferently written paper descriptive of the typical Englishman on the foreign stage, which gives in more comic detail experiences of his own already partly submitted to the reader (III. 134-5). "In a pretty piece at the Gymnase in Paris, where the prime minister of England unfortunately ruined himself by speculating in railway shares, a thorough going English servant appeared under that thorough-going English name Tom Bob—the honest fellow having been christened Tom, and born the lawful son of Mr. and Mrs. Bob. In an Italian adaptation of DUMAS' preposterous play of KEAN, which we once saw at the great theatre of Genoa, the curtain rose upon that celebrated tragedian, drunk and fast asleep in a chair, attired in a dark blue blouse fastened round the waist with a broad belt and a most prodigious buckle, and wearing a dark red hat of the sugar-loaf shape, nearly three feet high. He bore in his hand a champagne-bottle, with the label *RHUM*, in large capital letters, carefully turned towards the audience; and two or three dozen of the same popular liquor, which we are nationally accustomed to drink neat as imported, by the half gallon, ornamented the floor of the apartment. Every frequenter of the Coal Hole tavern in the Strand, on that occasion, wore a sword and a beard. Every English lady, presented on the stage in Italy, wears a green veil; and almost every such specimen of our fair countrywomen carries a bright red reticule, made in the form of a monstrous heart. We do not remember to have ever seen an Englishman on the Italian stage, or in the Italian circus, without a stomach like Daniel Lambert, an immense shirt-frill, and a bunch of watch-seals each several times larger than his watch, though the watch itself was an impossible engine. And we have rarely beheld this mimic Englishman, without seeing present, then and there, a score of real Englishmen sufficiently characteristic and unlike the rest "of the audience, to whom he bore no shadow of resemblance." These views as to English people and society, of which Count d'Orsay used always to say that an average Frenchman knew about as much as he knew of the inhabitants of the moon, may receive amusing addition from one of Dickens's letters during his last visit to France; which enclosed a cleverly written Paris journal containing essays on English manners. In one of these the writer remarked that he had heard of the venality of English politicians, but could not have supposed it to be so shameless as it is, for, when he went to the House of Commons, he heard them call out "Places! Places!" "Give us Places!" when the Minister entered!

LONDON:
1836-70.

"ing, which has taken me four hours of close
"attention. And I am perfectly addled by its
"horrible want of continuity after all, and the
"dreadful spectacle I have made of the proofs—
"which look like an inky fishing-net." A few
lines from another letter will show the difficulties
in which he was often involved by the plan he
adopted for Christmas numbers, of putting within
a framework by himself a number of stories by
separate writers to whom the leading notion had
before been severally sent. "As yet" (25th of
November 1859), "not a story has come to me
"in the least belonging to the idea (the simplest
"in the world; which I myself described in writ-
"ing, in the most elaborate manner); and every-
"one of them turns, by a strange fatality, on a
"criminal trial!" It had all to be set right by him,
and editorship on such terms was not a sinecure.

Invention of
Christmas
numbers.

Editorial
troubles.

Editorial
pleasures.

It had its pleasures as well as pains, however,
and the greatest was when he fancied he could
descry unusual merit in any writer. A letter will
give one instance for illustration of many; the
lady to whom it was addressed, admired under
her assumed name of Holme Lee, having placed
it at my disposal. (Folkestone: 14th of August
1855.) "I read your tale with the strongest
"emotion, and with a very exalted admiration of
"the great power displayed in it. Both in severity
"and tenderness I thought it masterly. It moved
"me more than I can express to you. I wrote
"to Mr. Wills that it had completely unsettled me
"for the day, and that by whomsoever it was
"written, I felt the highest respect for the mind

On a story by
"Holme Lee."

LONDON:
1836-70.

Editorship.

"that had produced it. It so happened that I
 "had been for some days at work upon a cha-
 "racter externally like the Aunt. And it was very
 "strange to me indeed to observe how the two
 "people seemed to be near to one another at first,
 "and then turned off on their own ways so wide
 "asunder. I told Mr. Wills that I was not sure
 "whether I could have prevailed upon myself to
 "present to a large audience the terrible con-
 "sideration of hereditary madness, when it was
 "reasonably probable that there must be many—
 "or some—among them whom it would awfully,
 "because personally, address. But I was not
 "obliged to ask myself the question, inasmuch as
 "the length of the story rendered it unavailable
 "for *Household Words*. I speak of its length in
 "reference to that publication only; relatively to
 "what is told in it, I would not spare a page of
 "your manuscript. Experience shows me that a
 "story in four portions is best suited to the pe-
 "culiar requirements of such a journal, and I
 "assure you it will be an uncommon satisfaction
 "to me if this correspondence should lead to your
 "enrolment among its contributors. But my strong
 "and sincere conviction of the vigour and pathos
 "of this beautiful tale, is quite apart from, and
 "not to be influenced by, any ulterior results.
 "You had no existence to me when I read it.
 "The actions and sufferings of the characters
 "affected me by their own force and truth, and
 "left a profound impression on me."* The ex-

Plan pursued
in *Household*
Words.

* The letter is addressed to Miss Harriet Parr, whose book called *Gilbert Messenger* is the tale referred to.

LONDON:
1836-70.

Change of
plan in *All the*
Year Round.

perience there mentioned did not prevent him from admitting into his later periodical, *All the Year Round*, longer serial stories published with the names of known writers; and to his own interference with these he properly placed limits. "When one of my literary brothers does me the honour to undertake such a task, I hold that he executes it on his own personal responsibility, and for the sustainment of his own reputation; and I do not consider myself at liberty to exercise that control over his text which I claim as to other contributions." Nor had he any greater pleasure, even in these cases, than to help younger novelists to popularity. "You asked me about new writers last night. If you will read *Kissing the Rod*, a book I have read to-day, you will not find it hard to take an interest in the author of such a book." That was Mr. Edmund Yates, in whose literary successes he took the greatest interest himself, and with whom he continued to the last an intimate personal intercourse which had dated from kindness shown at a very trying time. "I think" he wrote of another of his contributors, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, for whom he had also much personal liking, and of whose powers he thought highly, "you will find *Fatal Zero* a very curious bit of mental development, deepening as the story goes on into a picture not more startling than true." My mention of these pleasures of editorship shall close with what I think to him was the greatest. He gave to the world, while yet the name of the writer was unknown to him, the pure and pathetic verse of

Mr. Edmund
Yates.

Mr. Percy.
Fitzgerald.

Adelaide Procter. "In the spring of the year "1853 I observed a short poem among the prof-
 "fered contributions, very different, as I thought,
 "from the shoal of verses perpetually setting
 "through the office of such a periodical."* The
 contributions had been large and frequent under
 an assumed name, when at Christmas 1854 he
 discovered that Miss Mary Berwick was the
 daughter of his old and dear friend Barry Corn-
 wall.

LONDON:
 1836-70.
 Adelaide
 Procter's
 Poems.

But periodical writing is not without its draw-
 backs, and its effect on Dickens, who engaged in
 it largely from time to time, was observable in
 the increased impatience of allusion to national
 institutions and conventional distinctions to be
 found in his later books. Party divisions he cared
 for less and less as life moved on; but the deci-
 sive, peremptory, dogmatic style, into which a
 habit of rapid remark on topics of the day will
 betray the most candid and considerate commen-
 tator, displayed its influence, perhaps not always
 consciously to himself, in the underlying tone of
 bitterness that runs through the books which fol-
 lowed *Copperfield*. The resentment against re-
 mediable wrongs is as praiseworthy in them as
 in the earlier tales; but the exposure of Chancery
 abuses, administrative incompetence, politico-econ-
 omic shortcomings, and social flunkeyism, in *Bleak
 House*, *Little Dorrit*, *Hard Times*, and *Our Mutual
 Friend*, would not have been made less odious by

Adverse in-
 fluences of
 periodical
 writing.

Earlier and
 later tone in
 his books.

* See the introductory memoir from his pen now prefixed to every
 edition of the popular and delightful *Legends and Lyrics*.

LONDON:
1836-70.

the cheerier tone that had struck with much sharper effect at prison abuses, parish wrongs, Yorkshire schools, and hypocritical humbug, in *Pickwick*, *Oliver Twist*, *Nickleby*, and *Chuzzlewit*. It will be remembered of him always that he desired to set right what was wrong, that he held no abuse to be unimprovable, that he left none of the evils named exactly as he found them, and that to influences drawn from his writings were due not a few of the salutary changes which marked the age in which he lived; but anger does not improve satire, and it gave latterly, from the causes named, too aggressive a form to what, after all, was but a very wholesome hatred of the cant that everything English is perfect, and that to call a thing *unEnglish* is to doom it to abhorred extinction.

Anger and
satire.

"Member for
"Nowhere."

"I have got an idea for occasional papers in *"Household Words"* called the Member for Nowhere. They will contain an account of his views, votes, and speeches; and I think of starting with his speeches on the Sunday question. He is a member of the Government of course. The moment they found such a member in the House, they felt that he must be dragged (by force, if necessary) into the Cabinet." "I give it up reluctantly," he wrote afterwards, "and with it my hope to have made every man in England feel something of the contempt for the House of Commons that I have. We shall never begin to do anything until the sentiment is universal." That was in August 1854; and the break-down in the Crimea that winter much embittered his radicalism. "I am hourly strengthened in my

Failures
abroad.

"old belief," he wrote (3rd of February 1855) "that our political aristocracy and our tuft-hunting
 "are the death of England. In all this business
 "I don't see a gleam of hope. As to the popular
 "spirit, it has come to be so entirely separated
 "from the Parliament and Government, and so
 "perfectly apathetic about them both, that I seri-
 "ously think it a most portentous sign." A couple
 of months later: "I have rather a bright idea, I
 "think, for *Household Words* this morning: a fine
 "little bit of satire: an account of an Arabic MS.
 "lately discovered very like the *Arabian Nights*
 "—called the Thousand and One Humbugs. With
 "new versions of the best known stories." This
 also had to be given up, and is only mentioned
 as another illustration of his political discontents
 and of their connection with his journal-work.
 The influences from his early life which uncon-
 sciously strengthened them in certain social direc-
 tions has been hinted at, and of his absolute
 sincerity in the matter there can be no doubt.
 The mistakes of Dickens were never such as to
 cast a shade on his integrity. What he said with
 too much bitterness, in his heart he believed;
 and had, alas! too much ground for believing.
 "A country," he wrote (27th of April 1855) "which
 "is discovered to be in this tremendous condition
 "as to its war affairs; with an enormous black
 "cloud of poverty in every town which is spread-
 "ing and deepening every hour, and not one man
 "in two thousand knowing anything about, or
 "even believing in, its existence; with a non-
 "working aristocracy, and a silent parliament, and

LONDON:
1836-70.

Break-down
at home.

"Thousand
"and One
"Humbugs."

Opinions
honestly (if
mistakenly)
formed.

LONDON:
1836-70.

Non-working
aristocracy
and silent
parliament:

Not the way
to the
Millennium.

Failure of
representa-
tive govern-
ment.

No thought of
parliament
for himself.

"everybody for himself and nobody for the rest; "this is the prospect, and I think it a very "deplorable one." Admirably did he say, of a notorious enquiry at that time: "O what a fine "aspect of political economy it is, that the noble "professors of the science on the adulteration "committee should have tried to make Adultera- "tion a question of Supply and Demand! We "shall never get to the Millennium, sir, by the "rounds of that ladder; and I, for one, won't hold "by the skirts of that Great Mogul of impostors, "Master M'Culloch!" Again he wrote (30th of September 1855): "I really am serious in thinking "—and I have given as painful consideration to "the subject as a man with children to live and "suffer after him can honestly give to it—that "representative government is become altogether "a failure with us, that the English gentilities "and subserviencies render the people unfit for it, "and that the whole thing has broken down since "that great seventeenth-century time, and has no "hope in it."

With the good sense that still overruled all his farthest extremes of opinion he yet never thought of parliament for himself. He could not mend matters, and for him it would have been a false position. The people of the town of Reading and others applied to him during the first half of his life, and in the last half some of the Metropolitan constituencies. To one of the latter a reply is before me in which he says: "I declare "that as to all matters on the face of this teeming "earth, it appears to me that the House of Com-

"mons and Parliament altogether is become just
 "the dreariest failure and nuisance that ever
 "bothered this much-bothered world." To a
 private enquiry of apparently about the same
 date he replied: "I have thoroughly satisfied my-
 "self, having often had occasion to consider the
 "question, that I can be far more usefully and
 "independently employed in my chosen sphere
 "of action than I could hope to be in the House
 "of Commons; and I believe that no considera-
 "tion would induce me to become a member of
 "that extraordinary assembly." Finally, upon a
 reported discussion in Finsbury whether or not
 he should be invited to sit for that borough, he
 promptly wrote (November 1861): "It may save
 "some trouble if you will kindly confirm a sen-
 "sible gentleman who doubted at that meeting
 "whether I was quite the man for Finsbury. I
 "am not at all the sort of man; for I believe no-
 "thing would induce me to offer myself as a
 "parliamentary representative of that place, or of
 "any other under the sun." The only direct at-
 tempt to join a political agitation was his speech
 at Drury-lane for administrative reform, and he
 never repeated it. But every movement for prac-
 tical social reforms, to obtain more efficient sanitary
 legislation, to get the best compulsory education
 practicable for the poor, and to better the con-
 dition of labouring people, he assisted earnestly
 to his last hour; and the readiness with which he
 took the chair at meetings having such objects in
 view, the help he gave to important societies
 working in beneficent ways for themselves or the

LONDON:
1869.

No desire to
enter the
House of
Commons.

Not the man
for Finsbury.

Reforms he
took most
interest in.

LONDON:
1869.
Chairmanship
of meetings.

community, and the power and attractiveness of his oratory, made him one of the forces of the time. His speeches derived singular charm from the buoyancy of his perfect self-possession, and to this he added the advantages of a person and manner which had become as familiar and as popular as his books. The most miscellaneous assemblages listened to him as to a personal friend.

The Liverpool
dinner in
1869.

Two incidents at the close of his life will show what upon these matters his latest opinions were. At the great Liverpool dinner after his country readings in 1869, over which Lord Dufferin eloquently presided, he replied to a remonstrance from Lord Houghton against his objection to entering public life,* that when he took literature for his profession he intended it to be his sole profession; that at that time it did not appear to him to be so well understood in England, as in some other countries, that literature was a dignified profession by which any man might stand or fall; and he resolved that in his person at least it should stand "by itself, of itself, and for itself;" a bargain

* On this remonstrance and Dickens's reply the *Times* had a leading article of which the closing sentences find fitting place in his biography. "If there be anything in Lord Russell's theory that Life Peerages are wanted specially to represent those forms of nationaleminence which cannot otherwise find fitting representation, it might be urged, for the reasons we have before mentioned, that a Life Peerage is due to the most truly national representative of one important department of modern English literature. Something may no doubt be said in favour of this view, but we are inclined to doubt if Mr. Dickens himself would gain anything by a Life Peerage. Mr. Dickens is pre-eminently a writer of the people and for the people. To our thinking, he is far better suited for the part of the 'Great Commoner' of English fiction than for even a Life Peerage. To turn Charles Dickens into Lord Dickens would be much the same mistake in literature that it was in politics to turn William Pitt into Lord Chatham."

which "no consideration on earth would now induce him to break." Here however he probably failed to see the entire meaning of Lord Houghton's regret, which would seem to have been meant to say, in more polite form, that to have taken some part in public affairs might have shown him the difficulty in a free state of providing remedies very swiftly for evils of long growth. A half-reproach from the same quarter for alleged unkindly sentiments to the House of Lords, he repelled with vehement warmth; insisting on his great regard for individual members, and declaring that there was no man in England he respected more in his public capacity, loved more in his private capacity, or from whom he had received more remarkable proofs of his honour and love of literature, than Lord Russell.* In Birmingham shortly after, discoursing on education to the members of the Midland Institute, he told them they should value self-improvement not because it led to fortune but because it was good and right in itself; counselled them in regard to it that Genius was not worth half so much as Attention, or the art of taking an immense deal of pains, which he declared to be, in every study and pursuit, the one sole, safe, certain, remunerative quality; and summed up briefly his political belief.—"My faith in the people

LONDON:
1870.
Reply to Lord
Houghton's
remon-
strance.

Tribute to
Lord Russell.

* One of the many repetitions of the same opinion in his letters may be given. "Lord John's note" (September 1853). "confirms me in an old impression that he is worth a score of official men; and has more most generosity in his little finger than a Government usually has in its whole corporation." In another of his public allusions, Dickens described him as a statesman of whom opponents and friends alike felt sure that he would rise to the level of every occasion, however exalted; and compared him to the seal of Solomon in the old Arabian story inclosing in a not very large casket the soul of a giant.

LONDON: 1857.	"governing is, on the whole, infinitesimal; my faith
The people governing and the People governed.	"in the People governed is, on the whole, illimit- "able." This he afterwards (January 1870) ex- plained to mean that he had very little confidence in the people who govern us ("with a small p"), and very great confidence in the People whom they govern ("with a large P"). "My confession "being shortly and elliptically stated, was, with no "evil intention I am absolutely sure, in some "quarters inversely explained." He added that his political opinions had already been not ob- scurely stated in an "idle book or two"; and he reminded his hearers that he was the inventor "of "a certain fiction called the Circumlocution Office, "said to be very extravagant, but which I <i>do</i> see "rather frequently quoted as if there were grains "of truth at the bottom of it." It may neverthe- less be suspected, with some confidence, that the construction of his real meaning was not far wrong which assumed it as the condition precedent to his illimitable faith, that the people, even with the big P, should be "governed." It was his constant complaint that, being much in want of govern- ment, they had only sham governors; and he had returned from his second American visit, as he came back from his first, indisposed to believe that the political problem had been solved in the land of the free. From the pages of his last book, the bitterness of allusion so frequent in the books just named was absent altogether; and his old un- altered wish to better what was bad in English institutions, carried with it no desire to replace them by new ones.
Reply to miscon- struction.	
Another explanation possible.	
Last and first American ex- perience.	
Tone of last book.	

In a memoir published shortly after his death there appeared this statement. "For many years "past Her Majesty the Queen has taken the liveliest interest in Mr. Dickens's literary labours, "and has frequently expressed a desire for an interview with him. . . This interview took place on "the 9th of April, when he received her commands "to attend her at Buckingham Palace, and was "introduced by his friend Mr. Arthur Helps, the "clerk of the Privy Council. . . Since our author's "decease the journal with which he was formerly "connected has said: 'The Queen was ready to "confer any distinction which Mr. Dickens's known "views and tastes would permit him to accept, "and after more than one title of honour had "been declined, Her Majesty desired that he would, "at least, accept a place in her Privy Council.'" As nothing is too absurd* for belief, it will not

LONDON:
1857.

Alleged
offers from
the Queen.

* In a memoir by Dr. Shelton McKenzie which has had circulation in America, there is given the following statement, taken doubtless from publications at the time, of which it will be strictly accurate to say, that, excepting the part of its closing averment which describes Dickens sending a copy of his works to her Majesty by her own desire, *there is in it not a single word of truth.* "Early in 1870 the Queen presented a copy "of her book upon the Highlands to Mr. Dickens, with the modest autographic inscription, 'from the humblest to the most distinguished author "of England.' This was meant to be complimentary, and was accepted "as such by Mr. Dickens, who acknowledged it in a manly, courteous "letter. Soon after, Queen Victoria wrote to him, requesting that he "would do her the favour of paying her a visit at Windsor. He accepted, "and passed a day, very pleasantly, in his Sovereign's society. It is "said that they were mutually pleased, that Mr. Dickens caught the "royal lady's particular humour, that they chatted together in a very "friendly manner, that the Queen was never tired of asking questions "about certain characters in his books, that they had almost a *tête-à-tête* luncheon, and that, ere he departed, the Queen pressed him to "accept a baronetcy (a title which descends to the eldest son), and "that, on his declining, she said, 'At least, Mr. Dickens, let me have "the gratification of making you one of my Privy Council.' This, which "gives the personal title of 'Right Honorable,' he also declined—nor, "indeed, did Charles Dickens require a title to give him celebrity. The

Statements in
vogue after
Dickens's
death.

Rigmarole.

LONDON:
1870.

be superfluous to say that Dickens knew of no such desire on her Majesty's part; and though all the probabilities are on the side of his unwillingness to accept any title or place of honour, certainly none was offered to him.

V. 166.

Communi-
cation with
her Majesty
in 1857.

It had been hoped to obtain her Majesty's name for the Jerrold performances in 1857, but, being a public effort in behalf of an individual, assent would have involved "either perpetual compliance or the giving of perpetual offence." Her Majesty however then sent, through Colonel Phipps, a request to Dickens that he would select a room in the palace, do what he would with it, and let her see the play there. "I said "to Col. Phipps thereupon" (21st of June 1857) "that the idea was not quite new to me; that I "did not feel easy as to the social position of my "daughters, &c. at a Court under those circum- "stances; and that I would beg her Majesty to "excuse me, if any other way of her seeing the "play could be devised. To this Phipps said he "had not thought of the objection, but had not "the slightest doubt I was right. I then proposed

Desire to see
Dickens act.

"Queen and the author parted, well pleased with each other. The "newspapers reported that a peerage had been offered and declined— "but even newspapers are not invariably correct. Mr. Dickens pre- "sented his Royal Mistress with a handsome set of all his works, and, "on the very morning of his death, a letter reached Gad's Hill, written "by Mr. Arthur Helps, by her desire, acknowledging the present, and "describing the exact position the books occupied at Balmoral—so "placed that she could see them before her when occupying the usual "seat in her sitting-room. When this letter arrived, Mr. Dickens was "still alive, but wholly unconscious. What to him, at that time, was the "courtesy of an earthly sovereign?" I repeat that the only morsel of truth in all this rigmarole is that the books were sent by Dickens, and acknowledged by Mr. Helps at the Queen's desire. The letter did not arrive on the day of his death, the 9th of June, but was dated from Balmoral on that day.

The only
morsel of
truth in it.

"that the Queen should come to the Gallery of
 "Illustration a week before the subscription night,
 "and should have the room entirely at her own
 "disposal, and should invite her own company.
 "This, with the good sense that seems to accom-
 "pany her good nature on all occasions, she re-
 "solved within a few hours to do." The effect
 of the performance was a great gratification.
 "My gracious sovereign" (5th of July 1857) "was
 "so pleased that she sent round begging me to
 "go and see her and accept her thanks. I replied
 "that I was in my Farce dress, and must beg to
 "be excused. Whereupon she sent again, say-
 "ing that the dress 'could not be so ridiculous
 "'as that,' and repeating the request. I sent my
 "duty in reply, but again hoped her Majesty
 "would have the kindness to excuse my present-
 "ing myself in a costume and appearance that
 "were not my own. I was mighty glad to think,
 "when I woke this morning, that I had carried
 "the point."

LONDON:
1870.

Dickens
sent for.

Declines to
present
himself in
stage dress.

The opportunity of presenting himself in his
 own costume did not arrive till the year of his
 death, another effort meanwhile made having
 proved also unsuccessful. "I was put into a state
 "of much perplexity on Sunday" (30th of March
 1858). "I don't know who had spoken to my
 "informant, but it seems that the Queen is bent
 "upon hearing the *Carol* read, and has expressed
 "her desire to bring it about without offence;
 "hesitating about the manner of it, in consequence
 "of my having begged to be excused from going
 "to her when she sent for me after the *Frozen*

1858.

Her Majesty's
wish to hear
Dickens read.

LONDON:
1857-58.

Queen's
interest in
the *Carol*.

How the
interview
with her
Majesty
originated.

Purchase of
Thackeray's
copy of the
Carol.

"*Deep*. I parried the thing as well as I could; but being asked to be prepared with a considerate and obliging answer, as it was known the request would be preferred, I said, 'Well! I supposed Col. Phipps would speak to me about it, and if it were he who did so, I should assure him of my desire to meet any wish of her Majesty's, and should express my hope that she would indulge me by making one of some audience or other—for I thought an audience necessary to the effect.' Thus it stands: but it bothers me." The difficulty was not surmounted, but her Majesty's continued interest in the *Carol* was shown by her purchase of a copy of it with Dickens's autograph at Thackeray's sale;* and at last there came, in the year of his death, the interview with the author whose popularity dated from her accession, whose books had entertained larger numbers of her subjects than those of any other contemporary writer, and whose genius will be counted among the glories of her reign. Accident led to it. Dickens had brought with him from America some large and striking photographs of the Battle Fields of the Civil War, which the Queen, having heard of them through Mr. Helps, expressed a wish to look at. Dickens sent them

* The book was thus entered in the catalogue. "DICKENS (C.). 'A CHRISTMAS CAROL, in prose, 1843; *Presentation Copy*, inscribed "'W. M. Thackeray, from Charles Dickens (whom he made very happy once a long way from home).'" Some pleasant verses by his friend had affected him much while abroad. I quote the *Life of Dickens* published by Mr. Hotten. "Her Majesty expressed the strongest desire to possess this presentation copy, and sent an unlimited commission to buy it. The original published price of the book was 5s. It became Her Majesty's property for £25 10s., and was at once taken to the palace."

at once; and went afterwards to Buckingham Palace with Mr. Helps, at her Majesty's request, that she might see and thank him in person.

LONDON:
1870.

It was in the middle of March, not April. "Come now sir, this is an interesting matter, do "favour us with it," was the cry of Johnson's friends after his conversation with George the Third; and again and again the story was told to listeners ready to make marvels of its common-places. But the romance even of the eighteenth century in such a matter is clean gone out of the nineteenth. Suffice it that the Queen's kindness left a strong impression on Dickens. Upon her Majesty's regret not to have heard his Readings, *Account of it.* Dickens intimated that they were become now a thing of the past, while he acknowledged gratefully her Majesty's compliment in regard to them. She spoke to him of the impression made upon her by his acting in the *Frozen Deep*; and on his stating, in reply to her enquiry, that the little play had not been very successful on the public stage, said this did not surprise her, since it no longer had the advantage of his performance in it. Then arose a mention of some alleged discourtesy shown to Prince Arthur in New York, and he begged her Majesty not to confound the true Americans of that city with the Fenian portion of its Irish population; on which she made the quiet comment that she was convinced the people about the Prince had made too much of the affair. He related to her the story of President Lincoln's dream on the night before his murder. She asked him to give her his writings,

Aut., 114-16.

LONDON:
1870.

What passed
at the
interview.

Dickens's
grateful
impression.
from it.

Going to a
levee!

I. 139-40, 188.

Meeting the
Prince of
Wales.

and could she have them that afternoon? but he begged to be allowed to send a bound copy. Her Majesty then took from a table her own book upon the Highlands, with an autograph inscription "to Charles Dickens"; and, saying that "the humblest" of writers would be ashamed to offer it to "one of the greatest" but that Mr. Helps, being asked to give it, had remarked that it would be valued most from herself, closed the interview by placing it in his hands. "Sir," said Johnson, "they may say what they like of the "young King, but Louis the Fourteenth could not "have shown a more refined courtliness"; and Dickens was not disposed to say less of the young King's granddaughter. That the grateful impression sufficed to carry him into new ways, I had immediate proof, coupled with intimation of the still surviving strength of old memories. "As my sovereign desires" (26th of March 1870) "that I should attend the next levee, don't faint "with amazement if you see my name in that unwonted connexion. I have scrupulously kept "myself free for the second of April, in case you "should be accessible." The name appeared at the levee accordingly, his daughter was at the drawing-room that followed, and Lady Houghton writes to me "I never saw Mr. Dickens more "agreeable than at a dinner at our house about a "fortnight before his death, when he met the "King of the Belgians and the Prince of Wales "at the special desire of the latter." Up to nearly the hour of dinner, it was doubtful if he could go. He was suffering from the distress in

his foot; and on arrival at the house, being unable to ascend the stairs, had to be assisted at once into the dining-room.

LONDON:
1870.

The friend who had accompanied Dickens to Buckingham Palace, writing of him* after his death, briefly but with admirable knowledge and taste, said that he ardently desired, and confidently looked forward to, a time when there would be a more intimate union than exists at present between the different classes in the state, a union that should embrace alike the highest and the lowest. This perhaps expresses, as well as a few words could, what certainly was always at his heart; and he might have come to think it, when his life was closing, more possible of realisation some day than he ever thought it before. The hope of it was on his friend Talfourd's lips when he died, and his own most jarring opinions might at last have joined in the effort to bring about such reconciliation. More on this head it needs not to say. Whatever may be the objection to special views held by him, he would, wanting even the most objectionable, have been less himself. It was by something of the despot seldom separable from genius, joined to a truthfulness of nature belonging to the highest characters, that men themselves of a rare faculty were attracted to find in Dickens what Sir Arthur Helps has described, "a man to confide in, and look up to as a leader, in the midst of any great peril."

"In Memoriam"
by Arthur
Helps.

A hope at the
close of life.

Mr. Layard also held that opinion of him. He

* "In Memoriam" by Arthur Helps, in *Macmillan's Magazine* for July 1870.

GADSHILL:
1867.

Mr. Layard
at Gadshill,
1866-7.

New Year's
Day in the
meadow.

Games for the
villagers.

was at Gadshill during the Christmas before Dickens went for the last time to America, and witnessed one of those scenes, not infrequent there, in which the master of the house was pre-eminently at home. They took generally the form of cricket matches; but this was, to use the phrase of his friend Bobadil, more popular and diffused; and of course he rose with the occasion. "The more you want of the master, the more you'll find in him," said the gasman employed about his readings. "Footraces for the villagers," he wrote on Christmas Day, "come off in my field to-morrow. We have been all hard at work all day, building a course, making countless flags, and I don't know what else. Layard is chief commissioner of the domestic police. The country police predict an immense crowd." There were between two and three thousand people; and somehow, by a magical kind of influence, said Layard, Dickens seemed to have bound every creature present, upon what honour the creature had, to keep order. What was the special means used, or the art employed, it might have been difficult to say; but that was the result. Writing on New Year's Day, Dickens himself described it to me. "We had made a very pretty course, and taken great pains. Encouraged by the cricket matches experience, I allowed the landlord of the Falstaff to have a drinking-booth on the ground. Not to seem to dictate or distrust, I gave all the prizes (about ten pounds in the aggregate) in money. The great mass of the crowd were labouring men of

"all kinds, soldiers, sailors, and navvies. They
 "did not, between half-past ten, when we began,
 "and sunset, displace a rope or a stake; and they
 "left every barrier and flag as neat as they found
 "it. There was not a dispute, and there was no
 "drunkenness whatever. I made them a little
 "speech from the lawn, at the end of the games,
 "saying that please God we would do it again
 "next year. They cheered most lustily and dis-
 "persed. The road between this and Chatham
 "was like a Fair all day; and surely it is a fine
 "thing to get such perfect behaviour out of a
 "reckless seaport town. Among other oddities
 "we had A Hurdle Race for Strangers. One
 "man (he came in second) ran 120 yards and
 "leaped over ten hurdles, in twenty seconds, *with*
 "*a pipe in his mouth, and smoking it all the time.*
 "If it hadn't been for your pipe,' I said to him at
 "the winning-post, 'you would have been first.'
 "'I beg your pardon, sir,' he answered, 'but if it
 "'hadn't been for my pipe, I should have been
 "'nowhere.'" The close of the letter had this
 rather memorable announcement. "The sale of
 "the Christmas number was, yesterday evening,
 "255,380." Would it be absurd to say that
 there is something in such a vast popularity in
 itself electrical, and, though founded on books,
 felt where books never reach?

GADSHILL:
1867.

Dickens's
description.

A winner in
the games.

It is also very noticeable that what would
 have constituted the strength of Dickens if he
 had entered public life, the attractive as well as
 the commanding side of his nature, was that
 which kept him most within the circle of home

Home
enjoyments.

LONDON:
1836-70.

Same in late
as in early
years.

What was
weakest and
greatest in
him.

C. D. in
Hungerford
market: 1833.

pursuits and enjoyments. This "better part" of him had now long survived that sorrowful period of 1857-8, when, for reasons which I have not thought myself free to suppress, a vaguely disturbed feeling for the time took possession of him, and occurrences led to his adoption of other pursuits than those to which till then he had given himself exclusively. It was a sad interval in his life; but, though changes incident to the new occupation then taken up remained, and with them many adverse influences which brought his life prematurely to a close, it was, with any reference to that feeling, an interval only; and the dominant impression of the later years, as of the earlier, takes the marvellously domestic home-loving shape in which also the strength of his genius is found. It will not do to draw round any part of such a man too hard a line, and the writer must not be charged with inconsistency who says that Dickens's childish sufferings,* and the sense they burnt into him of the misery of loneliness and a craving for joys of home, though they led to what was weakest in him, led also to

* An entry, under the date of July 1833, from a printed but unpublished Diary by Mr. Payne Collier, appeared lately in the *Athenæum*, having reference to Dickens at the time when he first obtained employment as a reporter, and connecting itself with what my opening volume had related of those childish sufferings. "Soon afterwards I observed a "great difference in C. D.'s dress, for he had bought a new hat and a "very handsome blue cloak, which he threw over his shoulder à l'Es-pagnole . . . We walked together through Hungerford Market, where "we followed a coal-heaver, who carried his little rosy but grimy child "looking over his shoulder; and C. D. bought a halfpenny-worth of "cherries, and as we went along he gave them one by one to the little "fellow without the knowledge of the father . . . He informed me as he "walked through it that he knew Hungerford Market well . . . He did "not affect to conceal the difficulties he and his family had had to con-tend against."

LONDON:
1836-70.

what was greatest. It was his defect as well as his merit in maturer life not to be able to live alone. When the fancies of his novels were upon him and he was under their restless influence, though he often talked of shutting himself up in out of the way solitary places, he never went anywhere unaccompanied by members of his family. His habits of daily life he carried with him wherever he went. In Albaro and Genoa, at Lausanne and Geneva, in Paris and Boulogne, his ways were as entirely those of home as in London and Broadstairs. If it is the property of a domestic nature to be personally interested in every detail, the smallest as the greatest, of the four walls within which one lives, then no man had it so essentially as Dickens. No man was so inclined naturally to derive his happiness from home concerns. Even the kind of interest in a house which is commonly confined to women, he was full of. Not to speak of changes of im-
Habits of life
everywhere.
Happiness in
domestic
concerns.
Centre and
soul of his
home.
 portance, there was not an additional hook put up wherever he inhabited, without his knowledge, or otherwise than as part of some small ingenuity of his own. Nothing was too minute for his personal superintendence. Whatever might be in hand, theatricals for the little children, entertainments for those of larger growth, cricket matches, dinners, field sports, from the first new year's eve dance in Doughty Street to the last musical party in Hyde Park Place, he was the centre and soul of it. He did not care to take measure of its greater or less importance. It was enough that a thing was to do, to be worth his while to do it.

LONDON:
1836-70.

Family
dependence
on him.

Night of the
8th of June,
1870.

Thomas
Carlyle:
4th of July
1870.

as if there was nothing else to be done in the world. The cry of Laud and Wentworth was his, alike in small and great things; and to no man was more applicable the German "Echt," which expresses reality as well as thoroughness. The usual result followed, in all his homes, of an absolute reliance on him for everything. Under every difficulty, and in every emergency, his was the encouraging influence, the bright and ready help. In illness, whether of the children or any of the servants, he was better than a doctor. He was so full of resource, for which every one eagerly turned to him, that his mere presence in the sick-room was a healing influence, as if nothing could fail if he were only there. So that at last, when, all through the awful night which preceded his departure, he lay senseless in the room where he had fallen, the stricken and bewildered ones who tended him found it impossible to believe that what they saw before them alone was left, or to shut out wholly the strange wild hope that he might again be suddenly among them *like* himself, and revive what they could not connect, even then, with death's despairing helplessness.

It was not a feeling confined to the relatives whom he had thus taught to have such exclusive dependence on him. Among the consolations addressed to those mourners came words from one whom in life he had most honoured, and who also found it difficult to connect him with death, or to think that he should never see that blithe face any more. "It is almost thirty years," Mr. Carlyle wrote, "since my acquaintance with

"him began; and on my side, I may say, every new meeting ripened it into more and more clear discernment of his rare and great worth as a brother man: a most cordial, sincere, clear-sighted, quietly decisive, just and loving man: till at length he had grown to such a recognition with me as I have rarely had for any man of my time. This I can tell you three, for it is true and will be welcome to you: to others less concerned I had as soon *not* speak on such a subject." "I am profoundly sorry for *you*," Mr. Carlyle at the same time wrote to me; "and indeed for myself and for us all. It is an event world-wide: a *unique* of talents suddenly extinct; and has 'eclipsed,' we too may say, 'the harm-
"less gaiety of nations.' No death since 1866 has fallen on me with such a stroke. No literary man's hitherto ever did. The good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens, —every inch of him an Honest Man."

LONDON:
1836-70.

The same:
11th of
June 1870.

Of his ordinary habits of activity I have spoken, and they were doubtless carried too far. In youth it was all well, but he did not make allowance for years. This has had abundant illustration, but will admit of a few words more. To all men who do much, rule and order are essential; method in everything was Dickens's peculiarity; and between breakfast and luncheon, with rare exceptions, was his time of work. But his daily walks were less of rule than of enjoyment and necessity. In the midst of his writing they were indispensable, and especially, as it has often been shown, at night. Mr. Sala is an

Daily habits.

Street walks.

LONDON:
1836-70.

Mr. G. A. Sala
in *Daily Tele-*
graph, June
1870.

London
haunts.

authority on London streets, and, in the eloquent and generous tribute he was among the first to offer to his memory, has described himself encountering Dickens in the oddest places and most inclement weather, in Ratcliffe-highway, on Haverstock-hill, on Camberwell-green, in Gray's-inn-lane, in the Wandsworth-road, at Hammersmith Broadway, in Norton Folgate, and at Kensal New Town. "A hansom whirled you by the Bell and "Horns at Brompton, and there he was striding, "as with seven-league boots, seemingly in the "direction of North-end, Fulham. The Metro- "politan Railway sent you forth at Lisson-grove, "and you met him plodding speedily towards the "Yorkshire Stingo. He was to be met rapidly "skirting the grim brick wall of the prison in "Coldbath-fields, or trudging along the Seven "Sisters-road at Holloway, or bearing, under a "steady press of sail, underneath Highgate Arch- "way, or pursuing the even tenor of his way up "the Vauxhall-bridge-road." But he was equally at home in the intricate byways of narrow streets and in the lengthy thoroughfares. [Wherever there was "matter to be heard and learned," in back streets behind Holborn, in Borough courts and passages, in city wharfs or alleys, about the poorer lodging-houses, in prisons, workhouses, ragged-schools, police-courts, rag-shops, chandlers' shops, and all sorts of markets for the poor, he carried his keen observation and untiring study. "I was among the Italian Boys from "12 to 2 this morning," says one of his letters. "I am going out to-night in their boat with the

“Thames Police,” says another. It was the same when he was in Italy or Switzerland, as we have seen; and when, in later life, he was in French provincial places. “I walk miles away into the country, and you can scarcely imagine by what deserted ramparts and silent little cathedral closes, or how I pass over rusty drawbridges and stagnant ditches out of and into the decaying town.” For several consecutive years I accompanied him every Christmas Eve to see the marketings for Christmas down the road from Aldgate to Bow; and he had a surprising fondness for wandering about in poor neighbourhoods on Christmas-day, past the areas of shabby genteel houses in Somers or Kentish Towns, and watching the dinners preparing or coming in. But the temptations of his country life led him on to excesses in walking. “Coming in just now,” he wrote in his third year at Gadshill, “after twelve miles in the rain, I was so wet that I have had to change and get my feet into warm water before I could do anything.” Again, two years later: “A south-easter blowing, enough to cut one’s throat. I am keeping the house for my cold, as I did yesterday. But the remedy is so new to me, that I doubt if it does me half the good of a dozen miles in the snow. So, if this mode of treatment fails to-day, I shall try that to-morrow.” He tried it perhaps too often. In the winter of 1865 he first had the attack in his left foot which materially disabled his walking-power for the rest of his life. He supposed its cause to be overwalking in the snow, and that

LONDON:
1836-70.

Our old walk
on Christmas
Eve.

Walks on
Christmas
Day.

In rain and
snow.

First attack
of lameness.
1865.

LONDON:
1836-70.

V. 304..

How the
lameness
came on.

How it
affected his
large dogs:
V. 216-18.

this had aggravated the suffering is very likely; but, read by the light of what followed, it may now be presumed to have had more serious origin. It recurred at intervals, before America, without any such provocation; in America it came back, not when he had most been walking in the snow, but when nervous exhaustion was at its worst with him; after America, it became prominent on the eve of the occurrence at Preston which first revealed the progress that disease had been making in the vessels of the brain; and in the last year of his life, as will immediately be seen, it was a constant trouble and most intense suffering, extending then gravely to his left hand also, which had before been only slightly affected.

It was from a letter of the 21st of February 1865 I first learnt that he was suffering tortures from a "frost-bitten" foot, and ten days later brought more detailed account. "I got frost-bitten "by walking continually in the snow, and getting "wet in the feet daily. My boots hardened and "softened, hardened and softened, my left foot "swelled, and I still forced the boot on; sat in it "to write, half the day; walked in it through the "snow, the other half; forced the boot on again "next morning; sat and walked again; and being "accustomed to all sorts of changes in my feet, "took no heed. At length, going out as usual, I "fell lame on the walk, and had to limp home "dead lame, through the snow, for the last three "miles—to the remarkable terror, by-the-bye, of "the two big dogs." The dogs were Turk and Linda. Boisterous companions as they always were,

the sudden change in him brought them to a stand-still; and for the rest of the journey they crept by the side of their master as slowly as he did, never turning from him. He was greatly moved by the circumstance, and often referred to it. Turk's look upward to his face was one of sympathy as well as fear, he said; but Linda was wholly struck down.

LONDON:
1836-70.

The saying in his letter to his youngest son that he was to do to others what he would that they should do to him, without being discouraged if they did not do it; and his saying to the Birmingham people that they were to attend to self-improvement not because it led to fortune, but because it was right; express a principle that at all times guided himself. Capable of strong attachments, he was not what is called an effusive man; but he had no half-heartedness in any of his likings. The one thing entirely hateful to him, was indifference. "I give my heart to very few people; but I would sooner love the most implacable man in the world than a careless one, who, if my place were empty to-morrow, would rub on and never miss me." There was nothing he more repeatedly told his children than that they were not to let indifference in others appear to justify it in themselves. "All kind things," he wrote, "must be done on their own account, and for their own sake, and without the least reference to any gratitude." Again he laid it down, while he was making some exertion for the sake of a dead friend that did not seem likely to win proper appreciation from those it was to serve.

Right things
to be done
for their
own sake.

The thing
most hateful.

LONDON:
1836-70.

The silent
heroisms.

One of his
heroes.

Another.

"As to gratitude from the family—as I have often remarked to you, one does a generous thing because it is right and pleasant, and not for any response it is to awaken in others." The rule in another form frequently appears in his letters; and it was enforced in many ways upon all who were dear to him. It is worth while to add his comment on a regret of a member of his family at an act of self-devotion supposed to have been thrown away: "Nothing of what is nobly done can ever be lost." It is also to be noted as in the same spirit, that it was not the loud but the silent heroisms he most admired. Of Sir John Richardson, one of the few who have lived in our days entitled to the name of a hero, he wrote from Paris in 1856. "Lady Franklin sent me the whole of that Richardson memoir; and I think Richardson's manly friendship, and love of Franklin, one of the noblest things I ever knew in my life. It makes one's heart beat high, with a sort of sacred joy." (It is the feeling as strongly awakened by the earlier exploits of the same gallant man to be found at the end of Franklin's first voyage, and never to be read without the most exalted emotion.) It was for something higher than mere literature he valued the most original writer and powerful teacher of the age. "I would go at all times farther to see Carlyle than any man alive."

Of his attractive points in society and conversation I have particularized little, because in truth they were himself. Such as they were, they were never absent from him. His acute sense of en-

joyment gave such relish to his social qualities that probably no man, not a great wit or a professed talker, ever left, in leaving any social gathering, a blank so impossible to fill up. In quick and varied sympathy, in ready adaptation to every whim or humour, in help to any mirth or game, he stood for a dozen men. If one may say such a thing, he seemed to be always the more himself for being somebody else, for continually putting off his personality. His versatility made him unique. What he said once of his own love of acting, applied to him equally when at his happiest among friends he loved; sketching a character, telling a story, acting a charade, taking part in a game; turning into comedy an incident of the day, describing the last good or bad thing he had seen, reproducing in quaint, tragical, or humorous form and figure, some part of the passionate life with which all his being overflowed. "Assumption has charms for me so delightful—I hardly know for how many wild reasons—that I feel a loss of Oh I can't say what exquisite foolery, when I lose a chance of being some one not in the remotest degree like myself." How it was, that, from one of such boundless resource in contributing to the pleasure of his friends, there was yet, as I have said, so comparatively little to bring away, may be thus explained. But it has been also seen that no one at times said better things, and to happy examples formerly given I will add one or two of a kind he more rarely indulged. "He is below par on the Exchange," a friend remarked of a notorious puffing actor; "he doesn't

LONDON:
1836-70.
At social
meetings.

His delight in
"assump-
tion."

Agreeable
repleasantries.

LONDON:
1836-70.

"stand well at Lloyds." "Yet no one stands so well with the under-writers," said Dickens; a pun that Swift would have envied. "I call him 'an Incubus!'" said a non-literary friend, at a loss to express the boredom inflicted on him by a popular author. "Pen-and-ink-ubus, you mean," interposed Dickens. So, when Stanfield said of his midshipman son, then absent on his first cruise, "the boy has got his sea-legs on by this time!" "I don't know," remarked Dickens, "about his getting his sea-legs on; but if I may judge from 'his writing, he certainly has not got his A B C 'legs on.'"

Puns.

Other agreeable pleasantries might be largely cited from his letters. "An old priest" (he wrote from France in 1862), "the express image of Frederic Lemaitre got up for the part, and very cross with the toothache, told me in a railway carriage the other day, that we had no antiquities in heretical England. 'None at all?' I said. "'You have some ships however.' 'Yes; a few.' 'Are they strong?' 'Well,' said I, 'your trade is 'spiritual, my father: ask the ghost of Nelson.' 'A French captain who was in the carriage, was 'immensely delighted with this small joke. I met 'him at Calais yesterday going somewhere with a 'detachment; and he said—Pardon! But he had 'been so limited as to suppose an Englishman in- 'capable of that bonhommie!'" In humouring a joke he was excellent, both in letters and talk; and for this kind of enjoyment his least important little notes are often worth preserving. Take one small instance. So freely had he admired a tale

A cross old
priest.

Humouring
a joke.

told by his friend and solicitor Mr. Frederic Ouvry, that he had to reply to a humorous proposal for publication of it, in his own manner, in his own periodical. "Your modesty is equal to your merit... "I think your way of describing that rustic court-ship in middle life, quite matchless. . . . A cheque for £1000 is lying with the publisher. "We would willingly make it more, but that we "find our law charges so exceedingly heavy." His letters have also examples now and then of what he called his conversational triumphs. "I have "distinguished myself" (28th of April 1861) "in "two respects lately. I took a young lady, unknown, down to dinner, and, talking to her about "the Bishop of Durham's nepotism in the matter "of Mr. Cheese, I found she was Mrs. Cheese. "And I expatiated to the member for Marylebone, "Lord Fermoy, generally conceiving him to be an "Irish member, on the contemptible character of "the Marylebone constituency and Marylebone re-
 "presentation."

LONDON:
1836-70.

To Frederic
Ouvry.

Two unlucky
hits.

Among his good things should not be omitted his telling of a ghost story. He had something of a hankering after them, as the readers of his briefer pieces will know; and such was his interest generally in things supernatural that, but for the strong restraining power of his common sense, he might have fallen into the follies of spiritualism. As it was, the fanciful side of his nature stopped short at such pardonable superstitions as those of dreams, and lucky days, or other marvels of natural coincidence; and no man was readier to apply sharp tests to a ghost story or a haunted

Ghost stories.

LONDON:
1836-70.

Story of a
portrait
painter.

Portrait
painter's own
account.

Marvels of
coincidence.

house, though there was just so much tendency to believe in any such, "well-authenticated," as made perfect his manner of telling one. Such a story is related in the 125th number of *All the Year Round*, which before its publication both Mr. Layard and myself saw at Gadshill, and identified as one related by Lord Lytton. It was published in September, and in a day or two led to what Dickens will relate. "The artist himself who is the hero of that story" (to Lord Lytton, 15th of September 1861) "has sent me in black and white "his own account of the whole experience, so "very original, so very extraordinary, so very far "beyond the version I have published, that all "other like stories turn pale before it." The ghost thus reinforced came out in the number published on the 5th of October; and the reader who cares to turn to it, and compare what Dickens in the interval (17th of September) wrote to myself, will have some measure of his readiness to believe in such things. "Upon the publication of the ghost story, up has started the portrait-painter who saw the phantoms! His own written "story is out of all distance the most extraordinary "that ever was produced; and is as far beyond "my version or Bulwer's, as Scott is beyond James. "Everything connected with it is amazing; but "conceive this—the portrait-painter had been "engaged to write it elsewhere as a story for next "Christmas, and not unnaturally supposed, when "he saw himself anticipated in *All the Year Round*, "that there had been treachery at his printer's. "In particular," says he, 'how else was it

LONDON:
1836-70.

“possible that the date, the 13th of September, “could have been got at? For I never told the “date, until I wrote it.’ Now, *my* story had NO DATE; but seeing, when I looked over the proof, “the great importance of having *a* date, I (C. D.) “wrote in, unconsciously, the exact date on the “margin of the proof!” The reader will remember the Doncaster race story; and to other like v. 172-3. illustrations of the subject already given, may be added this dream. “Here is a curious case at “first-hand” (30th of May 1863). “On Thursday “night in last week, being at the office here, I “dreamed that I saw a lady in a red shawl with “her back towards me (whom I supposed to be “E.). On her turning round I found that I didn’t “know her, and she said ‘I am Miss Napier.’ All A dream. “the time I was dressing next morning, I thought “—What a preposterous thing to have so very “distinct a dream about nothing! and why Miss “Napier? for I never heard of any Miss Napier. “That same Friday night, I read. After the read- “ing, came into my retiring-room, Mary Boyle “and her brother, and *the* Lady in the red shawl “whom they present as ‘Miss Napier!’ These “are all the circumstances, exactly told.”

Another kind of dream has had previous re- III. 157-60.
cord, with no superstition to build itself upon I. 148, II. 268.
but the loving devotion to one tender memory. With longer or shorter intervals this was with him all his days. Never from his waking thoughts was the recollection altogether absent; and though the dream would leave him for a time, it unfailingly came back. It was the feeling of his life

LONDON:
1870.

Predominant
impression
of his life.

that always had a mastery over him. What he said on the sixth anniversary of the death of his sister-in-law, that friend of his youth whom he had made his ideal of all moral excellence, he might have said as truly after twenty-six years more. In the very year before he died, the influence was potently upon him. "She is so much "in my thoughts at all times, especially when I am "successful, and have greatly prospered in any- "thing, that the recollection of her is an essential "part of my being, and is as inseparable from my "existence as the beating of my heart is." Through later troubled years, whatever was worthiest in him found in this an ark of safety; and it was the nobler part of his being which had thus become also the essential. It gave to success what success by itself had no power to give; and nothing could consist with it, for any length of time, that was not of good report and pure. What more could I say that was not better said from the pulpit of the Abbey where he rests?

Effects on his
career.

"He whom we mourn was the friend of man- "kind, a philanthropist in the true sense; the "friend of youth, the friend of the poor, the enemy "of every form of meanness and oppression. I "am not going to attempt to draw a portrait of "him. Men of genius are different from what we "suppose them to be. They have greater pleasures "and greater pains, greater affections and greater "temptations, than the generality of mankind, and "they can never be altogether understood by their "fellow men. . . But we feel that a light has gone "out, that the world is darker to us, when they

Doctor
Jowett in
Westminster
Abbey.

"depart. There are so very few of them that we
"cannot afford to lose them one by one, and we
"look vainly round for others who may supply
"their places. He whose loss we now mourn oc-
"cupied a greater space than any other writer in
"the minds of Englishmen during the last thirty-
"three years. We read him, talked about him,
"acted him; we laughed with him; we were roused
"by him to a consciousness of the misery of
"others, and to a pathetic interest in human life.
"Works of fiction, indirectly, are great instructors
"of this world; and we can hardly exaggerate the
"debt of gratitude which is due to a writer who
"has led us to sympathize with these good, true,
"sincere, honest English characters of ordinary
"life, and to laugh at the egotism, the hypocrisy,
"the false respectability of religious professors
"and others. To another great humourist who
"lies in this Church the words have been applied
"that his death eclipsed the gaiety of nations.
"But of him who has been recently taken I would
"rather say, in humbler language, that no one was
"ever so much beloved or so much mourned."

LONDON:
1870.

Doctor
Jowett in
Westminster
Abbey.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE END.

1869-1870.

GADSHILL:
1869.
Mr. and Mrs.
Fields.

Harvard
and Oxford.

At
Birmingham.
Aut., 193-4.

THE summer and autumn of 1869 were passed quietly at Gadshill. He received there, in June, the American friends to whom he had been most indebted for unwearied domestic kindness at his most trying time in the States. In August, he was at the dinner of the International boat-race; and, in a speech that might have gone far to reconcile the victors to changing places with the vanquished, gave the healths of the Harvard and the Oxford crews. He went to Birmingham, in September, to fulfil a promise that he would open the session of the Institute; and there, after telling his audience that his invention, such as it was, never would have served him as it had done, but for the habit of commonplace, patient, drudging attention, he declared his political creed to be infinitesimal faith in the people governing and illimitable faith in the People governed. In such engagements as these, with nothing of the kind of strain he had most to dread, there was hardly more movement or change than was necessary to his enjoyment of rest.

He had been able to show Mr. Fields something of the interest of London as well as of his

Kentish home. He went over its "general post-office" with him, took him among its cheap theatres and poor lodging-houses, and piloted him by night through its most notorious thieves' quarter. Its localities that are pleasantest to a lover of books, such as Johnson's Bolt-court and Goldsmith's Temple-chambers, he explored with him; and, at his visitor's special request, mounted a staircase he had not ascended for more than thirty years, to show the chambers in Furnival's Inn where the first page of *Pickwick* was written. One more book, unfinished, was to close what that famous book began; and the original of the scene of its opening chapter, the opium-eater's den, was the last place visited. "In a miserable court at night," says Mr. Fields, "we found a haggard old woman blowing at a kind of pipe made of an old ink bottle; and the words which Dickens puts into the mouth of this wretched creature in *Edwin Drood*, we heard her croon as we leaned over the tattered bed in which she was lying."

LONDON:
1869.
Places shown
to visitor.

Where
Pickwick was
begun.

An opium
den. *Ante*,
159.

Before beginning his novel he had written his last paper for his weekly publication. It was a notice of my *Life of Landor*, and contained some interesting recollections of that remarkable man. His memory at this time dwelt much, as was only natural, with past pleasant time, as he saw familiar faces leaving us or likely to leave; and, on the death of one of the comedians associated with the old bright days of Covent Garden, I had intimation of a fancy that had never quitted him since the Cheltenham reading. "I see in the

Last paper
in *All the Year*
Round.

Ante, 146.

LONDON:
1869.

Macready.

Son Henry's
scholarship.
V. 57.

Author of
*Caste and
School.*

"paper to-day that Meadows is dead. I had a talk with him at Coutts's a week or two ago, when he said he was seventy-five, and very weak. Except for having a tearful eye, he looked just the same as ever. My mind still constantly misgives me concerning Macready. Curiously, I don't think he has been ever, for ten minutes together, out of my thoughts since I talked with Meadows last. Well, the year that brings trouble brings comfort too: I have a great success in the boy-line to announce to you. Harry has won the second scholarship at Trinity Hall, which gives him £50 a year as long as he stays there; and I begin to hope that he will get a fellowship." I doubt if anything ever more truly pleased him than this little success of his son Henry at Cambridge. Henry missed the fellowship, but was twenty-ninth wrangler in a fair year, when the wranglers were over forty.

He finished his first number of *Edwin Drood* in the third week of October, and on the 26th read it at my house with great spirit. A few nights before we had seen together at the Olympic a little drama taken from his *Copperfield*, which he sat out with more than patience, even with something of enjoyment; and another pleasure was given him that night by its author, Mr. Halliday, who brought into the box another dramatist, Mr. Robertson, to whom Dickens, who then first saw him, said that to himself the charm of his little comedies was "their unassuming form," which had so happily shown that "real wit could afford to put off any airs of pretension to it." He was

at Gadshill till the close of the year; coming up for a few special occasions, such as Procter's eighty-second birthday; and at my house on new-year's eve he read to us, again aloud, a fresh number of his book. Yet these very last days of December had not been without a reminder of the grave warnings of April. The pains in somewhat modified form had returned in both his left hand and his left foot a few days before we met; and they were troubling him still on that day. But he made so light of them himself; so little thought of connecting them with the uncertainties of touch and tread of which they were really part; and read with such an overflow of humour Mr. Honeythunder's boisterous philanthropy; that there was no room, then, for anything but enjoyment. His only allusion to an effect from his illness was his mention of a now invincible dislike which he had to railway travel. This had decided him to take a London house for the twelve last readings in the early months of 1870, and he had become Mr. Milner-Gibson's tenant at 5, Hyde Park Place.

LONDON:
1869-70.

A reading of
Edwin Drood.

House for a
season.

St. James's Hall was to be the scene of these Readings, and they were to occupy the interval from the 11th of January to the 15th of March; two being given in each week to the close of January, and the remaining eight on each of the eight Tuesdays following. Nothing was said of any kind of apprehension as the time approached; but, with a curious absence of the sense of danger, there was certainly both distrust and fear. Sufficient

The
additional
readings.
Ante, 151.

LONDON:
1870.

Medical
attendance
at readings.

Penalty of
disgarding
fixed laws.

Motive for
these
readings.

Tribute to
Messrs.
Chappell.

precaution was supposed to have been taken* by arrangement for the presence, at each reading, of his friend and medical attendant, Mr. Carr Beard; but this resolved itself, not into any measure of safety, the case admitting of none short of stopping the reading altogether, but simply into ascertainment of the exact amount of strain and pressure, which, with every fresh exertion, he was placing on those vessels of the brain where the Preston trouble too surely had revealed that danger lay. No supposed force in reserve, no dominant strength of will, can turn aside the penalties sternly exacted for disregard of such laws of life as were here plainly overlooked; and though no one may say that it was not already too late for any but the fatal issue, there will be no presumption in believing that life might yet have been for some time prolonged if these readings could have been stopped.

"I am a little shaken," he wrote on the 9th

* I desire to guard myself against any possible supposition that I think these Readings might have been stopped by the exercise of medical authority. I am convinced of the contrary. Dickens had pledged himself to them; and the fact that others' interests were engaged rather than his own supplied him with an overpowering motive for being determinedly set on going through with them. At the sorrowful time in the preceding year, when, yielding to the stern sentence passed by Sir Thomas Watson, he had dismissed finally the staff employed on his country readings, he had thus written to me. "I do believe" (3rd of May 1869) "that such people as the Chappells are very rarely to be found in human affairs. To say nothing of their noble and munificent manner of sweeping away into space all the charges incurred uselessly, and all the immense inconvenience and profitless work thrown upon their establishment, comes a note this morning from the senior partner, to the effect that they feel that my overwork has been 'indirectly caused by them, and by my great and kind exertions to 'make their venture successful to the extreme.' There is something 'so delicate and fine in this, I feel it deeply.' That feeling led to his resolve to make the additional exertion of these twelve last readings, and nothing would have turned him from it as long as he could stand at the desk.

of January, "by my journey to Birmingham to "give away the Institution's prizes on Twelfth Night, but I am in good heart; and, notwithstanding Lowe's worrying scheme for collecting "a year's taxes in a lump, which they tell me is "damaging books, pictures, music, and theatres "beyond precedent, our 'let' at St. James's Hall "is enormous." He opened with *Copperfield* and the *Pickwick Trial*; and I may briefly mention, from the notes taken by Mr. Beard and placed at my disposal, at what cost of exertion to himself he gratified the crowded audiences that then and to the close made these evenings memorable. His ordinary pulse on the first night was at 72; but never on any subsequent night was lower than 82, and had risen on the later nights to more than 100. After *Copperfield* on the first night it went up to 96, and after *Marigold* on the second to 99; but on the first night of the *Sikes and Nancy* scenes (Friday the 21st of January) it went from 80 to 112, and on the second night (the 1st of February) to 118. From this, through the six remaining nights, it never was lower than 110 after the first piece read; and after the third and fourth readings of the *Oliver Twist* scenes it rose, from 90 to 124 on the 15th of February, and from 94 to 120 on the 8th of March; on the former occasion, after twenty minutes' rest, falling to 98, and on the latter, after fifteen minutes' rest, falling to 82. His ordinary pulse on entering the room, during these last six nights, was more than once over 100, and never lower than 84; from which it rose, after *Nickleby* on the 22nd of February, to

LONDON:
1870.

Ante, 193.

Excitement
incident
to the read-
ings.

After *Oliver
Twist* scenes.

LONDON:
1870.

Last night
of all.

Farewell
address.

Effect
produced.

112. On the 8th of February, when he read *Dombey*, it had risen from 91 to 114; on the 1st of March, after *Copperfield*, it rose from 100 to 124; and when he entered the room on the last night it was at 108, having risen only two beats more when the reading was done. The pieces on this occasion were the *Christmas Carol*, followed by the *Pickwick Trial*; and probably in all his life he never read so well. On his return from the States, where he had to address his effects to audiences composed of immense numbers of people, a certain loss of refinement had been observable; but the old delicacy was now again delightfully manifest, and a subdued tone, as well in the humorous as the serious portions, gave something to all the reading as of a quiet sadness of farewell. The charm of this was at its height when he shut the volume of *Pickwick* and spoke in his own person. He said that for fifteen years he had been reading his own books to audiences whose sensitive and kindly recognition of them had given him instruction and enjoyment in his art such as few men could have had; but that he nevertheless thought it well now to retire upon older associations, and in future to devote himself exclusively to the calling which had first made him known. "In but two short weeks from this time I hope that you may enter, in your own homes, on a new series of readings at which my assistance will be indispensable; but from these garish lights I vanish now for evermore, with a heartfelt, grateful, respectful, affectionate farewell." The brief hush of silence as he moved

from the platform; and the prolonged tumult of sound that followed suddenly, stayed him, and again for another moment brought him back; will not be forgotten by any present.

LONDON:
1870.

Little remains to be told that has not in it almost unmixed pain and sorrow. Hardly a day passed, while the readings went on or after they closed, unvisited by some effect or other of the disastrous excitement shown by the notes of Mr. Beard. On the 23rd of January, when for the last time he met Carlyle, he came to us with his left hand in a sling; on the 7th of February, when he passed with us his last birthday, and on the 25th, when he read the third number of his novel, the hand was still swollen and painful; and on the 21st of March, when he read admirably his fourth number, he told us that as he came along, walking up the length of Oxford-street, the same incident had recurred as on the day of a former dinner with us, and he had not been able to read, all the way, more than the right-hand half of the names over the shops. Yet he had the old fixed persuasion that this was rather the effect of a medicine he had been taking than of any grave cause, and he still strongly believed his other troubles to be exclusively local. *Ante*, 141.

Eight days later he wrote: "My uneasiness and hemorrhage, after having quite left me, as I supposed, has come back with an aggravated irritability that it has not yet displayed. You have no idea what a state I am in to-day from a sudden violent rush of it; and yet it has not the slightest effect on my general health that I know

Results of
over excite-
ment.

Return of an
old malady.

LONDON:
1870.

V. 316;
II. 110.

"of." This was a disorder which troubled him in his earlier life; and during the last five years, in his intervals of suffering from other causes, it had from time to time taken aggravated form.

His last public appearances were in April.

Last appear-
ances in
public.

On the 5th he took the chair for the News-vendors, whom he helped with a genial address in which even his apology for little speaking overflowed with irrepressible humour. He would try, he said, like Falstaff, "but with a modifica-
"tion almost as large as himself," less to speak himself than to be the cause of speaking in others.

At News-
vendors'
Dinner.

"Much in this manner they exhibit at the door of
"a snuff-shop the effigy of a Highlander with an
"empty mull in his hand, who apparently having
"taken all the snuff he can carry, and discharged
"all the sneezes of which he is capable, politely
"invites his friends and patrons to step in and
"try what they can do in the same line." On
the 30th of the same month he returned thanks
for "Literature" at the Royal Academy dinner,
and I may preface my allusion to what he then
said with what he had written to me the day be-
fore. Three days earlier Daniel Maclise had
passed away. "Like you at Ely, so I at Higham,
"had the shock of first reading at a railway sta-
"tion of the death of our old dear friend and
"companion. What the shock would be, you
"know too well. It has been only after great
"difficulty, and after hardening and steeling my-
"self to the subject by at once thinking of it and
"avoiding it in a strange way, that I have been
"able to get any command over it or over

At Royal
Academy
Dinner.

Death of
Daniel
Maclise.

"myself. If I feel at the time that I can be sure
 "of the necessary composure, I shall make a little
 "reference to it at the Academy to-morrow. I
 "suppose you won't be there."* The reference
 made was most touching and manly. He told
 those who listened that since he first entered the
 public lists, a very young man indeed, it had
 been his constant fortune to number among his
 nearest and dearest friends members of that
 Academy who had been its pride; and who had
 now, one by one, so dropped from his side that
 he was grown to believe, with the Spanish monk
 of whom Wilkie spoke, that the only realities
 around him were the pictures which he loved,
 and all the moving life but a shadow and a
 dream. "For many years I was one of the two
 "most intimate friends and most constant com-
 "panions of Mr. Maclise, to whose death the *Aut.*, I. 225-6.
 "Prince of Wales has made allusion, and the
 "President has referred with the eloquence of
 "genuine feeling. Of his genius in his chosen
 "art, I will venture to say nothing here; but of
 "his fertility of mind and wealth of intellect I

* I preserve also the closing words of the letter. "It is very
 "strange—you remember I suppose?—that the last time we spoke
 "of him together, you said that we should one day hear that the way-
 "ward life into which he had fallen was over, and there an end of our
 "knowledge of it." The waywardness, which was merely the having
 latterly withdrawn himself too much from old friendly intercourse, had
 its real origin in disappointments connected with the public work on
 which he was engaged in those later years, and to which he sacrificed
 every private interest of his own. His was only the common fate
 of Englishmen, so engaged, who do this; and when the real story of
 the "Fresco-painting for the Houses of Parliament" comes to be
 written, it will be another chapter added to our national misadventures
 and reproaches in everything connected with Art and its hapless culti-
 vators. An old story.

LONDON:

1870.

Eulogy well
deserved.Dickens's
last public
words.Temptations
of London.

"may confidently assert that they would have made him, if he had been so minded, at least as great a writer as he was a painter. The gentlest and most modest of men, the freshest as to his generous appreciation of young aspirants and the frankest and largest hearted as to his peers, incapable of a sordid or ignoble thought, gallantly sustaining the true dignity of his vocation, without one grain of self-ambition, wholesomely natural at the last as at the first, 'in wit a man, simplicity a child,'—no artist of whatsoever denomination, I make bold to say, ever went to his rest leaving a golden memory more pure from dross, or having devoted himself with a truer chivalry to the art-goddess whom he worshipped." These were the last public words of Dickens, and he could not have spoken any worthier.

Upon his appearance at the dinner of the Academy had followed some invitations he was led to accept; greatly to his own regret, he told me on the night (7th of May) when he read to us the fifth number of *Edwin Drood*; for he was now very eager to get back to the quiet of Gads-hill. He dined with Mr. Motley, then American minister; had met Mr. Disraeli at a dinner at Lord Stanhope's; had breakfasted with Mr. Gladstone; and on the 17th was to attend the Queen's ball with his daughter. But she had to go there without him; for on the 16th I had intimation of a sudden disablement. "I am sorry to report, that, in the old preposterous endeavour to dine at preposterous hours and preposterous places, I

"have been pulled up by a sharp attack in my
 "foot. And serve me right. I hope to get the
 "better of it soon, but I fear I must not think of
 "dining with you on Friday. I have cancelled
 "everything in the dining way for this week, and
 "that is a very small precaution after the horrible
 "pain I have had and the remedies I have taken."
 He had to excuse himself also from the General
 Theatrical Fund dinner, where the Prince of
 Wales was to preside; but at another dinner a
 week later, where the King of the Belgians and
 the Prince were to be present, so much pressure
 was put upon him that he went, still suffering as
 he was, to dine with Lord Houghton.

LONDON:
 1870.

Another
 attack in
 the foot.

Ante, III. 241.

Ante, 202.

We met for the last time on Sunday the 22nd
 of May, when I dined with him in Hyde Park
 Place. The death of Mr. Lemon, of which he
 heard that day, had led his thoughts to the crowd
 of friendly companions in letters and art who
 had so fallen from the ranks since we played
 Ben Jonson together that we were left almost
 alone. "And none beyond his sixtieth year," he
 said, "very few even fifty." It is no good to talk
 of it, I suggested. "We shall not think of it the
 "less" was his reply; and an illustration much to
 the point was before us, afforded by an incident
 deserving remembrance in his story. Not many
 weeks before, a correspondent had written to him
 from Liverpool describing himself as a self-raised
 man, attributing his prosperous career to what
 Dickens's writings had taught him at its outset of
 the wisdom of kindness, and sympathy for others;
 and asking pardon for the liberty he took in

Our last
 meeting.

Noteworthy
 incident.

LONDON:
1870.

Tribute of
gratitude
for his books.

"Con-
spicuous"
by absence.

Last letter
from him.

hoping that he might be permitted to offer some acknowledgment of what not only had cheered and stimulated him through all his life, but had contributed so much to the success of it. The letter enclosed £500. Dickens was greatly touched by this; and told the writer, in sending back his cheque, that he would certainly have taken it if he had not been, though not a man of fortune, a prosperous man himself; but that the letter, and the spirit of its offer, had so gratified him, that if the writer pleased to send him any small memorial of it in another form he would gladly receive it. The memorial soon came. A richly worked basket of silver, inscribed "from one who has been "cheered and stimulated by Mr. Dickens's writings, and held the author among his first remembrances when he became prosperous," was accompanied by an extremely handsome silver centrepiece for the table, of which the design was for figures representing the Seasons. But the kindly donor shrank from sending Winter to one whom he would fain connect with none but the brighter and milder days, and he had struck the fourth figure from the design. "I never look at "it," said Dickens, "that I don't think most of the "Winter."

A matter discussed that day with Mr. Ouvry was briefly resumed in a note of the 29th of May, the last I ever received from him; which followed me to Exeter, and closed thus. "You and I can "speak of it at Gads by and by. Foot no worse. "But no better." The old trouble was upon him when we parted, and this must have been nearly

the last note written before he quitted London. He was at Gadshill on the 30th of May; and I heard no more until the telegram reached me at Launceston on the night of the 9th of June, which told me that the "by and by" was not to come in this world.

LONDON:
1870.

The few days at Gadshill had been given wholly to work on his novel. He had been easier in his foot and hand; and, though he was suffering severely from the local hemorrhage before named, he made no complaint of illness. But there was observed in him a very unusual appearance of fatigue. "He seemed very weary." He was out with his dogs for the last time on Monday the 6th of June, when he walked with his letters into Rochester. On Tuesday the 7th, after his daughter Mary had left on a visit to her sister Kate, not finding himself equal to much fatigue, he drove to Cobham-wood with his sister-in-law, there dismissed the carriage, and walked round the park and back. He returned in time to put up in his new conservatory some Chinese lanterns sent from London that afternoon; and, the whole of the evening, he sat with Miss Hogarth in the dining-room that he might see their effect when lighted. More than once he then expressed his satisfaction at having finally abandoned all intention of exchanging Gadshill for London; and this he had done more impressively some days before. While he lived, he said, he should like his name to be more and more associated with the place; and he had a notion that when he died he should like to lie in the little grave-

Last days.

V. 213.

GADSHILL: yard belonging to the Cathedral at the foot of
 1870. the Castle wall.

Writing in
 the Châlet.

Thoughts on
 his last day of
 conscious-
 ness.

On the 8th of June he passed all the day writing in the Châlet. He came over for luncheon; and, much against his usual custom, returned to his desk. Of the sentences he was then writing, the last of his long life of literature, a portion has been given in facsimile on a previous page; and the reader will observe with a painful interest, not alone its evidence of minute labour at this fast-closing hour of time with him, but the direction his thoughts had taken. He imagines such a brilliant morning as had risen with that eighth of June shining on the old city of Rochester. He sees in surpassing beauty, with the lusty ivy gleaming in the sun, and the rich trees waving in the balmy air, its antiquities and its ruins; its Cathedral and Castle. But his fancy, then, is not with the stern dead forms of either; but with that which makes warm the cold stone tombs of centuries, and lights them up with flecks of brightness, "flutterings there like wings." To him, on that sunny summer morning, the changes of glorious light from moving boughs, the songs of birds, the scents from garden, woods, and fields, have penetrated into the Cathedral, have subdued its earthy odour, and are preaching the Resurrection and the Life.

Wednesday
 evening,
 8th of June.

He was late in leaving the Châlet; but before dinner, which was ordered at six o'clock with the intention of walking afterwards in the lanes, he wrote some letters, among them one to his

friend Mr. Charles Kent appointing to see him in London next day; and dinner was begun before Miss Hogarth saw, with alarm, a singular expression of trouble and pain in his face. "For an hour," he then told her, "he had been very ill;" but he wished dinner to go on. These were the only really coherent words uttered by him. They were followed by some, that fell from him disconnectedly, of quite other matters; of an approaching sale at a neighbour's house, of whether Macready's son was with his father at Cheltenham, and of his own intention to go immediately to London; but at these latter he had risen, and his sister-in-law's help alone prevented him from falling where he stood. Her effort then was to get him on the sofa, but after a slight struggle he sank heavily on his left side. "On the ground" were the last words he spoke. It was now a little over ten minutes past six o'clock. His two daughters came that night with Mr. Beard, who had also been telegraphed for, and whom they met at the station. His eldest son arrived early next morning, and was joined in the evening (too late) by his younger son from Cambridge. All possible medical aid had been summoned. The surgeon of the neighbourhood was there from the first, and a physician from London was in attendance as well as Mr. Beard. But all human help was unavailing. There was effusion on the brain; and though stertorous breathing continued all night, and until ten minutes past six o'clock on the evening of Thursday, the 9th of June, there had never been a gleam of

GADSHILL:
1870.

The close.

Ante, 208.

Thursday,

9th of June.

LONDON:
1870.

hope during the twenty-four hours. He had lived four months beyond his 58th year.

General
mourning.

The excitement and sorrow at his death are within the memory of all. Before the news of it even reached the remoter parts of England, it had been flashed across Europe; was known in the distant continents of India, Australia, and America; and not in English-speaking communities only, but in every country of the civilised earth, had awakened grief and sympathy. In his own land it was as if a personal bereavement had befallen every one. Her Majesty the Queen telegraphed from Balmoral "her deepest regret at "the sad news of Charles Dickens's death;" and this was the sentiment alike of all classes of her people. There was not an English journal that did not give it touching and noble utterance; and the *Times* took the lead in suggesting* that the only fit resting-place for the remains of a man so

Friday,
10th of June.

Monday,
13th of June.

* It is a duty to quote these eloquent words. "Statesmen, men of science, philanthropists, the acknowledged benefactors of their race, might pass away, and yet not leave the void which will be caused by the death of Dickens. They may have earned the esteem of mankind; their days may have been passed in power, honour, and prosperity; they may have been surrounded by troops of friends; but, however pre-eminent in station, ability, or public services, they will not have been, like our great and genial novelist, the intimate of every household. Indeed, such a position is attained not even by one man in an age. It needs an extraordinary combination of intellectual and moral qualities . . . before the world will thus consent to enthrone a man as their unassailable and enduring favourite. This is the position which Mr. Dickens has occupied with the English and also with the American public for the third of a century. . . Westminster Abbey is the peculiar resting-place of English literary genius; and among those whose sacred dust lies there, or whose names are recorded on the walls, very few are more worthy than Charles Dickens of such a home. Fewer still, we believe, will be regarded with more honour as time passes and his greatness grows upon us."

dear to England was the Abbey in which the most illustrious Englishmen are laid.

LONDON:
1870.

With the expression thus given to a general wish, the Dean of Westminster lost no time in showing ready compliance; and on the morning of the day when it appeared was in communication with the family and representatives. The public homage of a burial in the Abbey had to be reconciled with his own instructions to be privately buried without previous announcement of time or place, and without monument or memorial. He would himself have preferred to lie in the small graveyard under Rochester Castle wall, or in the little churches of Cobham or Shorne; but all these were found to be closed; and the desire of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester to lay him in their Cathedral had been entertained, when the Dean of Westminster's request, and the considerate kindness of his generous assurance that there should be only such ceremonial as would strictly obey all injunctions of privacy, made it a grateful duty to accept that offer. The spot already had been chosen by the Dean; and before midday on the following morning, Tuesday the 14th of June, with knowledge of those only who took part in the burial, all was done. The solemnity had not lost by the simplicity. Nothing so grand or so touching could have accompanied it, as the stillness and the silence of the vast Cathedral. Then, later in the day and all the following day, came unbidden mourners in such crowds, that the Dean had to request permission to keep open the grave until Thursday; but after it was

Wish to bury
him in the
Abbey.

His own wish.

The Burial.

LONDON:
1870.
Unbidden
mourners,

closed they did not cease to come, and "all day long," Doctor Stanley wrote on the 17th, "there was a constant pressure to the spot, and many flowers were strewn upon it by unknown hands, many tears shed from unknown eyes." He alluded to this in the impressive funeral discourse delivered by him in the Abbey on the morning of Sunday the 19th, pointing to the fresh flowers that then had been newly thrown (as they still are thrown, in this fourth year after the death), and saying that "the spot would thenceforward be a sacred one with both the New World and the Old, as that of the representative of the literature, not of this island only, but of all who speak our English tongue." The stone placed upon it is inscribed

CHARLES DICKENS.

BORN FEBRUARY THE SEVENTH 1812. DIED JUNE
THE NINTH 1870.

The Grave.

The highest associations of both the arts he loved surround him where he lies. Next to him is RICHARD CUMBERLAND. Mrs. PRITCHARD's monument looks down upon him, and immediately behind is DAVID GARRICK'S. Nor is the actor's delightful art more worthily represented than the nobler genius of the author. Facing the grave, and on its left and right, are the monuments of CHAUCER, SHAKESPEARE, and DRYDEN, the three immortals who did most to create and settle the language to which CHARLES DICKENS has given another undying name.

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

I.

THE WRITINGS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

1835.

SKETCHES BY BOZ. Illustrative of Every-day Life and Every-day People. (The detached papers collected under this title were in course of publication during this year, in the pages of the *Monthly Magazine* and the columns of the *Morning* and the *Evening Chronicle*.) 1. 119; 128-130; 132; 140-142.

1836.

SKETCHES BY BOZ. Illustrative of Every-day Life and Every-day People. Two volumes: Illustrations by George Cruikshank. (Preface dated from Furnival's Inn, February 1836.) John Macrone.

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. Edited by Boz. With Illustrations by R. Seymour and Phiz (Hablot Browne). (Nine numbers published monthly from April to December.) Chapman and Hall.

SUNDAY UNDER THREE HEADS. As it is; as Sabbath Bills would make it; as it might be made. By Timothy Sparks. Illustrated by H. K. B. (Hablot Browne). Dedicated (June 1836) to the Bishop of London. Chapman & Hall 1. 186.

THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN. A Comic Burletta, in two acts. By "Boz." (Performed at the St. James's Theatre, 29th of September 1836, and published with the imprint of 1837.) Chapman & Hall. 1. 144.

THE VILLAGE COQUETTES. A Comic Opera, in two acts. By Charles Dickens. The Music by John Hullah. (Dedication to Mr. Braham is dated from Furnival's Inn, 15th of December 1836.) Richard Bentley. 1. 144.

SKETCHES BY BOZ. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. Second Series. One volume. (Preface dated from Furnival's Inn, 17th of December 1836.) John Macrone.

1837.

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. Edited by Boz. (Eleven numbers, the last being a double number, published monthly from January to November. Issued complete in the latter month, with Dedication to Mr. Serjeant Talfourd dated from Doughty-street, 27th of September, as *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club. By Charles Dickens.*) Chapman & Hall. I. 132-139; 155-164; VI. 32.

OLIVER TWIST; OR THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS. By Boz. Begun in *Bentley's Miscellany* for January, and continued throughout the year. Richard Bentley.

1838.

OLIVER TWIST. By Charles Dickens, Author of the *Pickwick Papers*. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. Three volumes. (Had appeared in monthly portions, in the numbers of *Bentley's Miscellany* for 1837 and 1838, with the title of *Oliver Twist; or the Parish Boy's Progress*. By Boz. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. The Third Edition, with Preface dated Devonshire-terrace, March 1841, published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.) Richard Bentley. I. 150; 155-157; 189-205; V. 18-19; VI. 32-3; 62.

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH GRIMALDI. Edited by "Boz." Illustrated by George Cruikshank. Two volumes. (For Dickens's small share in the composition of this work, his preface to which is dated from Doughty-street, February 1838, see I. 176-8.) Richard Bentley.

SKETCHES OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN. Illustrated by Phiz. Chapman & Hall. I. 186.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by Phiz (Hablot Browne). (Nine numbers published monthly from April to December.) Chapman & Hall.

1839.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. (Eleven numbers, the last being a double number, published

monthly from January to October. Issued complete in the latter month, with dedication to William Charles Macready.) Chapman & Hall. I. 181-2; 206-224; III. 103-4; 107; VI. 33-4.

SKETCHES BY BOZ. Illustrative of Every-day Life and Every-day People. With forty Illustrations by George Cruikshank. (The first complete edition, issued in monthly parts uniform with *Pickwick* and *Nickleby*, from November 1837 to June 1839, with preface dated 15th of May 1839.) Chapman & Hall. I. 151-4.

1840.

SKETCHES OF YOUNG COUPLES; with an urgent Remonstrance to the Gentlemen of England, being Bachelors or Widowers, at the present alarming crisis. By the Author of Sketches of Young Gentlemen. Illustrated by Phiz. Chapman & Hall. I. 186.

1840-1841.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by George Cattermole and Hablot Browne. Three volumes. (First and second volume, each 306 pp.; third, 426 pp.) For the account of this work, published in 88 weekly numbers, extending over the greater part of these two years, see I. 239-256; II. 44-5; 100-101. In addition to occasional detached papers and a series of sketches entitled MR. WELLER'S WATCH, occupying altogether about 90 pages of the first volume, 4 pages of the second, and 5 pages of the third, which have not yet appeared in any other collected form, this serial comprised the stories of *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*; each ultimately sold separately in a single volume, from which the pages of the *Clock* were detached. Chapman and Hall.

I. OLD CURIOSITY SHOP (1840).

Began at p. 37 of vol. I.; resumed at intervals up to the appearance of the ninth chapter; from the ninth chapter at p. 133, continued without interruption to the close of the volume (then issued with dedication to Samuel Rogers and preface from Devonshire-terrace, dated September 1840); resumed in the second volume, and carried on to the close of the tale at p. 223. I. 251-272; VI. 34.

II. BARNABY RUDGE (1841).

Introduced by brief paper from Master Humphrey (pp. 224-8), and carried to end of Chapter XII. in the closing 78 pages of volume II., which was issued with a preface dated in March 1841. Chapter XIII. began the third volume, and the story closed with its 82nd chapter at p. 420; a closing paper from Master Humphrey (pp. 421-426) then winding up the Clock, of which the concluding volume was published with a preface dated November 1841. I. 167-69; 184-6; 201-204; II. 25-8; 36-55.

1841.

THE PIC-NIC PAPERS by Various Hands. Edited by Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank, Phiz, &c. Three volumes. (To this Book, edited for the benefit of Mrs. Macrone, widow of his old publisher, Dickens contributed a preface and the opening story, the *Lamplighter*.) Henry Colburn. I. 154-5; 229; II. 45.

1842.

AMERICAN NOTES FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION. By Charles Dickens. Two volumes. Chapman and Hall. III. 1-37; 49-50.

1843.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. With Illustrations by Hablot Browne. (Begun in January, and, up to the close of the year, twelve monthly numbers published). Chapman & Hall.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL IN PROSE. Being a Ghost Story of Christmas. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by John Leech. (Preface dated December 1843.) Chapman & Hall. III. 60-61; 72-3; 87-95.

1844.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. With Illustrations by Hablot Browne. (Eight monthly numbers issued, the last being a double number, between January and July; in which latter month the completed work was published, with dedication to Miss Burdett Coutts, and Preface dated 25th of June.) Chapman & Hall. III. 42-4; 50-1; 63-5; 75-87; 104-107; VI. 35.

EVENINGS OF A WORKING MAN. By John Overs. With a Preface relative to the Author, by Charles Dickens. (Dedication to Doctor Elliotson, and preface dated in June.) T. C. Newby. III. 114-115.

THE CHIMES: a Goblin Story of some Bells that Rang an Old Year out and a New Year in. By Charles Dickens. With illustrations by Maclise R.A., Stanfield R.A., Richard Doyle, and John Leech. Chapman & Hall. III. 152-57; 161-68; 171-74; 188-89; 193.

1845.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH. A Fairy Tale of Home. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by Maclise R.A., Stanfield R.A., Edwin Landseer R.A., Richard Doyle, and John Leech. (Dedication to Lord Jeffrey dated in December 1845.) Bradbury & Evans (for the Author). III. 219-22; 234; IV. 224.

1846.

PICTURES FROM ITALY. By Charles Dickens. (Published originally in the *Daily News* from January to March 1846, with the title of "Travelling Letters written on the Road.") Bradbury & Evans (for the Author). III. 91; 110; 175-80; 207; 239-40.

DEALINGS WITH THE FIRM OF DOMBEY AND SON, WHOLESALE, RETAIL, AND FOR EXPORTATION. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by Hablot Browne. (Three monthly numbers published, from October to the close of the year.) Bradbury & Evans. (During this year Messrs. Bradbury & Evans published "for the Author," in numbers uniform with the other serials and afterwards in a single volume, *The Adventures of Oliver Twist, or the Parish Boy's Progress*. By Charles Dickens. With 24 Illustrations by George Cruikshank. A new edition, revised and corrected.)

THE BATTLE OF LIFE. A Love Story. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Maclise R.A., Stanfield R.A., Richard Doyle, and John Leech. (Dedicated to his "English Friends in Switzerland.") Bradbury & Evans (for the Author). III. 251; 265; IV. 40; 45-6; 47-51; 55-76.

1847.

DEALINGS WITH THE FIRM OF DOMBEY AND SON. (Twelve numbers published monthly during the year.) Bradbury & Evans.

FIRST CHEAP ISSUE OF THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. An Edition, printed in double columns, and issued in weekly three-halfpenny numbers. The first number, being the first of *Pickwick*, was issued in April 1847; and the volume containing that book, with preface dated September 1847, was published in October. New prefaces were for the most part prefixed to each story, and each volume had a frontispiece. The first series (issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and closing in September 1852) comprised *Pickwick*, *Nickleby*, *Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Chuzzlewit*, *Oliver Twist*, *American Notes*, *Sketches by Boz*, and *Christmas Books*. The second (issued by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, and closing in 1861) contained *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, and *Little Dorrit*. The third, issued by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, has since included *Great Expectations* (1863), *Tale of Two Cities* (1864), *Hard Times* and *Pictures from Italy* (1865), *Uncommercial Traveller* (1865), and *Our Mutual Friend* (1867). Among the Illustrators employed for the Frontispieces were Leslie R.A., Webster R.A., Stanfield R.A., George Cattermole, George Cruikshank, Frank Stone A.R.A., John Leech, Marcus Stone, and Hablot Browne. See IV. 93-4 and 161.

1848.

DEALINGS WITH THE FIRM OF DOMBEY AND SON; WHOLESALE, RETAIL, AND FOR EXPORTATION. (Five numbers issued monthly, the last being a double number, from January to April; in which latter month the complete work was published with dedication to Lady Normanby and preface dated Devonshire-terrace, 24th of March.) Bradbury & Evans. III. 107; 112; 238-40; 251; 264; IV. 24; 38; 41-3; 103-5; 106-137; VI. 35.

THE HAUNTED MAN AND THE GHOST'S BARGAIN. A Fancy for Christmas Time. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Stanfield R.A., John Tenniel, Frank Stone A.R.A., and John Leech. Bradbury & Evans. IV. 40-1; 161-62; 195; 221-226; 249.

1849.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF DAVID COPPERFIELD. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by Hablot Browne. (Eight parts issued monthly from May to December.) Bradbury & Evans.

1850.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF DAVID COPPERFIELD. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Hablot Browne. (Twelve numbers issued monthly, the last being a double number, from January to November; in which latter month the completed work was published, with inscription to Mr. and Mrs. Watson of Rockingham, and preface dated October.) Bradbury & Evans. III. 106; 198-200; 212-13; 217; 227; 243-47; 267-70; 279. V. 15-35; VI. 37-9.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS. On Saturday the 30th of March in this year the weekly serial of HOUSEHOLD WORDS was begun, and was carried on uninterruptedly to the 28th of May 1859, when, its place having been meanwhile taken by the serial in the same form still existing, HOUSEHOLD WORDS was discontinued. III. 218-21; IV. 229-36; V. 237; VI. 184-92.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *Household Words*. CHRISTMAS. To this Dickens contributed A CHRISTMAS TREE.

1851.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *Household Words*. WHAT CHRISTMAS IS. To this Dickens contributed WHAT CHRISTMAS IS AS WE GROW OLDER.

1852.

BLEAK HOUSE. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by Hablot Browne. (Ten numbers, issued monthly, from March to December.) Bradbury & Evans.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *Household Words*. STORIES FOR CHRISTMAS. To this Dickens contributed THE POOR RELATION'S STORY, and THE CHILD'S STORY.

1853.

BLEAK HOUSE. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Hablot Browne. (Ten numbers issued monthly, the last being a double number, from January to September, in which latter month, with dedication to his "Companions in the

Guild of Literature and Art," and preface dated in August, the completed book was published.) Bradbury & Evans. IV. 111; 220; V. 19-23; 35-47; 52-3; VI. 35.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Charles Dickens. Three vols. With frontispieces from designs by F. W. Topham. (Reprinted from *Household Words*, where it appeared between the dates of the 25th of January 1851 and the 10th of December 1853. It was published first in a complete form with dedication to his own children, in 1854.) Bradbury & Evans. v. 53.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *Household Words*. CHRISTMAS STORIES. To this Dickens contributed THE SCHOOL BOY'S STORY, and NOBODY'S STORY.

1854.

HARD TIMES. FOR THESE TIMES. By Charles Dickens. (This tale appeared in weekly portions in *Household Words*, between the dates of the 1st of April and the 12th of August 1854; in which latter month it was published complete, with inscription to Thomas Carlyle.) Bradbury & Evans. v. 60-65.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *Household Words*: THE SEVEN POOR TRAVELLERS. To this Dickens contributed three chapters. I. IN THE OLD CITY OF ROCHESTER; II. THE STORY OF RICHARD DOUBLEDICK; III. THE ROAD. v. 153.

1855.

LITTLE DORRIT. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Hablot Browne. The first number published in December. Bradbury & Evans.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *Household Words*. THE HOLLY-TREE. To this Dickens contributed three branches. I. MYSELF; II. THE BOOTS; III. THE BILL. v. 153; VI. 107.

1856.

LITTLE DORRIT. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Hablot Browne. (Twelve numbers issued monthly, between January and December.) Bradbury & Evans.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *Household Words*. THE WRECK OF THE GOLDEN MARY. To this Dickens contributed the leading chapter: THE WRECK. VI. 179.

1857.

LITTLE DORRIT. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Hablot Browne. (Seven numbers issued monthly, the last being a double number, from January to June, in which latter month the tale was published complete, with preface, and dedication to Clarkson Stanfield.) Bradbury & Evans. v. 67; 70; 93; 113; 153-61; 274-7.

THE LAZY TOUR OF TWO IDLE APPRENTICES, in *Household Words* for October. To the first part of these papers Dickens contributed all up to the top of the second column of page 316; to the second part, all up to the white line in the second column of page 340; to the third part, all except the reflections of Mr. Idle (363-5); and the whole of the fourth part. All the rest was by Mr. Wilkie Collins. v. 167-73; VI. 40.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *Household Words*. THE PERILS OF CERTAIN ENGLISH PRISONERS. To this Dickens contributed the chapters entitled THE ISLAND OF SILVER-STORE, and THE RAFTS ON THE RIVER.

THE FIRST LIBRARY EDITION OF THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. The first volume, with dedication to John Forster, was issued in December 1857, and the volumes appeared monthly up to the 24th, issued in November 1859. The later books and writings have been added in subsequent volumes, and an edition has also been issued with the illustrations. To the second volume of the Old Curiosity Shop, as issued in this edition, were added 31 "REPRINTED PIECES" taken from Dickens's papers in *Household Words*: which have since appeared also in other collected editions. Chapman & Hall. v. 234.

AUTHORIZED FRENCH TRANSLATION OF THE WORKS OF DICKENS. Translations of Dickens exist in every European language; but the only version of his writings in a foreign tongue authorized by him, or for which he received anything, was undertaken in Paris. Nickleby was the first story published, and to it was prefixed an address from Dickens to the French public dated from Tavistock-house the 17th January 1857. Hachette. v. 119; 123.

1858.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *Household Words*. A HOUSE TO LET.

To this Dickens contributed the chapter entitled "GOING INTO SOCIETY." v. 249; 258.

1859.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND, the weekly serial which took the place of HOUSEHOLD WORDS. Began on the 30th of April in this year, went on uninterruptedly until Dickens's death, and is continued under the management of his son. v. 237-52; VI. 157; 184-92.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Hablot Browne. This tale was printed in weekly portions in *All the Year Round*, between the dates of the 30th of April and the 26th of November 1859; appearing also concurrently in monthly numbers with illustrations, from June to December; when it was published complete with dedication to Lord John Russell. v. 241; 277-8; VI. 43-50.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *All the Year Round*. THE HAUNTED HOUSE. To which Dickens contributed two chapters. I. THE MORTALS IN THE HOUSE; II. THE GHOST IN MASTER B'S ROOM. v. 245.

1860.

HUNTED DOWN. A Story in two Portions. (Written for an American newspaper, and reprinted in the numbers of *All the Year Round* for the 4th and the 11th of August.) v. 251; 277.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER. By Charles Dickens. (Seventeen papers, which had appeared under this title between the dates of 28th of January and 13th of October 1860 in *All the Year Round*, were published at the close of the year, in a volume, with preface dated December. A later impression was issued in 1868, as a volume of what was called the Charles Dickens Edition; when eleven fresh papers, written in the interval, were added; and promise was given, in a preface dated December 1868, of the Uncommercial Traveller's intention "to take to the road again before another winter sets in." Between that date and the autumn of 1869, when the last of his detached papers were written, *All the Year Round* published seven "New Uncommercial Samples" which have not yet been collected. Their titles were, i. Aboard ship (which opened, on the 5th of December 1868, the New Series of

All the Year Round); ii. A Small Star in the East; iii. A Little Dinner in an Hour; iv. Mr. Barlow; v. On an Amateur Beat; vi. A Fly-Leaf in a Life; vii. A Plea for Total Abstinence. The date of the last was the 5th of June 1869; and on the 24th of July appeared his last piece of writing for the serial he had so long conducted, a paper entitled *Landor's Life*. V. 246-51; VI. 160.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *All the Year Round*. A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA. To which Dickens contributed nearly all the first, and the whole of the second and the last chapter: THE VILLAGE, THE MONEY, and THE RESTITUTION; the two intervening chapters, though also with insertions from his hand, not being his.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. By Charles Dickens. Begun in *All the Year Round* on the 1st of December, and continued weekly to the close of that year.

1861.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. By Charles Dickens. Resumed on the 5th of January and issued in weekly portions, closing on the 3rd of August, when the complete story was published in three volumes and inscribed to Chauncy Hare Townshend. In the following year it was published in a single volume, illustrated by Mr. Marcus Stone. Chapman & Hall. V. 243-4; 257 (the words there used "on Great Expectations closing in June 1861" refer to the time when the Writing of it was closed: it did not close in the publication until August, as above stated); VI. 50-9.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *All the Year Round*. TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND. To which Dickens contributed three of the seven chapters. I. PICKING UP SOOT AND CINDERS; II. PICKING UP MISS KIMMEENS; III. PICKING UP THE TINKER. V. 243-5.

1862.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *All the Year Round*. SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE. To which Dickens contributed four chapters. I. HIS LEAVING IT TILL CALLED FOR; II. HIS BOOTS; III. HIS BROWN-PAPER PARCEL; IV. HIS WONDERFUL END. To the chapter of His Umbrella he also contributed a portion. VI. 40; 60-1.

1863.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *All the Year Round*. MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS. To which Dickens contributed the first and the last chapter. I. HOW MRS. LIRRIPER CARRIED ON THE BUSINESS; II. HOW THE PARLOURS ADDED A FEW WORDS. VI. 61.

1864.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by Marcus Stone. Eight numbers issued monthly between May and December. Chapman & Hall.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *All the Year Round*: MRS. LIRRIPER'S LEGACY. To which Dickens contributed the first and the last chapter. I. MRS. LIRRIPER RELATES HOW 'SHE WENT ON, AND WENT OVER; II. MRS. LIRRIPER RELATES HOW JEMMY TOPPED UP. VI. 61.

1865.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by Marcus Stone. In Two Volumes. (Two more numbers issued in January and February, when the first volume was published, with dedication to Sir James Emerson Tennent. The remaining ten numbers, the last being a double number, were issued between March and November, when the complete work was published in two volumes. Chapman & Hall. v. 269; 278-9; 302.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *All the Year Round*. DOCTOR MARI-GOLD'S PRESCRIPTIONS. To this Dickens contributed three portions. I. TO BE TAKEN IMMEDIATELY; II. TO BE TAKEN FOR LIFE; III. The portion with the title of TO BE TAKEN WITH A GRAIN OF SALT, describing a Trial for Murder, was also his. VI. 69-71.

1866.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *All the Year Round*. MUGBY JUNCTION. To this Dickens contributed four papers. I. BARBOX BROTHERS; II. BARBOX BROTHERS AND CO.; III. MAIN LINE—THE BOY AT MUGBY; IV. No. 1 BRANCH LINE—THE SIGNAL-MAN. VI. 70 (where a slight error is made in not treating *Barbox* and the *Mugby Boy* as parts of one Christmas piece).

1867.

THE CHARLES DICKENS EDITION. This collected edition, which had originated with the American publishing firm of Ticknor and Fields, was issued here between the dates of 1868 and 1870, with dedication to John Forster, beginning with *Pickwick* in May 1867, and closing with the *Child's History* in July 1870. The REPRINTED PIECES were with the volume of AMERICAN NOTES, and the PICTURES FROM ITALY closed the volume containing HARD TIMES. Chapman & Hall.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *All the Year Round*. No THOROUGHFARE. To this Dickens contributed, with Mr. Wilkie Collins, in nearly equal portions. With the new series of *All the Year Round*, which began on the 5th of December 1868, Dickens discontinued the issue of Christmas Numbers. VI. 70.

1868.

A HOLIDAY ROMANCE. GEORGE SILVERMAN'S EXPLANATION. Written respectively for a *Child's Magazine*, and for the *Atlantic Monthly*, published in America by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields. Republished in *All the Year Round* on the 25th of January and the 1st and 8th of February 1868. V. 322; VI. 70

1870.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD. By Charles Dickens, with twelve illustrations by S. L. Fildes. (Meant to have comprised twelve monthly numbers, but prematurely closed by the writer's death in June.) Issued in six monthly numbers, between April and September. Chapman & Hall. VI. 156-70.

II.

THE WILL OF CHARLES DICKENS.

"I, CHARLES DICKENS, of Gadshill Place, Higham in the county of Kent, hereby revoke all my former Wills and Codicils and declare this to be my last Will and Testament. I give the sum of £1000 free of legacy duty to Miss Ellen Lawless Ternan, late of Houghton Place, Amptill Square, in the county of Middlesex. I GIVE the sum of £19 19 0

"to my faithful servant Mrs. Anne Cornelius. I GIVE the sum
 "of £19 19 0 to the daughter and only child of the said Mrs.
 "Anne Cornelius. I GIVE the sum of £19 19 0 to each and
 "every domestic servant, male and female, who shall be in
 "my employment at the time of my decease, and shall have
 "been in my employment for a not less period of time than one
 "year. I GIVE the sum of £1000 free of legacy duty to my
 "daughter Mary Dickens. I also give to my said daughter
 "an annuity of £300 a year, during her life, if she shall so
 "long continue unmarried; such annuity to be considered as
 "accruing from day to day, but to be payable half yearly,
 "the first of such half-yearly payments to be made at the
 "expiration of six months next after my decease. If my said
 "daughter Mary shall marry, such annuity shall cease; and
 "in that case, but in that case only, my said daughter shall
 "share with my other children in the provision hereinafter
 "made for them. I GIVE to my dear sister-in-law Georgina
 "Hogarth the sum of £8000 free of legacy duty. I also give
 "to the said Georgina Hogarth all my personal jewellery
 "not hereinafter mentioned, and all the little familiar ob-
 "jects from my writing-table and my room, and she will
 "know what to do with those things. I ALSO GIVE to the
 "said Georgina Hogarth all my private papers whatsoever
 "and wheresoever, and I leave her my grateful blessing as
 "the best and truest friend man ever had. I GIVE to my
 "eldest son Charles my library of printed books, and my
 "engravings and prints; and I also give to my son Charles
 "the silver salver presented to me at Birmingham, and the
 "silver cup presented to me at Edinburgh, and my shirt
 "studs, shirt pins, and sleeve buttons. AND I BEQUEATH
 "unto my said son Charles and my son Henry Fielding
 "Dickens, the sum of £8000 upon trust to invest the same,
 "and from time to time to vary the investments thereof, and
 "to pay the annual income thereof to my wife during her life,
 "and after her decease the said sum of £8000 and the in-
 "vestments thereof shall be in trust for my children (but
 "subject as to my daughter Mary to the proviso herein-
 "before contained) who being a son or sons shall have at-
 "tained or shall attain the age of twenty-one years or being
 "a daughter or daughters shall have attained or shall attain
 "that age or be previously married, in equal shares if more
 "than one. I GIVE my watch (the gold repeater presented

"to me at Coventry), and I give the chains and seals and all
"appendages I have worn with it, to my dear and trusty
"friend John Forster, of Palace Gate House, Kensington, in
"the county of Middlesex aforesaid; and I also give to the
"said John Forster such manuscripts of my published works
"as may be in my possession at the time of my decease.
"AND I DEVISE AND BEQUEATH all my real and personal
"estate (except such as is vested in me as a trustee or mort-
"gagee) unto the said Georgina Hogarth and the said John
"Forster, their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns
"respectively, upon trust that they the said Georgina
"Hogarth and John Forster, or the survivor of them or the
"executors or administrators of such survivor, do and shall,
"at their, his, or her uncontrolled and irresponsible direc-
"tion, either proceed to an immediate sale or conversion
"into money of the said real and personal estate (including
"my copyrights), or defer and postpone any sale or conversion
"into money, till such time or times as they, he, or she
"shall think fit, and in the meantime may manage and
"let the said real and personal estate (including my copy-
"rights), in such manner in all respects as I myself could do,
"if I were living and acting therein; it being my intention
"that the trustees or trustee for the time being of this
"my Will shall have the fullest power over the said real and
"personal estate which I can give to them, him, or her. AND I
"DECLARE that, until the said real and personal estate shall
"be sold and converted into money, the rents and annual in-
"come thereof respectively shall be paid and applied to the
"person or persons in the manner and for the purposes to
"whom and for which the annual income of the monies to
"arise from the sale or conversion thereof into money
"would be payable or applicable under this my Will in
"case the same were sold or converted into money. AND
"I DECLARE that my real estate shall for the purposes of
"this my Will be considered as converted into personalty
"upon my decease. AND I DECLARE that the said trustees
"or trustee for the time being, do and shall, with and
"out of the monies which shall come to their, his, or
"her hands, under or by virtue of this my Will and the trusts
"thereof, pay my just debts, funeral and testamentary ex-
"penses, and legacies. AND I DECLARE that the said trust
"funds or so much thereof as shall remain after answering

"the purposes aforesaid, and the annual income thereof, shall be in trust for all my children (but subject as to my daughter Mary to the proviso hereinbefore contained), who being a son or sons shall have attained or shall attain the age of twenty-one years, and being a daughter or daughters shall have attained or shall attain that age or be previously married, in equal shares if more than one. PROVIDED ALWAYS, that, as regards my copyrights and the produce and profits thereof, my said daughter Mary, notwithstanding the proviso hereinbefore contained with reference to her, shall share with my other children therein whether she be married or not. AND I DEVISE the estates vested in me at my decease as a trustee or mortgagee unto the use of the said Georgina Hogarth and John Forster, their heirs and assigns, upon the trusts and subject to the equities affecting the same respectively. AND I APPOINT the said GEORGINA HOGARTH and JOHN FORSTER executrix and executor of this my Will, and GUARDIANS of the persons of my children during their respective minorities. AND LASTLY, as I have now set down the form of words which my legal advisers assure me are necessary to the plain objects of this my Will, I solemnly enjoin my dear children always to remember how much they owe to the said Georgina Hogarth, and never to be wanting in a grateful and affectionate attachment to her, for they know well that she has been, through all the stages of their growth and progress, their ever useful self-denying and devoted friend. AND I DESIRE here simply to record the fact that my wife, since our separation by consent, has been in the receipt from me of an annual income of £600, while all the great charges of a numerous and expensive family have devolved wholly upon myself. I emphatically direct that I be buried in an inexpensive, unostentatious, and strictly private manner; that no public announcement be made of the time or place of my burial; that at the utmost not more than three plain mourning coaches be employed; and that those who attend my funeral wear no scarf, cloak, black bow, long hat-band, or other such revolting absurdity. I DIRECT that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb, without the addition of 'Mr.' or 'Esquire.' I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the

“remembrance of my country upon my published works,
 “and to theremembrance of my friends upon their experience
 “of me in addition thereto. I commit my soul to the mercy
 “of God through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I
 “exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves
 “by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit,
 “and to put no faith in any man’s narrow construction of its
 “letter here or there. IN WITNESS whereof I the said Charles
 “Dickens, the testator, have to this my last Will and Testa-
 “ment set my hand this 12th day of May in the year of our
 “Lord 1869.

“Signed published and declared “by the above-named Charles “Dickens the testator as and for “his last Will and Testament in “the presence of us (present to- “gether at the same time) who in “his presence at his request and “in the presence of each other “have hereunto subscribed our “names as witnesses.	} CHARLES DICKENS.
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“G. HOLSWORTH,
 “26 Wellington Street, Strand.

“HENRY WALKER,
 “26 Wellington Street, Strand.

“I, CHARLES DICKENS of Gadshill Place near Rochester
 “in the county of Kent Esquire declare this to be a Codicil
 “to my last Will and Testament which Will bears date the
 “12th day of May 1869. I GIVE to my son Charles Dickens
 “the younger all my share and interest in the weekly journal
 “called ‘All the Year Round,’ which is now conducted under
 “Articles of Partnership made between me and William
 “Henry Wills and the said Charles Dickens the younger,
 “and all my share and interest in the stereotypes stock and
 “other effects belonging to the said partnership, he defray-
 “ing my share of all debts and liabilities of the said partner-
 “ship which may be outstanding at the time of my decease,
 “and in all other respects I confirm my said Will. IN WIT-
 “NESS whereof I have hereunto set my hand the 2nd day of
 “June in the year of our Lord 1870.

"Signed and declared by the "said CHARLES DICKENS, the "testator, as and for a Codicil to "his Will in the presence of us "present at the same time who "at his request in his presence "and in the presence of each "other hereunto subscribe our "names as witnesses.	}	CHARLES DICKENS.
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"G. HOLSWORTH,

"26 Wellington Street, Strand.

"H. WALKER,

"26 Wellington Street, Strand."

The real and personal estate,—taking the property bequeathed by the last codicil at a valuation of something less than two years' purchase; and of course before payment of the legacies, the (inconsiderable) debts, and the testamentary and other expenses,—amounted, as nearly as may be calculated, to £93,000.

III.

CORRECTIONS FOR THE THIRD AND FOURTH VOLUMES.

- Vol. III. p. 49. "Covent-garden" is substituted for "Drury-lane." The *Chronicle* atoned for its present silence by a severe notice of the man's subsequent appearance at the Haymarket; and of this I am glad to be reminded by Mr. Gruneisen, who wrote the criticism.
- - *ib.* The son of the publican referred to (Mr. Whelpdale of Streatham), pointing out my error in not having made the Duke of Brunswick the defendant, says he was himself a witness in the case, and has had pride in repeating to his own children what the Chief Justice said of his father.

Vol. III. p. 122. The "limpet on the rock" and the "green boots" refer to a wonderful picce by Turner in the previous year's Academy, exhibiting a rock overhanging a magnificent sea, a booted figure appearing on the rock, and at its feet a blotch to represent a limpet: the subject being Napoleon at St. Helena.

- - 181. "Assumption" is substituted for "Trans-figuration."

- - 196. Six words are added to the last note.

- - 209-10. An error in my former statement of the circumstances of Mr. Fletcher's death, which I much regret to have made, is now corrected.

- - 211. The proper names of the ship and her captain are here given, as the Fantôme, commanded by Sir Frederick (now Vice-Admiral) Nicolson.

- - 250. A correspondent familiar with Lausanne informs me that the Castle of Chillon is not visible from Rosemont, and that Dickens in these first days must have mistaken some other object for it. "A long mass of mountain hides Chillon from view, and it only becomes visible when you get about six miles from Lausanne on the Vevay road, when a curve in the road or lake shows it visible behind the bank of mountains." The error at p. 282, now corrected, was mine.

- - 270. "Clinking," the right word, replaces "drinking."

Vol. IV. p. 21. A passage which stood in the early editions is removed, the portrait which it referred to having been not that of the lady mentioned, but of a relative bearing the same name.

- - 26-7. I quote a letter to myself from one of the baronet's family present at the outbreak goodnaturedly exaggerated in Mr. Cerjat's account to Dickens. "I well remember

- Vol. IV. p. 27. "the dinner at Mr. Cerjat's alluded to in
 "one of the letters from Lausanne in your
 "Life of Dickens. It was not however our
 "first acquaintance with the 'distinguished
 "writer,' as he came with his family to
 "stay at a Pension on the border of the
 "Lake of Geneva where my father and his
 "family were then living, and notwith-
 "standing the gallant captain's 'habit' the
 "families subsequently became very in-
 "timate."
- - 29. Lord Vernon is more correctly described as
 the fifth Baron, who succeeded to the title
 in 1835 and died in 1866 in his 64th year.
 - - 43. The distance of Mont Blanc from the Neu-
 châtel road is now properly given as sixty
 not six miles.
 - - 111. line 8. Not "subsequent" but "modified"
 is the proper word.
 - - 172. In mentioning the painters who took an
 interest in the Guild scheme I omitted the
 distinguished name of Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A.,
 by whom an admirable design, taken from
 Defoe's life, was drawn for the card of
 membership.
 - - 235. In supposing that the Child's Dream of a
 Star was not among Dickens's Reprinted
 Pieces, I fell into an error, which is here
 corrected.
 - - 249. I did not mean to imply that Lady Graham was
 herself a Sheridan. She was only connected
 with the family she so well "represented"
 by being the sister of the lady whom Tom
 Sheridan married.

The incident at Mr. Hone's funeral quoted at pp. 28-30
 (vol. III.) from a letter to Mr. Felton written by Dickens
 shortly after the occurrence (2nd of March, 1843), and
 published, a year before my volume, in Mr. Field's *Yester-
 days with Authors* (pp. 146-8), has elicited from the "In-
 dependent clergyman" referred to a counter statement of
 the alleged facts, of which I here present an abridgement,

omitting nothing that is in any way material. "Though it is thirty years since . . . several who were present survive to this day, and have a distinct recollection of all that occurred. One of these is the writer of this article—"another, the Rev. Joshua Harrison . . . The Independent clergyman never wore bands, and had no Bible under his arm . . . An account of Mr. Hone had appeared in some of the newspapers, containing an offensive paragraph to the effect that one 'speculation' having failed, Mr. Hone was disposed, and persuaded by the Independent clergyman, to try another, that other being 'to try his powers in the pulpit.' This was felt by the family to be an insult alike to the living and the dead . . . Mr. Harrison's account is, that the Independent clergyman was observed speaking to Miss Hone about something apparently annoying to both, and that, turning to Mr. Cruikshank, he said 'Have you seen the sketch of Mr. Hone's life in the *Herald*?' Mr. C. replied 'Yes.' 'Don't you think it very discreditable? It is a gross reflection on our poor friend, as if he would use the most sacred things merely for a piece of bread; and it is a libel on me and the denomination I belong to, as if we could be parties to such a proceeding.' Mr. C. said in reply, 'I know something of the article, but what you complain of was not in it originally—it was an addition by another hand.' Mr. C. afterwards stated that he wrote the article, 'but *not* the offensive paragraph.' The vulgar nonsense put into the mouth of the clergyman by Mr. Dickens was wound up, it is said, by 'Let us pray' . . . but this *cannot* be true; and for this reason, the conversation with Mr. Cruikshank took place before the domestic service, and that service, according to Nonconformist custom, is always begun by reading an appropriate passage of Scripture . . . Mr. Dickens says that while they were kneeling at prayer Mr. Cruikshank whispered to him what he relates. Mr. C. denies it; and I believe him . . . In addition to the improbability, one of the company remembers that Mr. Dickens and Mr. Cruikshank did not sit together, and could not have knelt side by side." The reader must be left to judge between what is said of the incident in the text and these recollections of it after thirty years.

11 AG 20072 n1



I N D E X.

- A'BECKETT (GILBERT), at Miss Kelly's theatre, III. 228; death of, v. 117.
- Aberdeen, reading at, v. 232.
- Actors and acting, L 217-20, II. 70, 279-81, III. 99, 133-5, 190-1, 196, IV. 174-5; at Miss Kelly's theatre, III. 228; French, v. 125-132.
- Adams (John Quincey), II. 148, 194.
- Adelphi theatre, *Carol* dramatized at the, III. 99.
- Africa, memorials of dead children in, v. 292.
- Agassiz (M.), VI. 79-80 note.
- Agreements, literary, III. 89-92, v. 212.
- Ainsworth (Harrison), L 145, 204, 227.
- Alamode beef-house (John-son's), L 64.
- Albany (U.S.), reading at, VI. 130 (and see 136).
- Albaro, Villa Bagnerello at III. 118, 126; the sirocco at, III. 120; Angus Fletcher's sketch of the villa, III. 127; English servants at, III. 129; tradespeople at, III. 131; dinner at French consul's, III. 137-9; reception at the Marquis di Negri's, III. 140.
- Albert (Prince), II. 158 note; at Boulogne, v. 105-6.
- Alison (Dr.), II. 68, 70.
- Alison (Sheriff), IV. 164.
- All the Year Round*, titles suggested for, v. 239-41; first number of, v. 242; success of, *ib.*; difference between *Household Words* and, v. 243-4; tales in, by eminent writers, v. 244; sale of Christmas numbers of, v. 245; Dickens's detached papers in, v. 245, 246, VI. 223; Charles Collins's papers in, v. 254-5; projected story for, v. 309, VI. 157; new series of, VI. 157 note; change of plan in, VI. 188; Dickens's last paper in, VI. 223.
- Allan (Sir William), II. 68, 70, IV. 256-7.
- Allonby (Cumberland), v. 170; landlady of inn at, v. 171.
- Allston (Washington), II. 154.
- Amateur theatricals, II. 278-82, IV. 263-4, v. 56-9.

Ambigu (Paris), *Paradise Lost* at the, v. [127-9](#).

America, visit to, contemplated by Dickens, [L 245](#); wide-spread knowledge of Dickens's writings in, [L 270-2](#), vi. [76-7](#); eve of visit to, [L 104-13](#); visit to, decided, [II. 106](#); proposed book about, [II. 107](#); arrangements for journey, *ib.*; rough passage to, [II. 114-22](#); first impressions of, [II. 122-42](#); hotels in, [II. 129](#), vi. [81](#), [86](#), [104](#), [129](#); inns in, [II. 188](#), [215-16](#) note, [252](#), [255](#), [260-1](#), vi. [126](#); Dickens's popularity in, [II. 133](#), vi. [79](#); second impressions of, [II. 143-75](#); levees in, [II. 147](#), [192](#), [215](#), [225](#), [243](#), [258](#); outcry against Dickens in, [II. 155](#); slavery in, [II. 165](#), [199-201](#), [246-7](#); [III. 108](#); international copyright agitation in, [II. 167](#), [197](#), [271-3](#); railway travelling in, [II. 177](#), [219](#), vi. [89-90](#), [97](#), [130](#); trying climate of, [II. 192](#); "located" Englishmen in, [II. 196](#); Dickens's dislike of, [II. 197](#); canal-boat journeys in, [II. 206-35](#); Dickens's real compliment to, [II. 209](#); deference paid to ladies in, [II. 227](#); duelling in, [II. 256](#); Dickens's opinion of country and people of, in 1842, [II. 196-7](#) (and see [263-4](#)); in 1868, [III. 36-7](#), vi. [104-8](#); effect of *Martin*

Chuzzlewit in, [III. 78](#); desire in, to hear Dickens read, v. [320](#); Mr. Dolby sent to, v. [322](#); result of Dolby's visit, v. [324-5](#) note; revisited by Dickens, vi. [78-137](#); old and new friends in, vi. [80](#); profits of readings in, vi. [83](#); Fenianism in, vi. [88](#); newspapers in, vi. [92](#); planning the readings in, vi. [92-3](#); nothing lasts long in, vi. [93](#), [123](#); work of Dickens's staff in, vi. [101](#); the result of [34](#) readings in, vi. [108](#); Dickens's way of life in, vi. [109](#), [128](#), [131-2](#) note; value of a vote in, vi. [112](#); objection to coloured people in, vi. [113](#); female beauty in, vi. [125-6](#); total expenses of reading tour, and profits from readings, vi. [140](#) (and see [136](#)); Dickens's departure from, vi. [137](#); effect of Dickens's death in, vi. [75](#).

Americanisms, [II. 129](#), [165](#), [221-2](#), [244](#), [274](#).

American Notes, choicest passages of, [II. 211](#); less satisfactory than Dickens's letters, [II. 206-7](#); in preparation, [III. 19-20](#); proposed dedication of, [III. 23-4](#); rejected motto for, [III. 27](#); suppressed introductory chapter to, [III. 30-36](#); Jeffrey's opinion of, [III. 36](#); large sale of, *ib.*

Americans, friendly, [III. 191](#);

- deaths of famous, since 1842, VI. 355 note; homage to Dickens by, VI. 159 note; French contrasted with, IV. 88-9.
- Andersen (Hans), V. 164.
- Anniversary, a birthday, I. 139-40, 188, V. 309, VI. 202; a fatal, V. 305, VI. 67.
- Arnold (Dr.), Dickens's reverence for, III. 160.
- Arras (France), a religious Richardson's show at, V. 271.
- Art, conventionalities of, III. 182; limitations of, in England, VI. 20; inferiority of English to French, V. 144-6.
- Artists' Benevolent Fund dinner, V. 234.
- Ashburton (Lord), II. 168, 244.
- Ashley (Lord) and ragged schools, II. 102, III. 57-8, IV. 277-8.
- Astley's, a visit from, V. 162-3; *Mazeppa* at, V. 303 note.
- As You Like It*, French version of, V. 130.
- Atlantic, card-playing on the, II. 118.
- Auber and Queen Victoria, V. 133.
- Austin (Henry), I. 227-8, V. 242; secretary to the Sanitary Commission, IV. 157, death of, V. 259.
- Australia, idea of settling in, entertained by Dickens, V. 182; scheme for readings in, V. 268 note (idea abandoned, V. 270).
- Austrian police the, V. 90-92.
- Authors, American, II. 154.
- Authorship, disquietudes of, IV. 50.
- BABBAGE (CHARLES), III. 113, IV. 249.
- Bagot (Sir Charles), II. 279.
- Balloon Club at Twickenham, II. 228 note.
- Baltimore (U.S.), women of, VI. 111; readings at, VI. 111-12, 120, (and see 136); white and coloured prisoners in Penitentiary at, VI. 113.
- Bancroft (George), II. 130, IV. 248.
- Banquets, Emile de Girardin's superb, V. 138-40.
- Bantams, reduced, V. 249.
- Barham (Rev. Mr.), III. 189, IV. 257.
- Barnaby Rudge*, agreement to write, I. 168, (and see 184-6, 203-4, 222, II. 27-28); Dickens at work on, I. 233, II. 36-8, 44, 48-50; agreement for, transferred to Chapman and Hall, II. 25-29; the raven in, II. 38-43; constraints of weekly publication, II. 49; close of, II. 50; the story characterised, II. 50-5.
- Bartlett (Dr.) on slavery in America, II. 247.
- Bath, a fancy about, VI. 146.
- Bathing, sea, Dickens's love of, III. 24, 55-6, 146-7.
- Battle of Life*, title suggested for the, III. 275 (and see

- iv. [58](#); contemplated abandonment of, iv. [46](#); writing of, resumed, iv. 55-6; finished, iv. [59](#); points in the story, *ib.*; Jeffrey's opinion of the, iv. [67-8](#); sketch of the story, iv. [68-70](#); Dickens's own comments on, iv. [70](#); date of the story, *ib.*; reply to criticism *on*, iv. [71](#); doubts as to third part of, iv. [73](#); dedication of, iv. [74](#); illustrated by Stanfield and Leech, iv. [75](#); grave mistake made by Leech, *ib.*; dramatized, iv. [90](#).
- Bayham-street, Camden town, Dickens's early life in, [L 40-49](#).
- Beale (Mr.), a proposal from, v. [194](#).
- Beard (Mr. Carr), iv. [257](#); on Dickens's lameness, vi. [149](#); readings stopped by, vi. [151](#); in constant attendance on Dickens at his last readings, vi. [226](#) (and see [237](#)).
- Beard (Thos.), [L 113](#), [124-6](#); v. [254](#).
- Beaucourt (M.) described by Dickens, v. [97-8](#); his "Property," v. [97](#); among the Putney market-gardeners, v. [99](#); goodness of, v. [118](#) note.
- Bedrooms, American, ii. [130](#); [146](#).
- Beecher (Ward), vi. [102](#); readings in his church at Brooklyn, vi. [108-9](#).
- Beer, a dog's fancy for, v. [216](#) note.
- Beggars, Italian, iii. [197-99](#).
- Begging-letter writers, ii. [31-2](#), iii. [111](#); in Paris, iv. [94](#).
- Belfast, reading at, v. [227](#).
- Benedict (Jules), illness of, iv. [247](#).
- Bentley (Mr.), Dickens's early relations with, [L 167-9](#), [176](#), [184-6](#), [201](#), [204](#), ii. [25](#), v. [138](#); friendly feeling of Dickens to, in after life, iv. [264](#), v. [239](#).
- Bentley's Miscellany*, Dickens editor of, [L 150](#); proposal to write *Barnaby Rudge* in, [L 185](#); editorship of, transferred to Mr. Ainsworth, [L 204-5](#).
- Berwick, Mary (Adelaide Procter), vi. [189](#).
- Berwick-on-Tweed, reading at, v. [264](#).
- Betting-men at Doncaster, v. [172-3](#).
- Beverley (William) at Wellington-house academy, [L 102](#).
- Birds and low company, v. [249-51](#).
- Birmingham, Dickens's promise to read at, v. [51](#); promise fulfilled (first public readings), v. [54](#); another reading at, v. [312](#); Dickens's speeches at Institute at, iii. [96-99](#), vi. [222](#).
- Birthday associations, [L 139-40](#), [188](#), v. [309](#).
- Black (Adam), ii. [68](#).
- Black (Charles), iv. [257](#).

- Black (John), [L 123](#), III. [109](#); early appreciation by, of Dickens, [L 131](#); dinner to, III. [53](#).
- Blacking-warehouse (at Hungerford Stairs), Dickens employed at, [L 59](#); described, [L 60](#) (and see VI. [206](#) note); associates of Dickens at, [L 61](#), [62](#); removed to Chandos-street, Covent-garden, [L 82](#); Dickens leaves, [L 83-4](#); what became of the business, [L 86](#).
- Blackmore (Edward), Dickens employed as clerk by, [L 107](#); his recollections of Dickens, [L 107-9](#).
- Blackpool, Dickens at, VI. [149](#).
- Blackwood's Magazine* and *Little Dorrit*, V. [161](#).
- Blair (General), VI. [117](#).
- Blanchard (Laman), III. [174](#), [188](#) (and see [203](#)); a Literary Fund dinner described by, II. [158](#).
- Bleak House* begun, IV. [220](#); originals of Boythorn and Skimpole in, V. [19-23](#); inferior to *Copperfield*, V. [26](#); handling of character in, V. [35-45](#); defects of, V. [38](#); Dean Ramsay on, V. [42](#); originals of Chancery abuses in, V. [44](#); proposed titles for, V. [46](#) note; completion of, V. [46](#); sale of, V. [47](#).
- Blessington (Lady), lines written for, III. [51-2](#) note (and see [96](#)).
- Blind Institution at Lausanne, inmates of, III. [257-62](#), V. [72-3](#).
- Bonchurch, Dickens at, IV. [202-15](#); effect of climate of, IV. [209-10](#); entertainment at, V. [108-9](#) note.
- Books, written and unwritten, hints for, V. [273-4](#); suggested titles in Memoranda for new, V. [293](#); a complete list of Dickens's, VI. [241-253](#).
- Booksellers, invitation to, III. [104](#) note.
- Boots, absurdity of, II. [148](#).
- Boots, a gentlemanly, at Calais, [L 169-70](#); a patriotic Irish, V. [224-5](#).
- Boots at the Holly-tree Inn*, V. [153](#); reading of, at Boston (U. S.), VI. [101](#).
- Bores, American, II. [228](#), [230](#), [239](#), [241](#).
- Boston (U. S.), first visit to, II. [124-36](#); enthusiastic reception at, II. [125-6](#); dinner at, II. [145](#); changes in, since 1842, VI. [81](#); first reading in, VI. [82](#); a remembrance of Christmas at, VI. [91](#); walking-match at, VI. [120](#); audiences at, VI. [123](#); last readings at, VI. [135](#).
- Bottle* (Cruikshank's), Dickens's opinion of, IV. [156](#), 185-6.
- Boulogne, an imaginary dialogue at, IV. [95-7](#); Dickens at, V. [50-1](#), [53-4](#), [93-118](#); the Pier at, V. [113](#); Dickens's liking for, V. [51](#); M. Beau-court's "Property" at, V. [94-103](#), [113-18](#); sketch of

- M. Beaucourt, v. 97-100;
 prices of provisions at, v. 99 note; Shakespearian performance at, v. 101;
 pig-market at, v. 101-2;
 Thackeray at, v. 103 note;
 camp at, v. 103-4, 113-14;
 Prince Albert at, v. 104-6;
 illuminations at, v. 106;
 epidemic at, v. 117.
Boulogne Jest Book, v. 59 note.
 Bouquets, serviceable, v. 136.
 Bourse, victims of the, v. 140-1.
 Boxall (William), iv. 257, v. 124.
 Boxing-match, a, III 244.
 Boyle (Mary), iv. 263, vi. 217.
 Boys, a list of Christian names of, v. 294.
 Boz, origin of the word, L 128;
 facsimile of autograph signature, II 93.
 Bradbury & Evans (Messrs.), III 66-68, 109, 274; a suggestion by, III 72; Dickens's agreements with, III 91 (and see iv. 50, v. 51).
 Bradford, Dickens asked to read at, v. 55 note.
 Brighton, Dickens's first visit to, L 172; other visits, iv. 197-8, 235-6; theatre at, L 173; reading at, v. 261.
Bride of Lammermoor (Scott's), composition of the, vi. 28-9.
 British Museum reading-room, frequented by Dickens, L 111.
 Broadstairs, Dickens at, L 170-1, 220, 256, II 94-109, III 55, 233 note, IV 159-62, 179-97, 198-201, 215-20;
Nickleby completed at, L 221; Dickens's house at, L 257; writing *American Notes* at, III 19; pony-chaise accident, IV 194-5; smuggling at, IV 218.
 Brobity's (Mr.) snuff-box, v. 297.
 Brooklyn (New York), scene at, vi. 102-3; readings in Mr. Ward Beecher's chapel, vi. 109.
 Brougham (Lord), in Paris, iv. 82; the 'Punch people' and, iv. 250.
 Browne (H. K.) chosen to illustrate *Pickwick*, L 143; accompanies Dickens and his wife to Flanders, L 169; failure of, in a *Dombey* illustration, iv. 123 (but see 116-18); sketch by, for Micawber, iv. 213; his sketch of Skimpole, v. 47.
 Browning's (R. B.) *Blot on the 'Scutcheon'*, Dickens's opinion of, III 44-5.
 Bruce (Knight), III 101.
 Brunel (Isambard), iv. 250.
 Buckingham Palace, Dickens at, vi. 203.
 Buffalo (U. S.), reading at, vi. 125.
 Buller (Charles), III 53.
 Burdett (Sir Francis), advocacy of the poor, II 57.
 Burns festival, Prof. Wilson's speech at the, III 144.
 Buss (Mr.), *Pickwick* illustrations by, L 143.
 Byron's (Lord) Ada, iv. 250.

- CAIRA, the revolutionary tune of, v. [126-8](#).
- Cambridge, reading at, v. [319](#).
- Cambridge (U.S.) and Boston contrasted, vi. [80-1](#); the Webster murder at, vi. [94-5](#).
- Camden-town, Dickens with Mrs. Roylance at, [i](#). [65](#).
- Campbell (Lord), ii. [158](#) note; on the writings of Dickens, v. [67](#) and note; death of, v. [244](#) note.
- Canada, emigrants in, iii. [24-6](#).
- Canal-boat journeys in America, ii. [206-35](#); a day's routine on, ii. [216](#); disagreeables of, ii. [218](#); a pretty scene on board, ii. [247-51](#).
- Cannibalism, an approach to, iv. [93](#).
- Cannon-row, Westminster, incident at public-house in, [i](#). [76](#), [77](#).
- Canterbury, reading at, v. [262](#).
- Car-driver, an Irish, v. [224](#) note.
- Carlisle (Lord), iv. [250](#).
- Carlisle (Bishop of) and Colenso, v. [246](#) note.
- Carlyle (Thomas), iii. [115](#), [143](#), [172](#), [174](#), [188](#); a strange profane story, [i](#). [161-2](#); on international copyright, ii. [172-5](#); Dickens's admiration of, ii. [175](#) (and see iv. [25](#)); a correction for, iv. [218-19](#); on Dickens's acting, v. [67](#); grand teaching of, v. [202](#); inaugural address of, at Edinburgh University, v. [309](#), hint by, to common men, vi. [14](#); on humour, vi. [31](#); a hero to Dickens, vi. [214](#); on Dickens's death, vi. [208-9](#) (and see iii. [115](#)).
- Carlyle (Mrs.), on the expression in Dickens's face, [i](#). [146](#); death of, v. [309](#); Dickens's last meeting, v. [309-10](#).
- Carriage, an unaccommodating, iii. [253](#); a wonderful, iv. [29](#).
- Carrick Fell (Cumberland), ascent of, v. [168-9](#); accident on, v. [169](#).
- Castle Spectre, a judicious "tag" to the, iv. [252](#).
- Catholicism, Roman, the true objection to, iv. [62](#).
- Cattermole (George), [i](#). [226](#), [247](#), iii. [119](#) note; imitation of a cabstand waterman by, iv. [200](#) note.
- Candle Lectures, a suggestion for the, iii. [145](#) note.
- Cerjat (Mr.), iii. [253](#) (and see vi. [260](#)), [276](#).
- Chalk (Kent), Dickens's honeymoon spent at, [i](#). [134](#); revisited, [i](#). [147](#).
- Chambers, contemplated chapters on, [i](#). [243](#).
- Chamounix, Dickens's trip to, iii. [277-81](#); revisited, v. [71-2](#); narrow escape of Egg at, v. [72](#).
- Chancery, Dickens's experience of a suit in, iii. [100-3](#); originals of the abuses exposed in *Bleak House*, v. [44](#).

- Channing (Dr.) on Dickens, [II. 126-7](#), [135-6](#).
- Chapman and Hall, overtures to Dickens by, [L 134](#); advise purchase of the *Sketches* copyright from Mr. Macrone, [L 154](#); early relations of Dickens with, [L 180-1](#); share of copyright in *Pickwick* conceded by, [ib.](#); payments by, for *Pickwick* and *Nicholas Nickleby*, [L 181](#); outline of *Master Humphrey's Clock* submitted to, [L 240-7](#); purchase of *Barnaby Rudge* by, [II. 27](#); Dickens's earliest and latest publishers, v. [138](#).
- Chapman (Mr. Thomas), not the original of Mr. Dombey, [III. 112](#) (and see [113](#)).
- Chappell (Messrs.), agreements with, v. [307](#), 310-11; arrangement with, for course of final readings, vi. [130](#) note (and see [138-9](#)); amount received from, on account of readings, vi. [140](#); Dickens's tribute to, vi. [226](#) note (and see v. 316).
- Charles Dickens as a Reader* (Charles Kent's), v. [234](#) note.
- Chatham, Dickens's early impressions of, [L 24](#), [38](#); day-school in Rome-lane, [L 28-9](#) note; Mr. Giles's school at, [L 36-7](#).
- Cheeryble (Brothers) in *Nickleby*, originals of, [L 227](#).
- Chester, readings at, v. [266](#), 314.
- Chesterton (Mr.), [II. 98](#), [III. 18](#).
- Chicago (U. S.), monomania respecting, vi. [110](#).
- Chigwell, inn at, [II. 43](#).
- Children, powers of observation in, [L 22-3](#), [28-9](#); mortality of young, in London, v. [189](#) note, v. [292](#); old, v. [291](#).
- Children-farming, Dickens on, v. [286](#) note.
- Child's History*, the, finished, v. [54](#).
- Child's night-lights, wonders of, v. [170](#).
- Chillon, Castle of, [III. 250](#), [282](#).
- Chimes*, a title found for the, [III. 152-3](#) design for, [III. 153](#); Dickens hard at work on, [III. 161](#); first outline of the, [III. 163-6](#); effect of, on Dickens's health, [III. 167-8](#); objections to, [III. 171](#); finished, [III. 172-3](#); private readings of, at Lincoln's-inn-fields, [III. 174](#), [188-9](#); Jeffrey's opinion of the, [III. 193](#).
- Chimneys, the smoky, [II. 21-2](#).
- Chinese Junk, iv. [179-183](#).
- Chorley (Henry), v. [254](#).
- Christmas, Dickens's identity with, [III. 93](#).
- Christmas-eve and day, Dickens's accustomed walk on, vi. [211](#).
- Christmas Carol*, origin of, [III. 60-1](#); preparation of, [III. 72](#); sale and accounts of, [III. 87-90](#); Jeffrey and Thackeray on, [III. 92](#); message

- of the, III. [92](#); the story characterized, III. [93-5](#); dramatized at the Adelphi, III. [99](#); reading of, for the Hospital for Sick Children, V. [197](#); reading of, in Boston (U.S.), VI. [123](#); Thackeray's copy of, purchased by her Majesty, VI. [200](#) note.
- Christmas Sketches*, Dickens's, VI. [60-1](#).
- Christmas sports, III. [46](#) note.
- Cicala, the, III. [124](#).
- Cincinnati (U. S.), II. [233](#); described, II. [234](#); temperance festival at, II. [238](#); bores at, III. [239-41](#).
- Circumlocution Office, the, V. [156](#).
- Clay (Henry), II. [192](#), [194](#); on international copyright, II. [160](#).
- Clennam (Mrs.), in *Little Dorrit*, original of, V. [275](#).
- Cleveland (U.S.), rude reception of mayor of, II. [265](#).
- Coachman, a Paris, IV. [100-1](#) note.
- Cobham-park, II. [26](#), [110](#); Dickens's last walk in, VI. [235](#).
- Cockburn (Sir Alexander), V. [124](#).
- Coffee-shops frequented by Dickens, I. [67](#).
- Cogswell (Mr.), IV. [258-9](#).
- Coincidence, marvels of, V. [172](#), VI. [218-20](#).
- Col de Balme pass, III. [277](#).
- Colden (David), II. [150](#), III. [208](#) note, IV. [258](#).
- Colenso (Bishop) and the Bishop of Carlisle, V. [246](#) note.
- Coleridge (Sara) on Little Nell, VI. [34](#) note; on *Chuzzlewit*, VI. [35](#).
- Collier (Payne) and Dickens in Hungerford Market, VI. [206](#).
- Collins (Charles Alston), marriage of, to Kate Dickens, V. [253](#); books by, V. [254-5](#); on Dickens's accompaniments of work, V. [209-10](#) note; cover designed by, for *Edwin Drood*, VI. [161](#); death of, V. [255](#).
- Collins (Wilkie), Dickens's regard for, IV. [176](#); holiday trip of, with Dickens and Egg, V. [71-92](#); at Boulogne V. [102](#); in Paris, V. [124](#); in Cumberland, V. [167-71](#); accident to, on Carrick Fell, V. [169](#); tales by, in *All the Year Round*, V. [244](#); at his brother's wedding, V. [254](#).
- Colquhoun (Mr.) II. [68](#).
- Columbus (U.S.), levee at, II. [258](#).
- Commercial Travellers' schools, admired by Dickens, V. [246](#).
- Commons, House of, Dickens's opinion of, I. [127](#), VI. [193](#).
- Conjuror, a French, V. [108-112](#).
- Consumption, hops a supposed cure for, V. [207](#).
- Conversion, a wonderful, III. [194](#) note.

- Cooke, Mr. (of Astley's), v. [162](#).
- Cooling Castle, ruins of, v. [204](#), [219](#).
- Cooling churchyard, Dickens's partiality for, v. [219](#).
- Copyright, international, Dickens's views on, II. [143](#), [154](#), [159](#), [172](#), [195](#), [208](#); III. [49](#); Henry Clay on, II. [160](#); petition to American Congress on, II. [167](#), [197](#); Carlyle on, II. [172-5](#); two obstacles to, II. [271-3](#), III. [23](#); result of agitation, II. [159](#).
- Corduroy-road, a, II. [259-60](#).
- Cornwall (Barry), III. [203](#), v. [21](#), (and see VI. [189](#), [225](#)).
- Cornwall, Dickens's trip to, III. [38-41](#).
- Costello (Dudley), fancy sketch of, IV. [154](#).
- Coutts, Miss (Baroness Burdett-Coutts), great regard for, III. [57-8](#); true friendship of, IV. [90](#); generosity of, III. [114](#) note, IV. [272](#), v. [301](#), (and see III. [193](#)).
- Covent-garden theatre, Macready at, I. [175](#), [231](#); farce written by Dickens for, I. [229](#); dinner at the close of Mr. Macready's management, I. [231](#); the editor of the *Satirist* hissed from stage of, III. [49](#); Dickens applies for an engagement at, III. [223-4](#).
- Coventry, gold repeater presented to Dickens by watchmakers of, v. [235](#) (and see VI. [254-5](#)).
- Crawford (Sir George), III. [185](#). *Cricket on the Hearth*, origin of the, III. [218-22](#); Dickens busy on, III. [234](#); reading of, in Ary Scheffer's studio, v. [147](#).
- Crimean war, unpopular in France, v. [107](#), [125](#), [141](#).
- Cruikshank (George), illustrations by, to *Sketches*, I. [140](#); claim by, to the origination of *Oliver Twist*, I. [191-95](#), IV. [115-16](#), [118](#) note (and see autograph letter of Dickens, IV. [117-18](#)); fancy sketch of, IV. [150](#), [153](#); Dickens's opinion of his *Bottle and Drunkard's Children*, IV. [156](#), [185-6](#).
- Cruise on Wheels* (Charles Collins's), v. [255](#).
- Cumberland, Dickens's trip in, v. [168-171](#).
- Cunningham, Peter, character and life, v. [68-9](#).
- Curry (Mr.), III. [132](#), [170](#), [185](#).
- Custom-house-officers (continental), III. [186](#), IV. [81](#).
- Daily News* projected, III. [220](#); misgiving as to, III. [235-6](#); first number of, III. [237](#); Dickens's short editorship, III. [235-39](#); succeeded by author of this book, III. [239](#), IV. [65-6](#).
- Dana (R. H.), II. [130](#).
- Danson (Dr. Henry), recollections by, of Dickens at school, I. [99-104](#); letter from Dickens to, I. [105](#) note.
- Dansons (the), at work, v. [163](#).

- David Copperfield*, identity of Dickens with hero of, [L 58-85](#), v. [27-30](#); characters and incidents in, v. [15-35](#); original of Dora in, [L 114](#); name found for, iv. [198](#); dinners in celebration of, iv. [217](#), [251-2](#); sale of, iv. [227](#); titles proposed for, iv. [243-46](#); progress of, iv. [267-70](#); Lord Lytton on, v. [15](#); popularity of, *ib.*; original of Miss Moucher in, v. [17](#); original of Mr. Micawber in, v. [24-26](#); *Bleak House* inferior to, v. [26](#); a proposed opening of, v. [154](#); facsimile of plan prepared for first number of, v. [155](#).
- De Foe (Daniel), Dickens's opinion of, v. [133](#) note; his *History of the Devil*, [L 174](#).
- Delane (John), iv. [250](#).
- Denman (Lord), iii. [113](#).
- Devonshire (Duke of) and the Guild of Literature and Art, iv. [171-2](#).
- Devonshire-terrace, Dickens removes from Doughty-street into, [L 232-3](#); Mac-lise's sketch of Dickens's house in, v. [35](#).
- Dick, a favourite canary, v. [115](#).
- Dickens (John), family of, [L 21](#); small but good library of, [L 31](#); money embarrassments of, [L 40, 49](#); character of, described by his son, [L 42](#); arrested for debt, [L 50](#); legacy to, [L 78](#); leaves the Marshalsea, [L 80](#); on the education of his son, [L 109-10](#); becomes a reporter, [L 110-11](#); *Devonshire* home of, described, [L 234-7](#); death of, iv. [273](#); his grave at Highgate, iv. [274](#); sayings of, v. [25](#); respect entertained by his son for, v. [26](#).
- Dickens (Fanny) iii. [223, 236, 238-9](#); elected a pupil to the Royal Academy of Music, [L 44](#); obtains a prize thereat, [L 81](#); illness of, iv. [85-6](#); death of, iv. [240](#); her funeral, [L 81](#).
- Dickens (Alfred), ii. [24](#); death of, v. [255](#).
- Dickens (Augustus) (died in America), iv. [157](#).
- Dickens (Frederick), [L 227](#), ii. [71, 109](#) (and see iv. [258](#)); narrow escape from drowning in the bay at Genoa, iii. [145-6](#); death of, vi. [144](#).
- DICKENS, CHARLES, birth of, at Portsea, [L 21-2](#), reminiscences of childhood at Chatham, [L 23-41](#), relation of David Copperfield to, [L 30, 56, 113](#), v. [27-30](#), his wish that his biography should be written by the author of this book, [L 46](#) note, first efforts at description, [L 48-9](#), account by himself of his boyhood, [L 58-85](#) (and see iii. [222-5](#), v. [245](#)), illnesses of, [L 72](#), ii. [50, 110](#), iii. [235](#), iv. [60, 78](#)

DICKENS, CHARLES.

note, v. 304-5, 306, 311-
12, 313-14, 316, 322-23,
 vi. 45, 67, 96, 102, 104-
105, 108, 119, 131-2, 135,
144.

clerk in an attorney's of-
 fice, L 107.

hopeless love of, L 114-15,

employed as a parliamen-
 tary reporter, L 118-19
 (and see vi. 206 note).

his first attempts in litera-
 ture, L 119.

his marriage, L 134.

writes for the stage, L 144
 (and see 175, 229).

predominant impression of
 his life, L 148, II. 268,
III 157-60, VI. 220.

personal habits of, L 164-
66, II. 26, 218, 230, 261,
III 235, 245, IV. 91, V.
214, 215, VI. 207-8.

relations of, with his il-
 lustrators, L 191-5, IV.
115-118.

portraits of, L 223 note, v.
147-49, 236.

curious epithets given by,
 to his children, L 228
 note, III. 272 note, IV.
24-5 note, 80, 90-1 note,
 v. 97 (and see II. 132-3,
171, 204, 283).

his ravens, II. 38-43; III.
234.

adventures in the High-
 lands, II. 75-93.

first visit to the United
 States, II. 104.

domestic griefs of, II. 110.

The Life of Charles Dickens. VI.

DICKENS, CHARLES.

an old malady of, II. 110,
 v. 316.

an admirable stage man-
 ager, II. 279-81, III. 228,
230-32, IV. 140-2, 166-7.
 note, 174-6.

his dogs, III. 20, 21, 142-3
 note, v. 143 note, 215-18,
220.

his Will, III. 60 (and see
 vi. 253).

his accompaniments of
 work, III. 46, 128, 263,
 v. 209-10.

religious views of, III. 59-
60, 157-60, VI. 177-9.

turning-point of his career,
 III. 73-4.

writing in the *Chronicle*,
 III. 108-9.

fancy sketch of his biogra-
 pher, IV. 155.

sea-side holidays of, III.
177-220, v. 93-118.

Italian travels, III. 116-217,
 v. 73-92.

craving for crowded streets,
 III. 153, 161, IV. 37, 42,
78.

political opinions of, III. 156,
 VI. 191-6 (and see 222).

wish to become an actor,
 III. 223.

his long walks, III. 169,
250-1 note, IV. 78 note,
 v. 247, VI. 209-11.

first desire to become a
 public reader, III. 188,
 IV. 45, v. 55-6.

edits the *Daily News*, III.
237.

DICKENS, CHARLES.

- his home in Switzerland,
III. [245-6](#).
residence in Paris, IV. 82-
[105](#), V. [119-152](#).
underwriting numbers, IV.
[103](#) note, [132](#), VI. [67](#),
[161](#).
overwriting numbers, IV.
[111-12](#), [125](#).
first public readings, v. [54](#).
revisits Switzerland and
Italy, v. [71-92](#).
his birds, v. [115-17](#).
home disappointments, v.
[174-199](#) (and see VI. [206](#)).
separation from his wife,
v. [198](#).
purchases Gadshill-place,
v. [202-3](#).
first paid Readings, v. 221-
[36](#).
second series of Readings,
v. [253-72](#).
third series of Readings,
v. 299-326.
revisits America, VI. 78-
[137](#).
memoranda for stories first
jotted down by, v. [177](#)
(and see [273-298](#)).
his "violated letter," v.
[198-9](#), [230](#).
favourite walks of, v. [207](#),
[218-19](#).
his mother's death, v. [301](#).
his first attack of lameness,
v. [304-5](#) (and see v. 313,
322-3, VI. [66-7](#), [136-7](#)
note, [146-8](#), [156](#), [202-3](#),
[211-12](#), [225](#), [233](#)).
general review of his lite-

DICKENS, CHARLES.

- rary labours, VI. [13-77](#),
71-77.
effect of his death in Ame-
rica, VI. [75](#).
last readings of, VI. [138-55](#).
noticeable changes in, VI.
[141](#), [148-50](#), [229](#).
comparison of his early
and his late MSS., VI.
[160](#).
personal characteristics of,
VI. [171-221](#).
his interview with the
Queen, VI. [201-3](#).
strain and excitement at
the final readings at St.
James's Hall, VI. [227](#).
last days at Gadshill, VI.
[235-8](#).
a tribute of gratitude to,
for his books, VI. [234](#).
general mourning for, VI.
[238](#).
burial in Westminster Ab-
bey, VI. [239](#).
unbidden mourners at
grave, VI. [240](#).
Dickens (Mrs.), I. [134](#), [169](#),
II. [60](#), [77](#), [88](#), [108](#), [112](#), [117](#),
[123](#), [130](#), [146](#), 153, [177](#), [188](#),
[194](#), [226](#), [229](#), [243](#), [257-8](#),
[265-6](#), [275](#), [279-81](#), III. [150](#),
[159](#), [175](#), [178](#), v. [110-11](#);
reluctance to leave Eng-
land, II. [108](#); an admirable
traveller, II. [257](#); Maclise's
portrait of, III. [42](#); the
separation, v. [198](#) (and see
VI. [254](#)).
Dickens (Charles, jun.), II.
[67](#), [171](#), III. [193](#); birth of,

- L 147; illness of, IV. 104;
education of, IV. 90, V. 52
note; marriage of, V. 260.
- Dickens (Mary), birth of, L 187 (and see IV. 252, VI. 254).
- Dickens (Kate), birth of, L 232 (and see IV. 252); illness of, III. 129; marriage of, V. 253.
- Dickens (Walter Landor), death of, L 56-7 (and see V. 301).
- Dickens (Francis Jeffrey), birth of, III. 62.
- Dickens (Alfred Tennyson), III. 234.
- Dickens (Lieut. Sydney), death of, at sea, IV. 138 note.
- Dickens (Henry Fielding), birth of, IV. 243; acting of, V. 57-8; scholarship at Cambridge won by, VI. 224 (and see VI. 254).
- Dickens (Edward Bulwer Lytton), birth of, V. 49.
- Dickens (Dora Annie), birth of, IV. 270; death of, IV. 276; her grave at Highgate, IV. 277, V. 47.
- Dickens in Camp* (Bret Harte's), L 270-2.
- Dilke (Charles Wentworth), L 55-6; death of, V. 304 note.
- Dilke (Sir Charles), IV. 216.
- Disraeli (Mr.), VI. 232.
- Doctors, Dickens's distrust of, IV. 211.
- Doctors' Commons, Dickens reporting in, L 114 (and see III. 224, V. 34).
- Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions*, large sale of, III. 90 note; Dickens's faith in, V. 308; how written, VI. 70; success of the reading of, at New York, VI. 101-2.
- Dogs, Dickens's, III. 20, 21, 142-3 note, V. 143 note, 216-18, 219; effect of his sudden lameness upon, VI. 212-13.
- Dolby (Miss), IV. 257.
- Dolby, Mr. (Dickens's manager) sent to America, V. 322; troubles of, VI. 85, 91-2, 99, 103; the most unpopular man in America, VI. 86; care and kindness of, VI. 135; commission received by, VI. 140.
- Dombey and Son*, original of Mrs. Pipchin in, L 65, IV. 124; begun at Rosemont, III. 264; Dickens at work on, III. 272, IV. 25, 59, 79; general idea for, III. 272-3; hints to artist, III. 274; a reading of first number of, IV. 44; large sale of, IV. 59, 121 (and see 227); a number underwritten, IV. 103 note; charwoman's opinion of, IV. 105; plan of, IV. 107-110; progress of, IV. 110-137; passage of original MS. omitted, IV. 113-14 note; a reading of second number of, IV. 121-2 (and see III. 282, IV. 41); Jeffrey on, IV. 127-8 and note; characters in, and supposed originals of, IV. 132.

- 137 (and see III. 112); profits of, IV. 156-7; translated into Russian, IV. 227-8.
- Doncaster, the race-week at, V. 171-3; a "groaning phantom" at, V. 173.
- Dora, a real, I. 114; changed to Flora in *Little Dorrit*, I. 116.
- D'Orsay (Count) and Roche the courier, III. 221 note; death of, V. 50.
- Doughty-street, Dickens removes to, I. 147-8; incident of, V. 251.
- Dover, Dickens at, V. 49-50; reading at, V. 261-2; storm at, V. 261.
- Dowling (Vincent), I. 125.
- Dramatic College, Royal, Dickens's interest in the, V. 234.
- Dream, a vision in a, III. 157 (and see VI. 217-20); President Lincoln's, VI. 115-16.
- Drunkard's Children* (Cruikshank's), Dickens's opinion of, IV. 185-6.
- Drury-lane theatre, opening of, III. 27.
- Dublin, Dickens's first impressions of, V. 223; humorous colloquies at Morrison's hotel in, V. 224-6; reading in, V. 318 (and see 224 note, 226).
- Duelling in America, II. 256.
- Dumas (Alexandre), tragedy of *Kean* by, III. 134-5 (and see VI. 185); his *Christine*, III. 190; a supper with, IV. 99.
- Dundee, reading at, V. 232.
- Duplessis (Marie), death of, IV. 101.
- Dyce (Alexander), IV. 254.
- EDEN in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, original of, II. 112, 220; a worse swamp than, III. 79.
- Edinburgh, public dinner in, to Dickens, II. 56-74; presentation of freedom of, II. 67 (and see V. 195); was-sailbowl presented after *Carol* reading, *ib.*; readings at, V. 231, 264-5; VI. 144-5, and 145 note; Scott monument at, IV. 165.
- Editorial troubles and pleasures, VI. 186.
- Editors, American, incursion of, II. 124.
- Education, two kinds of, I. 110; Dickens's speeches on, III. 98-9.
- Edwin Drood*, clause inserted in agreement for, VI. 156 note; sale of, VI. 156 note; amount paid for, *ib.*; first fancy for, VI. 156; the story as planned in Dickens's mind, VI. 157-8; Longfellow on, VI. 159; merits of, VI. 159-60; facsimile of portion of final page of, VI. 160; an unpublished scene for, VI. 162-70; original of the opium-eater in, VI. 223; a reading of a number of, VI. 225.

- Egg (Augustus), fancy sketch of, IV. [154-5](#); holiday trip of, with Dickens and Wilkie Collins, V. [71-92](#); narrow escape at Chammounix, V. [72](#).
- Electric message, uses for an, V. [280-1](#).
- Eliot (George), Dickens's opinion of her first book, III. [46](#).
- Elliotson (Dr.), II. [84](#), III. [115](#), IV. [79](#).
- Elton (Mr.), Dickens's exertions for family of, III. [55](#).
- Elwin (Rev. Whitwell), allusion to, IV. [242](#).
- Emerson (Ralph Waldo), IV. [258](#).
- Emigrants in Canada, III. [24-6](#).
- Emigration schemes, Dickens's belief in, IV. [20](#).
- Emmanuel (Victor), visit of, to Paris, V. [125](#).
- Englishmen abroad, III. [243](#), [276](#), IV. [25-30](#).
- Engravings, Dickens on, III. [180](#) note.
- Evening Chronicle*, sketches contributed by Dickens to, I. [130](#).
- Evenings of a Working-man* (John Overs'), III. [114-15](#).
- Every Man in his Humour*, private performances of, at Miss Kelly's theatre, III. [227-9](#) (and see VI. [233](#)).
- Examiner*, articles by Dickens in the, I. [231](#).
- Executions, public, letter against, IV. [261](#).
- Exeter, reading at, V. [222](#).
- Eye-openers, VI. [101](#).
- FACSIMILES: of letter written in boyhood by Dickens, I. [97](#); of the autograph signature "Boz," II. [93](#); of New York invitations to Dickens, II. [137-42](#); of letter to George Cruikshank, IV. [117-18](#); of plan prepared for first numbers of *Copperfield* and *Little Dorrit*, V. [155](#); of portion of last page of *Edwin Drood*, VI. [160](#) (and see [236](#)); of *Oliver Twist*, VI. [160](#).
- Fairbairn (Thomas), letter of Dickens to, on posthumous honours, VI. [180](#).
- Fatal Zero* (Percy Fitzgerald's), VI. [188](#).
- Faucit (Helen), IV. [257](#).
- Fechter (Mr.), chalet presented by, to Dickens, V. [209-11](#); Dickens's friendly relations with, V. [302](#).
- Feline foes, V. [115-16](#).
- Felton (Cornelius C.), II. [130](#), [149](#), [157](#), III. [208](#) note; death of, V. [267](#) note.
- Fenianism in Ireland, V. [318](#) note; in America, VI. [88](#) (and see [201](#)).
- Fermoy (Lord), VI. [217](#).
- Fêtes at Lausanne, III. [269-70](#), [283](#).
- Fiction, realities of, VI. [35](#), [53](#).
- Field (Kate), *Pen Photographs* by, V. [234](#) note.
- Fielding (Henry), real people

- in novels of, v. [16](#); episodes introduced by, in his novels, v. [158-9](#); Dr. Johnson's opinion of, vi. [36](#); M. Taine's opinion of, vi. [37](#).
- Fields (James T.), *Yesterdays with Authors* by, iii. [40](#) note; on Dickens's health in America, vi. [96-7](#); at Gads-hill, vi. [222-3](#).
- Fiesole, Landor's villa at, iii. [204-5](#) note.
- Fildes (S. L.), chosen to illustrate *Edwin Drood*, vi. [161](#).
- Finality, a type of, iv. [182](#).
- Finchley, cottage at, rented by Dickens, iii. [50](#).
- Fine Old English Gentleman*, political squib by Dickens, ii. [95-7](#).
- Fireflies in Italy, iii. [212-13](#) and note.
- Fires in America, frequency of, vi. [91](#).
- Fitzgerald (Percy), v. [216](#); a contributor in *All the Year Round*, v. [244](#); personal liking of Dickens for, vi. [188](#).
- "Fix," a useful word in America, ii. [222](#).
- Flanders, Dickens's trip to, i. [169](#).
- Fletcher (Angus), ii. [62](#), [75-6](#), [89](#); stay of, with Dickens at Broadstairs, ii. [32](#); anecdotes of, ii. [73](#), [75](#), [76](#) note, [82-3](#) (and see iii. [118](#), [127](#), [154](#), [195](#), [209-10](#) note); pencil sketch by, of the Villa Bagnerello at Albaro, iii. [127](#); death of, iii. [210](#) note.
- Flies, plague of, at Lausanne, iii. [267-8](#) note.
- Fonblanque (Albany), i. [140](#), iii. [53](#), [174](#); wit of, iii. [189](#), iv. [248](#), vi. [38](#).
- Footman, a meek, iii. [210-11](#).
- Fortescue (Miss), iii. [99](#).
- Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Lewes's critical essay on Dickens in, vi. [21-9](#).
- Fowls, eccentric, v. [250-1](#).
- Fox (William Johnson), iii. [53](#).
- Fox-under-the-Hill (Strand), reminiscence of, i. [75](#).
- Franklin (Lady), vi. [214](#).
- Fraser (Peter), iv. [256-7](#).
- Freemasons' Hall, banquet to Dickens at, v. [326](#).
- Freemasons' secret, a, iv. [219](#).
- Free-trade, Lord "Gobden" and, iv. [77](#).
- French and Americans contrasted, iv. [88-9](#).
- Frescoes, perishing, iii. [125](#); at the Palazzo Peschiere, iii. [150](#) and note; Maclise's, for the Houses of Parliament, vi. [231](#) note.
- Friday, important incidents of Dickens's life connected with, iv. [220](#), v. [203](#), vi. [111](#), &c.
- Frith (W. P.), portrait of Dickens by, v. [236](#).
- Funeral, scene at a, iii. [29-30](#); an English, in Italy, iii. [209](#).
- Furnival's inn, room in, where the first page of *Pickwick* was written, vi. [223](#).

- GADSHILL PLACE, a vision of boyhood at, [L 24](#) (and see [v. 202](#)); Dick's tomb at, [v. 115](#) note; first description of, [v. 200](#); sketch of porch at, [v. 201](#); purchase of, [v. 202-3](#); antecedents of, [v. 204-5](#); improvements and additions at, [v. 206-14](#); sketch of Chalet at, [v. 211](#); nightingales at, [v. 210](#); Dickens's daily life at, [v. 214-20](#); sketch of house and conservatory, [v. 214](#); Study at, [v. 220](#); games at, for the villagers, [vi. 204-5](#); Dickens's last days at, [vi. 235-8](#).
- Gambler's Life*, Lemaitre's acting in the, [v. 120-2](#).
- Gamp (Mrs.), original of, [iii. 50](#); a masterpiece of English humour, [iii. 85-7](#); with the Strollers, [iv. 146-56](#).
- Gaskell (Mrs.), [iv. 234, 251, v. 47](#).
- Gasman's compliment to Dickens, [v. 263](#) (and see [vi. 135](#)).
- Gautier (Théophile), [iv. 99](#).
- Geneva, Dickens at, [iv. 49](#); revolution at, [iv. 61-65](#); aristocracy of, [iv. 63](#).
- Genoa described, [iii. 132-6](#); theatres at, [iii. 133-5](#) (and see [vi. 185](#) note); religious houses at, [iii. 135-6](#); rooms in the Palazzo Peschiere hired by Dickens, [iii. 136-7](#); view over, [iii. 150](#); Governor's levee at, [iii. 154](#); an English funeral at, [iii. 209](#); nautical incident at, [iii. 211-12](#); revisited by Dickens, [v. 73-4](#).
- George Silverman's Explanation*, [vi. 70](#) (and see [v. 252](#) note).
- Gibson (Milner) [iv. 249](#).
- Gilbert Messenger* (Holme Lee's), remarks of Dickens on, [vi. 186-7](#).
- Giles (William), [L 24](#); Dickens at the school kept by, [i. 36-7](#); snuff box presented to 'Boz' by, [L 36](#).
- Gipsy tracks, [v. 248](#).
- Girardin (Emile de), [v. 141](#); banquets given by, in honour of Dickens, [v. 138-40](#).
- Girls, American, [ii. 239-40](#) note; Irish, [v. 224](#) note; list of christian names of, [v. 294](#).
- Gladstone (Mr.), and Dickens, [L 27-8, vi. 232](#).
- Glasgow, proposed dinner to Dickens at, [ii. 92](#); reading at, [v. 232-3](#); Dickens at meeting of Athenæum, [iv. 163-4](#).
- Glencoe, Pass of, [ii. 82, 86](#); effect of, on Dickens, [ii. 84](#).
- Goldfinch, the, and his friend, [v. 251](#).
- Gondoliers at Venice, habits of, [v. 86](#).
- Gordon (Lord George), character of, [ii. 46](#).
- Gordon (Sheriff), [iv. 256](#).
- Gore-house, a party at, [iv. 102-3](#) note.

- Gower-street-north, school in, opened by Dickens's mother, [L 49-50](#); a dreary home, [L 52](#), [v. 245](#); home broken up, [L 65](#).
- Graham (Sir James), [III. 114](#).
- Graham (Lady) [IV. 249](#).
- Grant (James), recollections of Dickens by, [L 124](#) (and see [133](#)).
- Graves, town, [v. 43](#), [47](#) note; Dickens's dislike to speech-making at, [VI. 180](#).
- Great Expectations*, original of Satishouse in, [v. 219](#); germ of, [VI. 50](#); the story characterized, [VI. 51-9](#); close of, changed at Bulwer Lytton's suggestion, [v. 59](#), [59-60](#) note.
- Great Malvern, cold-waterers at, [IV. 270-1](#).
- Greek war-ship, a, [v. 77](#).
- Greeley (Horace), [VI. 92](#), [136-7](#); on the effect in America of Dickens's death, [VI. 75](#); on Dickens's fame as a novelist, [VI. 79](#); a suggestion from, [VI. 110](#).
- Grey (Lord), recollection of, [IV. 23-4](#).
- Grimaldi, Life of*, edited by Dickens, [L 176](#); the editor's modest estimate of it, [L 176-7](#); criticisms on, [L 177-8](#).
- Grip, Dickens's raven, [II. 21](#); death of, [II. 39-41](#); apotheosis, by MacIise, [II. 42](#); a second Grip, [II. 43](#).
- Grisi (Madame), [III. 190](#).
- Guild of Literature and Art, origin of, [IV. 169](#); princely help of the Duke of Devonshire to, [IV. 171-2](#) (and see [VI. 181-2](#)).
- HACHETTE (MM.), agreement with, for French translation of Dickens's works, [v. 123](#) note.
- Haghe (Louis), [v. 81](#).
- Haldimand (Mr.), seat of, at Lausanne, [III. 252](#).
- Halevy (M.), dinner to, [IV. 250](#).
- Halifax, the 'Britannia' aground off, [II. 121](#); the house of assembly at, [II. 122-3](#).
- Hall (Mr. and Mrs. S. C.), [IV. 257](#).
- Hall (William), funeral of, [IV. 139](#).
- Hallam (Henry), loquacity of, [III. 275](#).
- Halleck (Fitz-Greene) on Dickens, [VI. 175](#) note.
- Halliday (Andrew), [VI. 224](#).
- Hamlet*, an emendation for, [IV. 162](#); performance of, at Preston, [v. 65](#).
- Hampstead Heath, Dickens's partiality for, [L 166](#), [III. 105](#).
- Hampstead-road, Mr. Jones's school in the, [L 91](#).
- Hansard (Mr.), letter from, concerning Mr. Macrone, [IV. 221-2](#) note.
- Hardwick (John), [IV. 249](#).
- Hard Times*, proposed names for, [v. 60](#), *ib.* note; title chosen, [v. 60](#); written for

- Household Words*, *ib.* Ruskin's opinion of, v. [61-3](#).
 Harley (Mr.), iv. [257](#).
 Harness (Rev. Wm.), iii. [174](#), [188](#), iv. [254](#).
 Harrogate, reading at, v. [228](#).
 Harte (Bret), Dickens on, [I](#) [270](#); tribute by, to Dickens, [I](#) [270-2](#).
 Hartford (U. S.), levee at, [II](#) [147](#).
 Harvard and Oxford crews, the, vi. [222](#).
 Hastings, reading at, v. [262](#).
 Hatton-garden, Dickens at, v. [19](#).
Haunted Man, first idea of, iv. [41](#); large sale of, iv. [222](#); dramatized, *ib.*; teachings and moral of the story, iv. [223-6](#); the christening dinner, iv. [249](#).
 Hawthorne (N.), Dickens on, iv. [219](#).
 Hayes (Catherine), iv. [249](#).
 Heaven, ambition to see into, iv. [259](#).
 Helps (Arthur), v. [244](#). *In Memoriam* by, vi. [203](#).
 Hereditary transmission, v. [176](#) note (and see vi. [187](#)).
 Highgate, Dora's grave at, iv. [277](#), v. [47](#).
 Highlands, Dickens's adventures in the, ii. [75-93](#).
 Hogarth, Dickens on, iv. [187-9](#).
 Hogarth (George), [I](#) [129-30](#); Dickens marries eldest daughter of, [I](#) [134](#).
 Hogarth (Georgina), iii. [126](#), vi. [235](#), [237](#), [254-7](#); sketch taken from, [III](#) [47](#), v. [285](#); Maclise's portrait of, [III](#) [48](#).
 Hogarth (Mary), death of, [I](#) [148](#); epitaph on tomb of, [I](#) [148](#) note (and see iv. [238](#)); Dickens's loving memory of, [I](#) [148](#), [179-80](#), ii. [111](#), [268](#); [III](#) [157-60](#), iv. [238](#), vi. [219-20](#).
Holiday Romance and *George Silverman's Explanation*, high price paid for, vi. [70](#) (and see v. [252](#) note, v. [322](#)).
 Holland (Lady), a remembrance of, iii. [211](#).
 Holland (Lord), iii. [206](#).
 Holland (Captain), the *Monthly Magazine* conducted by, [I](#) [129](#).
 Holyhead, a Fenian at, v. [318](#) note.
 Hone of the *Every Day Book*, scene at funeral of, iii. [28-30](#) (but see vi. [260-1](#)).
 Honesty under a cloud, iii. [117](#).
 Hood (Thomas), iii. [205](#); his *Tytney Hall*, iv. [22](#).
 Hop-pickers, v. [206-7](#).
 Horne (R. H.), iv. [257](#).
 Hospital for Sick Children, Dickens's exertions on behalf of, v. [189-97](#); a small patient at, v. [191](#); *Carol* reading for, v. [197](#).
 Hotels, American, [II](#) [129-30](#), vi. [81](#), [86](#), [104](#), [129](#); extortion at, [II](#) [171](#), [188-9](#).
 Houghton (Lord), iv. [253](#), vi. [202](#), [233](#).
Household Words in contem-

- plation, IV. [229-33](#); title selected for, IV. [233-4](#); names proposed for, *ib.*; first number of, *ib.*; early contributors, *ib.*; Mrs. Gaskell's story in, V. [47-8](#); unwise printed statement in, V. [198](#); discontinued, V. [237](#) (and see [51](#)).
- Hudson (George), glimpse of, in exile, V. [272](#).
- Hugo (Victor), an evening with, IV. [99-100](#).
- Hulkes (Mr.) V. [205](#) note, [254](#).
- Hull, reading at, V. [230](#).
- Humour, Americans destitute of, II. [263](#); a favourite bit of, III. [106](#); the leading quality of Dickens, VI. [30-2](#); Lord Lytton on the employment of, by novelists, VI. [39](#) note; Dickens's enjoyment of his own, VI. [39-42](#); the true province of, VI. [74](#).
- Hungerford-market, I. [58-9](#) (and see VI. [206](#) note).
- Hunt (Holman), V. [254](#).
- Hunt (Leigh), saying of, I. [147](#); on *Nicholas Nickleby*, I. [211-12](#); Civil-list pension given to, IV. [139](#); theatrical benefit for, IV. [139-44](#); result of performances, IV. [144](#); last glimpse of, V. [20](#) note; letter of Dickens to, in self-defence, V. [22](#); the original of Harold Skimpole in *Bleak House*, V. [19-23](#); inauguration of bust of, at Kensal-green, VI. [180](#).
- Hunted Down*, high price paid for, V. [251](#); original of, V. [277](#).
- IMAGINATIVE life, tenure of, V. [185](#).
- Improprieties of speech, IV. [27-8](#).
- Incurable Hospital, patients in the, V. [286](#).
- Inimitable, as applied to Dickens, origin of the term, I. [36-7](#).
- Inn, a log-house, II. [261](#).
- Innkeeper, a model, II. [215-16](#).
- Inns, American, Miss Martineau on, II. [188](#) (and see [216](#) note), [252](#), [255](#), [261](#), VI. [126](#); Highland, II. [78](#), [81](#), [90-1](#), VI. [126](#); Italian, III. [169-70](#), [132-4](#), 195.
- International boat-race dinner, Dickens at, VI. [222](#).
- Ireland, a timely word on, III. [286](#).
- Irving (Washington), II. [108](#), [150](#), [170](#), [198](#), [204-5](#); letter from Dickens to, II. [104-5](#); a bad public speaker, II. [156-9](#); at Literary Fund dinner in London, II. [158](#); at Richmond (U. S.), II. [198](#).
- Italians hard at work, III. [214](#).
- Italy, art and pictures in, III. [179-82](#); V. [88](#); private galleries in, III. [180](#) note; cruelty to brutes in, III. [202](#) note; wayside memorials in, III. [204](#) note; best season in, III. [207-8](#); fireflies in, III. [212](#); Dickens's trip to, V. [71-92](#); the noblest men of, in exile, V. [90](#).

- JACK STRAW'S CASTLE (Hampstead-Heath), [I. 166](#), [II. 124](#), [190](#), [III. 105](#), [123](#).
- Jackson (Sir Richard), [II. 277](#).
- Jeffrey (Lord), [II. 70](#); praise of Little Nell by, [II. 58-9](#); presides at Edinburgh dinner to Dickens, [II. 59](#); on the *American Notes*, [III. 36](#); praise by, of the *Carol*, [III. 91-2](#); on the *Chimes*, [III. 193](#); his opinion of the *Battle of Life*, [IV. 67-8](#); forecast of *Dombey* by, [IV. 127](#) note; on Paul's death, [IV. 131](#); on the character of Edith in *Dombey*, [IV. 133-4](#); James Sheridan Knowles and, [IV. 165](#); touching letter from, [IV. 205](#); death of, [IV. 266](#).
- Jerrold (Douglas), [III. 144](#), [174](#), [188](#), [217](#); at Miss Kelly's theatre, [III. 228](#); fancy sketch of, [IV. 153-4](#); [V. 59](#) note; last meeting with Dickens, [V. 164-5](#); death of, *ib.*; proposed memorial tribute to, and result, [V. 166](#).
- Jesuits at Geneva, rising against the, [IV. 60-5](#) (and see [III. 193-4](#)).
- Johnson (President), interview of Dickens with, [VI. 116](#); impeachment of, [VI. 122-3](#).
- Johnson (Reverdy), at Glasgow dinner, [VI. 147](#) note.
- Jonson (Ben), an experience of, [IV. 120](#).
- Jowett (Dr.) on Dickens, [VI. 220-1](#).
- KARR (ALPHONSE), [IV. 99](#).
- Keeley (Mrs.), [IV. 257](#); in *Nicholas Nickleby*, [I. 219](#), [III. 99](#).
- Kelly (Fanny), theatre of, in Dean-street, Soho, [III. 226-32](#); whims and fancies of, [III. 227](#).
- Kemble (Charles) and his daughters, [IV. 254](#).
- Kemble (John), [IV. 255](#).
- Kensal-green, Mary Hogarth's tomb at, [I. 148](#) note, [IV. 238](#) note.
- Kent (Charles) *Charles Dickens as a Reader* by, [V. 234](#) note; letter to, [VI. 237](#).
- Kissing the Rod* (Edmund Yates'), [VI. 188](#).
- Knebworth, private performances at, [IV. 169](#); Dickens at, [V. 244](#).
- Knight (Charles), [IV. 257](#).
- Knowles (James Sheridan), bankruptcy of [IV. 165-6](#); civil-list pension granted to [IV. 166](#); performances in aid of, [IV. 167-8](#).
- LADIES, American, [II. 166](#); eccentric, [IV. 52-5](#).
- Laing (Mr.) of Hatton Garden, [V. 18-19](#).
- Lamartine (A. de), [IV. 99](#), [V. 133](#).
- Lameness, strange remedy for, [I. 22](#).
- Lamert (James), private theatricals got up by, [I. 34-5](#); takes young Dickens to the theatre, [I. 35](#); employs Dickens at the blacking-

- warehouse, [L 59](#); quarrel of John Dickens with, [L 83](#) (and see [II. 31](#)).
- Lamplighter*, Dickens's farce of the, [L 155](#), [229](#), [III. 225](#); turned into a tale for the benefit of Mrs. Macrone, [II. 45](#).
- Landor (Walter Savage), Dickens's visit to, at Bath, [L 251](#); mystification of, [II. 18](#); villa at Fiesole, [III. 204-6](#) (and see [IV. 269](#) note); the original of Boythorn in *Bleak House*, [V. 19](#); a fancy respecting, [VI. 146](#); Forster's *Life* of, [III. 204-5](#) note, [VI. 223](#).
- Landport (Portsea), birth of Dickens at, [L 21](#).
- Landseer (Charles), [IV. 257](#).
- Landseer (Edwin), [L 226](#), [III. 174](#), [IV. 251](#), [V. 59](#) note, [124](#); and Napoleon [III.](#), [V. 145](#) (and see [V. 236](#)).
- Land's-end, a sunset at, [III. 38](#).
- Lankester (Dr.), [IV. 207](#).
- Lant-street, Borough, Dickens's lodgings in, [L 70](#); the landlord's family reproduced in the Garlands in *Old Curiosity Shop*, [L 72](#).
- Lausanne, Dickens's home at, [III. 245-6](#); booksellers' shops at, [III. 247](#); the town described, [III. 247-8](#); view of Rosemont, [III. 250](#); girl drowned in lake at, [III. 254](#); theatre at, [III. 255](#) note; fêtes at, [III. 269-72](#), [283-5](#); marriage at, [III. 271-2](#); revolution at, [III. 284](#); prison at, [III. 255-7](#); Blind Institution at, [III. 257-62](#), [V. 72-3](#); English colony at, [III. 265](#) note; plague of flies at, [III. 267-8](#) note; earthquake at, [IV. 43](#) note; feminine smoking party, [IV. 53-5](#); the town revisited, [V. 72-3](#).
- Lawes (Rev. T. B.), club established by, at Rothamsted, [V. 242-3](#).
- Layard (A. H.), [V. 78](#); at Gadshill, [VI. 203-5](#).
- Lazy Tour projected, [V. 167](#) (and see [VI. 40](#)).
- Lazzaroni, what they really are, [III. 202](#).
- Leech (John) at Miss Kelly's theatre, [III. 228](#); grave mistake by, in *Battle of Life* illustration, [IV. 75-6](#); fancy sketch of, [IV. 153](#); Dickens's opinion of his *Rising Generation*, [IV. 189-93](#); what he will be remembered for, [IV. 193](#); accident to, at Bonchurch, [IV. 213-14](#); at Boulogne, [V. 102](#); death of, [V. 304](#) (and see [VI. 65](#)).
- Leeds, reading at, [V. 230](#).
- Leeds Mechanics' Society, Dickens at meeting of the, [IV. 162-3](#).
- Legends and Lyrics* (Adelaide Procter's), [VI. 189](#) note.
- Legerdemain in perfection, [V. 110-12](#) (and see [108-9](#) note).
- Leghorn, Dickens at, [V. 75-7](#).

- Legislatures, local, II. [215](#).
 Lehmann (Frederic), V. [217](#),
[254](#).
 Leigh (Percival), III. [228](#).
 Lemaitre (Frédéric), acting
 of, V. [120-2](#) (and see VI.
[216](#)).
 Lemon (Mark), III. [228-30](#);
 IV. [21](#); fancy sketch of, IV.
[153](#); acting with chil-
 dren, V. [57-8](#); death of, VI.
[233](#).
 Lemon (Mrs.), IV. [21](#).
 Leslie (Charles Robert), V.
[124](#).
 Letter-opening at the Gene-
 ral Post-Office, III. [114](#).
 Levees in the United States,
 II. [147](#), [192](#), [215](#), [225](#), [243](#),
[258](#); queer customers at, II.
[225](#); what they are like, II.
[258](#).
 Lever (Charles), tale by,
 in *All the Year Round*, V.
[244](#).
 Lewes (George Henry), Dic-
 kens's regard for, IV. [257](#);
 critical essay on Dickens,
 in the *Fortnightly Review*,
 noticed, VI. [21-8](#).
 Library, a gigantic, IV. [32](#).
Life of Christ, written by Dic-
 kens for his children, III.
[264](#) note.
 Life-preservers, II. [229](#).
Lighthouse, Carlyle on Dic-
 kens's acting in the, V.
[67](#).
 Lincoln (President), curious
 story respecting, VI. [115-16](#)
 (and see [201](#)).
 Lincoln's-inn-fields, a read-
 ing of the *Chimes* in, III. [174](#),
[188-9](#).
 Linda, Dickens's dog, V.
[216-18](#); burial-place of, V.
[220](#).
 Liston (Robert), IV. [257](#).
 Literary Fund dinner, II. [158](#)
 (and see VI. [181](#)).
 Literature, too much "pa-
 tronage" of, in England,
 VI. [181](#).
 Littérateur, a fellow, IV.
[92-3](#).
Little Dorrit, fac-simile of
 plan prepared for first
 number of, V. [155](#); sale of,
 V. [156](#); general design of,
ib.; weak points in, V. [258](#);
 von Moltke and, V. [161](#);
 original of Mrs. Clennam
 in, V. [275](#); notions for, V.
[276](#).
 Little Nell, Florence Dom-
 bey and, IV. [132](#); Sara
 Coleridge on, VI. [34](#) note.
 Liverpool, readings at, V. [223](#),
[266-7](#), [312](#), [314](#), [315](#); Dic-
 kens's speech at Mechanics'
 Institution at, III. [96-9](#);
 Leigh Hunt's benefit at, IV.
[143-4](#); public dinner to
 Dickens, VI. [149](#), [194-5](#).
 Loch-earn-head, postal ser-
 vice at, II. [83](#).
 Locock (Dr.) IV. [249](#).
 Lodi, Dickens at, III. [179](#)-
[87](#).
 Logan Stone, Stanfield's
 sketch of, III. [40](#).
 London, pictures of, in Dic-
 kens's books, I. [214](#); read-
 ings in, V. [221](#), [233](#), [256](#), [267](#).

- Longfellow (Henry Wadsworth), II. [130](#), [170](#); VI. [141](#); among London thieves and tramps, III. [18](#) (and see [57](#)); at Gadshill, V. [215](#); on Dickens's death, VI. [75](#).
- Longman (Thomas), IV. [250](#).
- Louis Philippe, a glimpse of, IV. [87](#); dethronement of, IV. [177](#).
- Lovelace (Lord), IV. [249](#).
- Lowther, Mr. (chargé d'affaires at Naples), difficulty in finding house of, V. [78-81](#).
- Lytton (Lord), III. [203](#) (and see V. [244](#)); prologue written by, for Ben Jonson's play, IV. [143](#) note; Dickens's admiration for, IV. [253](#), [272](#); his opinion of *Copperfield*, V. [15](#); *Strange Story* contributed to *All the Year Round*, V. [244](#); Dickens's reply to remonstrance from, VI. [30](#); defence by, of humourists, VI. [39](#) note; suggestion as to close of *Great Expectations*, VI. [59](#); letter of Dickens to, from Cambridge (U.S.), VI. 94-5.
- Lytton (Robert), V. [124](#).
- MACKENZIE (Dr. SHELTON) and Cruikshank's illustrations to *Oliver Twist*, I. [192-3](#) note; rigmarole by, concerning Dickens and Her Majesty, VI. [197-8](#) note.
- Maclise (Daniel), II. [72](#); III. [172](#), [188](#), [217](#); portrait of Dickens by, I. [223](#) note; social charm of, I. [225-6](#); his apotheosis of Grip, II. [42](#); his play-scene in *Hamlet*, II. [203](#); among London tramps, III. [19](#); sketches in Cornwall by, III. [40](#); letter from, on the Cornwall trip, III. [41](#); his "Girl at the Waterfall," III. [41-2](#); paints Mrs. Dickens's portrait, III. [42](#); pencil drawing of Charles Dickens, his wife, and her sister, III. [48](#); Dickens's address to, III. [122-5](#); sketch of the private reading in Lincoln's-inn-fields, III. [188](#); house in Devonshire-terrace sketched by, V. [35](#); death of, VI. [230](#); tribute of Dickens to, VI. [231-2](#).
- Macmillan's Magazine*, paper in, on Dickens's amateur theatricals, V. [58](#) note.
- Macrae (David), *Home and Abroad* by, VI. [176](#) note.
- Macready (William Charles), I. [72](#), [108](#), [109](#), III. [172](#), [190](#), [191](#); at Covent-garden, I. [175](#); dinner to, on his retirement from management, I. [231](#); dinner to, prior to American visit, III. [53](#); an apprehended disservice to, III. [54](#); in New Orleans, III. [108](#); in Paris, III. [189-91](#), V. [124](#); strange news for, III. [225](#); anecdote of, IV. [143](#) note; Dickens's affection for, IV. [248](#); farewell dinner to, IV. [271](#); at Sherborne, V. [182-3](#); his

- opinion of the *Sikes and Nancy* scenes, vi. [146](#); misgiving of Dickens respecting, vi. [146](#), [224](#).
- Macready (Mrs.), death of, v. [50](#).
- Macrone (Mr.) copyright of *Sketches by Boz* sold to, [L 132](#); scheme to reissue *Sketches*, [L 151](#); exorbitant demand by, [L 153](#), iv. [221-2](#) note; close of dealings with, [L 154-5](#); a friendly plea for, iv. [222](#) note.
- Magnetic experiments, [L 228-9](#).
- Malleson (Mr.), v. [254](#).
- Malthus philosophy, iv. [20](#).
- Managerial troubles, iii. [228](#), iv. [140-1](#), [174-6](#).
- Manby (Charles), pleasing trait of, v. [272](#).
- Manchester, Dickens's speech at opening of Athenæum, [III 56-7](#) (and see v. [235](#)); Leigh Hunt's benefit at, iv. [143](#); Guild dinner at, iv. [176](#); readings at, v. [229-30](#), [266](#), [308](#), [312](#), [315](#).
- Manchester (Bishop of) on Dickens's writings, vi. [74](#) note.
- Manin (Daniel), v. [124](#).
- Mannings, execution of the, iv. [261](#).
- Manon Lescaut*, Auber's opera of, v. [135](#).
- Mansion-house dinner to 'literature and art,' iv. [250](#); doubtful compliment at, iv. [260](#); suppressed letter of Dickens respecting, *ib.*
- Marcet (Mrs.), iv. [252](#), [276](#).
- Margate theatre, burlesque of classic tragedy at, iii. [22](#) (and see iv. [160](#)).
- Mario (Signor), iii. [190](#).
- Marryat (Captain) on the effect in America of the *Nickleby* dedication, [III 53-54](#); fondness of, for children, iv. [253](#) (and see iv. [26-7](#), vi. [259-60](#)).
- Marshalsea prison, Dickens's first and last visits to the, [L 51-2](#), v. [159-60](#); an incident in, described by Dickens, [L 78-80](#) (and see v. [160](#)).
- Marston's (Mr. Westland) *Patrician's Daughter*, prologue to, [III 44](#).
- Martineau (Harriet) on American inns, ii. [188](#), [216](#).
- Martin Chuzzlewit*, agreement for, [II 101](#) (and see [III 19-20](#), [64-5](#)); original of Eden in, [II 212](#), [220](#); fancy for opening of, [III 19-20](#) (and see [II 100-2](#)); first year of, [III 38-62](#); names first given to, [III 42-3](#); Sydney Smith's opinion of first number of, [III 44](#); origin of, *ib.*; original of Mrs. Gamp in, [III 50](#); sale of, less than former books, [III 63-4](#) (and see iv. [227](#)); unlucky clause in agreement for, [III 65](#); Dickens's own opinion of, [III 70](#); the story characterized, [III 75-87](#); Thackeray's favourite scene in, [III 81](#); intended motto for, [III 83](#); M. Taine on, [III 80](#);

- christening dinner, III. [115](#);
Sara Coleridge on, VI. [34](#)
note.
- Master Humphrey's Clock*, projected, [L 242-50](#); first sale of, [L 254](#); first number published, II. [24](#); original plan abandoned, II. [25](#); dinner in celebration of, II. [44-5](#); *Clock* discontents, II. [100](#).
- Mazzini (Joseph), Dickens's interest in his school, IV. [256](#).
- Mediterranean, sunset on the, III. [123](#).
- Mémoires du Diable*, a pretty tag to, V. [131-2](#).
- Memoranda, extracts from Dickens's book of, V. [273-298](#); available names in, V. [292-7](#).
- Mendicity Society, the, III. [111](#).
- Mesmerism, Dickens's interest in, II. [97-8](#), [228-9](#), IV. [214](#).
- Micawber (Mr.), in *David Copperfield*, original of, V. [23-6](#); comparison between Harold Skimpole and, V. [26-7](#); Mr. G. H. Lewes on, VI. [26-7](#), [37](#); on corn, VI. [39](#).
- Middle Temple, Dickens entered at, [L 229](#), [233](#).
- Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Opera Comique, Boulogne, V. [101](#).
- Milnes (Monckton), IV. [253](#).
- Mirror of Parliament*, Dickens reporting for, [L 119](#).
- Mississippi, the, II. [242-3](#).
- Mitton (Thomas), [L 227](#); IV. [258](#).
- Moltke (von) and *Little Dorrit*, V. [161](#).
- Money* (Lord Lytton's), a performance of, at Doncaster, V. [173](#) note.
- Mont Blanc, effect of, on Dickens, III. [278-9](#).
- Montreal, private theatricals in, II. [279-81](#); facsimile of play-bill at, II. [282](#).
- Moore (George), business qualities and benevolence, V. [246](#).
- Moore (Thomas), II. [58](#), [158](#).
- Morgue at Paris, IV. [87](#), a tenant of the, IV. [95](#).
- Morning Chronicle*, Dickens a reporter for the, [L 119](#); liberality of proprietors, [L 121](#), change of editorship of, III. [52](#), [109](#); articles by Dickens in the, III. [108-9](#).
- Morris (Mowbray), IV. [249](#).
- Moulineaux, Villa des, V. [95-103](#), [113-18](#).
- Mountain travelling, III. [277](#).
- Mr. Nightingale's Diary*, the Guild farce of, IV. [171](#), V. [66](#).
- Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, VI. [61](#).
- Mugby Junction*, germ of, in Memoranda, V. [289](#).
- Mule-travelling in Switzerland, III. [277](#).
- Mulgrave (Lord), II. [120](#), [125](#), [131](#), [277](#), IV. [250](#).
- Mumbo Jumbo, IV. [218-19](#).
- Murray (Lord), [L 70](#), IV. [256](#).
- Music, effect of, on a deaf, dumb, and blind girl, III. [262](#); vagrant, IV. [159-60](#), [216](#).
- NAMES, available, V. [294-7](#).
- Naples, burial place at, III. [200-1](#) note, filth of, III. [201-2](#);

- (and see v. [92](#)); Dickens at, v. [78-81](#).
 Napoleon III. at Gore-house, iv. [102-3](#) note; at Boulogne, v. [105-6](#); at Paris, v. [106](#) note; Edwin Landseer and, v. [145](#) note.
 Nautical incident at Genoa, III. [211-12](#).
 Neaves (Mr.), II. [68](#).
 Negri (Marquis di), III. [137-41](#).
 New Bedford (U. S.), reading at, vi. [131](#).
 Newcastle, readings at, v. [262](#), [317](#); alarming scene at, v. [262-3](#).
 Newhaven (U. S.), levee at, II. [147](#).
New Sentimental Journey (Collins's), v. [254-5](#).
 Newspaper express, a, L. [125](#).
 Newspapers, American, vi. [92](#).
 Newsvendors' dinner, Dickens at, vi. [230](#).
 New-year's day in Paris, v. [143](#).
 New York, fac-similes of invitations to Dickens, II. [137-42](#); the Carlton hotel in, II. [150](#) (and see vi. [87](#)); ball at, II. [150-53](#); life in, II. [161](#); hotel bills in, II. [171](#) (and see [188-9](#)); public institutions ill-managed at, II. [180-1](#); prisons in, II. [181-8](#); capital punishment in, II. [185](#); sale of tickets for the readings, vi. [82](#), [83-5](#); first reading in, vi. [84](#); fire at the Westminster-hotel, vi. [86](#), [91](#); prodigious increase since Dickens's former visit, vi. [87](#); Niblo's theatre at, *ib.*; sleigh-driving at, vi. [89](#); police of, vi. [90](#) (and see II. [181](#)); the Irish element in, vi. [105](#); farewell readings in, vi. [136](#); public dinner to Dickens at, vi. [136-7](#).
New York Herald, II. [156](#), vi. [22](#).
New York Ledger, high price paid for tale by Dickens in, v. [251](#).
New York Tribune, Dickens's "violated letter" in the, v. [199](#), [230](#).
 Niagara Falls, effect of, on Dickens, L. [266-8](#) (and see vi. [126-7](#)).
Nicholas Nickleby, agreement for, L. [181](#); first number of, L. [188](#), [206](#); sale of, L. [188](#); the *Saturday Review* on, L. [208-12](#); characters in, L. [207](#); opinions of Sydney Smith and Leigh Hunt on, L. [210-12](#); Dickens at work on, L. [215-21](#); dinner-celebration of, L. [222-4](#); originals of the Brothers Cheeryble in, L. [227](#); proclamation on the eve of publication, III. [103-4](#) note; effect of, in establishing Dickens, vi. [33-4](#) (and see [77](#)).
 Nicolson (Sir Frederick), III. [211](#).
 Nightingales at Gadshill, v. [210](#).
Nobody's Fault, the title first chosen for *Little Dorrit*, v. [154](#).
 No-Popery riots, description of the, II. [52](#).

- Normanby (Lord), III. 113, 115, IV. 86.
- Norton (Charles Eliot), V. 215; VI. 141.
- Norwich, reading at, V. 260.
No Thoroughfare, L. 174.
- Novels, real people in, V. 16-28; episodes in, V. 258-9.
- Novelists, old, design for cheap edition of, IV. 158.
- Nugent (Lord), IV. 254.
- "OCEAN SPECTRE," the, IV. 138 note.
- O'Connell (Daniel), III. 143.
- Odéon (Paris), Dickens at the, V. 126.
- Ohio, on the, II. 230-1.
- Old Curiosity Shop*, original of the Marchioness in, L. 71; originals of the Garland family, L. 72; original of the poet in Jarley's wax-work, L. 86; the story commenced, L. 251; disadvantages of weekly publication, L. 256; changes in proofs, L. 259; Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness, L. 260; effect of story upon the writer, L. 262; death of Little Nell, L. 263-4; close of the tale, L. 265; success of, L. 266; characterized, L. 266-9; a tribute by Bret Harte, L. 270-2 (and see VI. 76-7); characters in, VI. 34.
- Old Monthly Magazine*, Dickens's first published piece in, L. 119; other sketches in, L. 128.
- Oliver Twist*, commenced in *Bentley's Miscellany*, L. 150; characters in, real to Dickens, L. 155, 173; the story characterized, L. 182-3, 196-9; Dickens at work on, L. 186; the last chapter of - L. 191; the Cruikshank illustrations to, L. 191-5; reputation of, L. 195; reply to attacks against, L. 199-201; teaching of, L. 201; "adapted" for the stage, L. 217-18; noticed in the *Quarterly Review*, L. 230; copyright of, repurchased, II. 27; original of Mr. Fang, V. 19; character-drawing in, VI. 33; proposed reading from, VI. 142; facsimile of portion of MS. of, VI. 160.
- Opium-den, an, VI. 223 (and see 159 note).
- Osnaburgh-terrace, Dickens in, III. 111.
- Our Mutual Friend*, title chosen for, V. 269; hints for, in Memoranda, V. 278-80; first notion for, VI. 61; original of Mr. Venus in, VI. 64; Marcus Stone chosen as illustrator, *ib.*; the story reviewed, VI. 67-9.
- Ouvry (Frederic), VI. 128, 234; clause inserted by, in agreement for *Edwin Drood*, VI. 156 note; humorous letter of Dickens to, VI. 217.
- Overs (John), Dickens's interest in, III. 114; death of, *ib.* note.

Over-work, remains of, IV. [60](#).
Owen (Prof.), IV. [259](#).

PAINTINGS, Dickens on, III. [179-82](#).

Paradise Lost at the Ambigu, Paris, V. [127-9](#).

Paris, Dickens's first day in, IV. [82](#); Sunday in, IV. [83](#); Dickens's house in, described, IV. [84](#); unhealthy political symptoms at, IV. [87](#), [101](#); the Morgue at, IV. [87](#); incident in streets of IV. [88](#); population of, *ib.*; hard frost at, IV. [91](#); Dickens's alarming neighbour, IV. [92](#); begging-letter writers in, IV. [94](#); sight-seeing at, IV. [98](#); theatres at, *ib.*; Bibliothèque Royale, IV. [101](#); the Praslin tragedy in, IV. [158](#); Dickens's life in, V. [119-152](#); Dickens's house in, V. [122](#); personal attentions to Dickens, *ib.*; theatres of, V. [125-32](#); illumination of, V. [143](#); New-year's day in, V. [143-4](#); results of imperial improvement in, V. [144](#); Art Exposition at, V. [144-7](#); a Duchess murdered in, V. [149-50](#).

Parliament, old Houses of, inconvenience of the, I. [123](#).

Parr (Harriet), VI. [187](#) note.

Parry (John), IV. [257](#).

Pawnbrokers, Dickens's early experience of, I. [54](#).

Peel (Sir Robert) and his party, II. [94](#); Lord Ashley

and, II. [102](#); the Whigs and, IV. [20](#).

Pen Photographs (Miss Field's), V. [234](#) note.

Perth, reading at, V. [232](#).

Peschiere, Palazzo (Genoa), rooms in the, hired by Dickens, III. [136](#); a fellow-tenant in, III. [137](#); described, III. [148-52](#); view of the, III. [149](#); revisited, V. [74](#); dinner-party at, III. [185](#); owner of the, V. [74](#).

Petersham, athletic sports at, I. [229](#).

Phelps (Mr.), IV. [257](#).

Philadelphia, Dickens at, II. [176-88](#); penitentiary at, II. [189-91](#); letters from, VI. [104-8](#) (and see III. [36](#)).

Pickwick Papers, materials for, I. [80](#); first number of, I. [134](#); origin of, I. [136](#); Seymour's illustrations to, I. [137-8](#) note; Thackeray's offer to illustrate, I. [143](#); the debtors' prison in, I. [159-60](#); popularity of, I. [161](#) (and see VI. [75-7](#); reality of characters in, I. [162-3](#); inferior to later books, I. [163](#); Mr. Pickwick an undying character, I. [164](#) (and see [138-9](#)); piracies of, I. [171](#); completion of, I. [178](#); payments for, I. [181](#); a holy brother of St. Bernard and, IV. [36](#); characters in, VI. [32](#); where it was begun, VI. [223](#).

Pictures from Italy, original of the courier in, III. [184-87](#);

- publication commenced in the *Daily News*, III. 239.
- Pic Nic Papers* published, II. 45.
- "Piljians Projiss," a new, IV. 146-55.
- Pig-market at Boulogne, v. 101-2.
- Pipchin (Mrs.) in *Dombey*, original of, I. 65, IV. 124; various names proposed for, IV. 124 note.
- Pirates, literary, III. 100; proceedings in Chancery against, III. 100-3; warning to, III. 103-4 note.
- Pisa, a jaunt to, v. 76.
- Pittsburg (U. S.), description of, II. 225; solitary prison at, II. 232.
- Poets, small, VI. 182.
- Pollock (Chief Baron) on the death of Dickens, v. 244-5 note.
- Poole (John), aid rendered to, by Dickens, IV. 139; civil-list pension granted to, IV. 166.
- Poor, Dickens's sympathy with the, I. 209-10 (and see II. 57), III. 156-7, 263.
- Popularity, distresses of, II. 161.
- Porte St. Martin (Paris), Dickens at the, v. 127.
- Portland (U. S.) burnt and rebuilt, VI. 133.
- Portrait painter, story of a, VI. 218.
- Portsea, birth of Dickens at, I. 21.
- Prairie, an American, II. 251-4; pronunciations of the word, II. 256.
- Praslin tragedy in Paris, IV. 158.
- Prayer, Dickens on personal, VI. 178.
- Preston, a strike at, v. 64-5; *Hamlet* at, v. 65.
- Primrose (Mr.) II. 68.
- Printers' Pension fund dinner, presided over by Dickens, III. 54-5.
- Prisons, London, visits to, II. 98; American, II. 181-8, 189-91, 232; comparison of systems pursued in, III. 255-7.
- Procter (Bryan Waller), v. 21; Dickens's affection for, IV. 248.
- Procter (Adelaide), Dickens's appreciation of poems by, VI. 189.
- Publishers, hasty compacts with, I. 149; Dickens's agreements with, III. 90-1, v. 51 (and see 138-41).
- Publishers and authors, III. 64, 73, VI. 183.
- Puddings, a choice of, I. 67.
- "Punch people," Lord Brougham and the, IV. 250; at Mansion-house dinner, IV. 259-60.
- Q, Dickens's secretary in the United States, II. 128, 149, 159, 167, 188, 193, 216, 222, 227, 228, 252, 258, 262, 275; described, II. 274-6 (and see VI. 80 note).
- Quarterly Review*, prophecy

- in not fulfilled, L 174 note; notice of *Oliver Twist* in, L 230-1; on Cruikshank and Leech, IV. 193.
- Queen (Her Majesty the) and Auber, V. 133; alleged offers to Dickens, VI. 197, and 197-8 note; desire of, to see Dickens act, VI. 198-9; Thackeray's copy of the *Carol* purchased by, VI. 200 note; Dickens's interview with, VI. 201-2; grief at Dickens's death, VI. 238.
- RACHEL (Madame), caprice of, V. 135.
- Ragged schools, Dickens's interest in, III. 57; results of, III. 58 note (and see IV. 277-8); proposed paper on, by Dickens, declined by *Edinburgh Review*, III. 59.
- Railroads, American, ladies' cars on, II. 179.
- Railway travelling, effect on Dickens, VI. 144-5; in America, II. 177-179, 218, VI. 89.
- Ramsay (Dean) on *Bleak House* and *Jo*, V. 42.
- Ramsgate, entertainments at, III. 233-4 note.
- Raven, death of Dickens's first, II. 39-42; of second, III. 234.
- Raymond (George), IV. 257.
- Reade (Charles), *Hard Cash* contributed by, to *All the Year Round*, V. 244.
- Readings, gratuitous, V. 56 note.
- private, in Scheffer's atelier, V. 147; in Lincoln's-inn-fields, III. 174, 188, 189.
- public, Dickens's first thoughts of, III. 188, IV. 45, V. 55; argument against paid, V. 55, 187; idea of, revived, V. 187; opinions as to, asked and given, *ib.* note; disadvantages of, V. 188; proposal from Mr. Beale respecting, V. 194; first rough notes as to, V. 196-7 note; various managers employed by Dickens, V. 221; hard work involved by, V. 222, VI. 139; study given to, V. 320.
- first series of, V. 221-36; sale of books of, V. 230 note; subjects of, V. 233.
- second series of, V. 253-272; what it comprised, V. 257; new subjects for, V. 258.
- third series of, V. 299-326; Messrs. Chappell's connection with, V. 307, 310-11.
- American, VI. 79-137; result of, VI. 108.
- Australian, contemplated, V. 268 note (but see 270); Bulwer's opinion of, V. 269 note.
- last series of, VI. 138-153 (and see 130 note).

- Readings (alphabetical list of):
- Aberdeen, v. [232](#).
 - Albany (U. [S.](#)), vi. [130](#); receipts at, vi. [136](#).
 - Baltimore (U. [S.](#)), vi. [110-111](#), [120](#); receipts at, vi. [136](#).
 - Belfast, v. [228](#).
 - Berwick-on-Tweed, v. [264](#).
 - Birmingham, v. [312](#).
 - Boston (U. [S.](#)), vi. [82](#), [95](#), [134](#); receipts at, vi. [136](#).
 - Brighton, v. [261](#).
 - Brooklyn (New York), vi. [108](#); receipts at, vi. [136](#).
 - Buffalo (U. [S.](#)), vi. [125](#); receipts at, vi. [136](#).
 - Cambridge, v. [319](#).
 - Canterbury, v. [262](#).
 - Chester, v. [266](#), [314](#).
 - Dover, v. [261](#).
 - Dublin, v. [224-7](#), [318](#).
 - Dundee, v. [232](#).
 - Edinburgh, v. [231](#), [264-5](#), vi. [144-5](#) and [145](#) note.
 - Exeter, v. [222](#), [266](#).
 - Glasgow, v. [232-3](#).
 - Harrogate, v. [228](#).
 - Hartford (U. [S.](#)), vi. [136](#).
 - Liverpool, v. [223](#), [267](#), [312](#), [314](#), [315](#).
 - London, v. [221](#), [233](#), [256](#), [267](#).
 - Manchester, v. [229-30](#), [266](#), [308](#), [312](#), [315](#).
 - New Bedford (U. [S.](#)), vi. [131](#); receipts at, vi. [136](#).
 - Newcastle, v. [262-3](#), [317](#).
 - Newhaven (U. [S.](#)), vi. [122](#); receipts at, vi. [136](#).
- Readings given by Dickens:
- New York, vi. [84](#), [101](#), [136](#); receipts at, vi. [136](#).
 - Norwich, v. [260](#).
 - Paris, v. [270](#).
 - Perth, v. [232](#).
 - Portland (U. [S.](#)), vi. [133](#); receipts at, vi. [136](#).
 - Providence (U. [S.](#)), vi. [122](#); receipts at, vi. [136](#).
 - Rochester (U. [S.](#)), vi. [125](#); receipts at, vi. [136](#).
 - Springfield (U. [S.](#)), vi. [136](#).
 - Syracuse (U. [S.](#)), vi. [125](#); receipts at, vi. [136](#).
 - Torquay, v. [266](#), vi. [146](#).
 - Washington (U. [S.](#)), vi. [114](#); receipts at, vi. [136](#).
 - Worcester (U. [S.](#)), vi. [136](#).
 - York, v. [229](#), vi. [149](#).
 - Reeves (Sims), iv. [257](#).
 - Reformers, administrative, v. [65](#) note.
 - Regiments in the streets of Paris, v. [142](#) note.
 - Regnier (M.) of the Français, iv. [98](#), [206](#), v. [125](#), [135](#).
 - Rehearsals, troubles at, iv. [141](#).
 - Religion, what is the true, iv. [159](#).
 - Reporters' gallery, Dickens enters the, [L 118](#); ceases connection with, [L 144](#).
 - Reporter's life, Dickens's own experience of a, [L 121-4](#) (and see iv. [23](#)).
 - Revolution at Geneva, iv. [61-5](#); traces left by, iv. [64](#); abettors of, *ib.*
 - Rhine, Dickens on the, [III](#).

- 242-3; travelling Englishmen on the, III. 243.
Richard Doubledick, *Story of*, V. 153.
 Richardson (Sir John), VI. 214.
 Richardson's show, a religious, V. 271.
 Richmond (U. S.), levees at, II. 201.
 Rifle-shooting, Lord Vernon's passion for, IV. 29; at Lausanne, III. 270, IV. 62.
Rising Generation (Leech's), Dickens on, IV. 189-93.
 Ristori (Madame) in *Medea*, V. 135-6.
 Roberts (David), v. 81.
 Robertson (Peter) II. 68-9, III. 144, IV. 256; sketch of, II. 61.
 Robertson (T. W.), VI. 224.
Robinson Crusoe, Dickens's opinion of, v. 133 note (and see II. 76 note).
 Roche (Louis), employed by Dickens as his courier in Italy, III. 111; resources of, III. 185, 213, 216 (and see III. 116, IV. 92); Count d'Orsay and, III. 221 note; illness of, IV. 197; death of, III. 279 note.
 Rochester, early impressions of, I. 29-30 (and see v. 211-12); Watts's Charity at, v. 153 note.
 Rochester Castle, adventure at, III. 18.
 Rochester Cathedral, brass tablet in, to Dickens's memory, v. 153 note.
 Rochester (U. S.), alarming incident at, VI. 125.
 Rockingham-castle, Dickens's visit to, IV. 263-66; private theatricals at, IV. 263-4, v. 79.
 Rocky Mountain Sneezer, a, VI. 101.
 Rogers (Samuel), II. 58, III. 206; sudden illness of, IV. 247 (and see IV. 269-70 note).
 Rome, Dickens's first impressions of, III. 199; Dickens at, v. 81-5; a 'scattering' party at Opera at v. 81-2; marionetti at, v. 83-4; malaria at, v. 84-5.
 Rosemont (Lausanne), taken by Dickens, III. 245; view of, III. 250; Dickens's neighbours at, III. 252-3, 265 note, 275-6; *Dombey* begun at, III. 264; the landlord of, III. 269 note.
 Rothamsted, Rev. Mr. Lawes's club at, v. 242.
 Royal Academy dinner, Dickens's last public words spoken at, VI. 231-2.
 Roylance (Mrs.) the original of Mrs. Pipchin in *Dombey*, I. 65, IV. 124.
 Ruskin (Mr.) on *Hard Times*, v. 61-3.
 Russell (Lord J.), a friend of letters, IV. 139, 166; on Dickens's letters, VI. 174; dinner with, IV. 266; Dickens's tribute to, VI. 195, and note.

- Ryland (Arthur), letter of Dickens to, v. [51](#) note.
- SALA (G. A.), Dickens's opinion of, iv. [234-5](#) note; tribute by, to Dickens's memory, vi. [210](#).
- Salisbury Plain, superiority of, to an American prairie, ii. [253](#); a ride over, iv. [241](#).
- Sand (Georges), v. [137](#).
- Sandusky (U.S.), discomforts of inn at, ii. [261](#).
- Sardinians, Dickens's liking for, v. [89](#).
- Satirist*, editor of, hissed from the Covent-garden stage, iii. [49](#).
- Saturday Review* on the realities of Dickens's characters, i. [207](#).
- Scene-painting v. [163](#).
- Scheffer (Ary), portrait of Dickens by, v. [147-9](#); reading of *Cricket on the Hearth* in atelier of, v. [147](#).
- Scheffer (Henri), v. [149](#).
- Schools, public, Dickens on, v. [235](#).
- Scotland, readings in, v. [230-3](#).
- Scott (Sir W.), real people in novels of, v. [16](#), [23](#).
- Scott monument at Edinburgh, iv. [165](#).
- Scribe (M.), dinner to, iv. [250](#); social intercourse of Dickens with, v. [132](#), [134](#); author-anxieties of, *ib*; a fine actor lost in, v. [136](#).
- Scribe (Madame), v. [134](#).
- Sea-bathing and authorship, iii. [24](#).
- Seaside holidays, Dickens's, iv. [177-220](#), v. [94-118](#).
- Sebastopol, reception in France of supposed fall of, v. [107-8](#).
- Serenades at Hartford and Newhaven, (U.S.), ii. [148](#).
- Servants, Swiss, excellence of, iii. [269](#).
- Seven Dials, ballad literature of, ii. [34](#).
- Seymour (Mr.) and the *Pickwick Papers*, i. [137-8](#) note; death of, i. [142](#).
- Shaftesbury (Lord) and ragged schools, ii. [102](#), iii. [58](#) note, iv. [277-8](#) (and see iv. [278](#)).
- Shakespeare Society, the, i. [231](#).
- Shakespeare on the actor's calling, v. [188](#).
- Shakespeare's house, purchase of, iv. [165](#).
- Sheffield, reading at, v. [230](#).
- Sheil (Richard Lalor), iii. [53](#).
- Shepherd's-bush, the home for fallen women at, iv. [272](#).
- Sheridans' (the), iv. [249](#).
- Ship news, ii. [119](#).
- Short-hand, difficulties of i. [112-13](#).
- Shows, Saturday-night, i. [74](#).
- Siddons (Mrs.), genius of, iv. [254-6](#).
- Sierra Nevada, strange encounter on the, vi. [76-7](#).
- Sikes and Nancy* reading, proposed, vi. [142](#); at Clifton,

- VI. [145](#); Macready on the, VI. [145](#); at York, VI. [149](#), and note; Dickens's pulse after, VI. [227](#).
- Simplon, passing the, III. [187](#).
- "Six," Bachelor, V. [122](#).
- Sketches by Boz*, first collected and published, [L 140](#); characterized, [L 141-2](#).
- Slavery in America, II. [165](#), [199-201](#), [244-7](#); the ghost of, VI. [112](#).
- Slaves, runaway, II. [246-7](#).
- Sleeplessness, Dickens's remedy for, V. [247-8](#).
- Sleighs in New York, VI. [89](#).
- "Slopping round," VI. [126](#).
- "Smallness of the world," II. [224](#), III. [243](#), V. [202](#).
- Small-pox, American story concerning, V. [305](#) note.
- Smith (Albert), *Battle of Life* dramatized by, III. [90](#).
- Smith (Arthur), V. [166](#); first series of Dickens's readings under management of, V. [196-7](#) (and see [260](#) note); distresses of, V. [223](#) note; first portion of second series planned by, V. [256](#); serious illness of, V. [258-9](#); death of, V. [259](#); touching incident at funeral, *ib.* note.
- Smith (Bobus), III. [206](#).
- Smith (O.), acting of, [L 218](#), III. [99](#).
- Smith (Porter), IV. [257](#).
- Smith (Southwood), III. [53](#), [113](#).
- Smith (Sydney), II. [144](#), III. [113](#); on *Nicholas Nickleby*, [L 210](#), [220](#) note; death of, III. [206](#).
- Smithson (Mr.), [L 227](#); death of, III. [96](#).
- Smoking party, a feminine, III. [54-5](#).
- Smollet (Tobias), a recollection of, [L 159](#); real people in novels of, V. [16](#).
- Snuff-shop readings, IV. [104-5](#).
- Solitary confinement, effects of, II. [189](#), III. [255-7](#).
- Somebody's Luggage*, the Waiter in, VI. [40](#), [60](#).
- Sortes Shandyanæ, III. [264](#).
- Sparks (Jared), II. [130](#).
- Speculators, American, VI. [81](#), [83](#), [99-100](#), [103](#), [121-2](#).
- Spiritual tyranny, III. [252-3](#).
- Spittoons in America, II. [180](#).
- Squib Annual*, the [L 135](#).
- St. Bernard, Great, proposed trip to, IV. [31](#); ascent of the mountain, IV. [33](#); the convent, IV. [34](#); scene at the top. *ib.*; bodies found in the snow, IV. [35](#); the convent a tavern in all but sign, *ib.*; Dickens's fancy of writing a book about the, V. [181-2](#).
- St. George (Madame), III. [190](#).
- St. Giles's, Dickens's early attraction of, repulsion to, [L 45](#); original of Mr. Venus found in, VI. [64](#).
- St. Gothard, dangers of the, III. [215-16](#).
- St. James's Hall, Dickens's final readings at, VI. [225-9](#).
- St. Leger, Dickens's prophecy at the, V. [172-3](#).

- St. Louis (U.S.), levee at, [II. 243](#); slavery at, [II. 245-6](#); pretty scene at, [II. 247-51](#); duelling in, [II. 256](#).
- Stage-coach, queer American, [II. 212-14](#).
- Stage, training for the, [III. 232](#) (and see [V. 188](#)).
- Stanfield (Clarkson), [I. 226](#); [III. 46](#) note, [172](#), [174](#), [188](#), [VI. 216](#); sketches in Cornwall by, [III. 40](#); illustrations by, to *Battle of Life*, [IV. 75](#); price realized at the Dickens sale for the *Lighthouse* scenes, [V. 66](#) note (and see [IV. 173](#), [V. 161](#), [241-2](#)); at work, [V. 163](#); death of, [V. 322](#).
- Stanfield Hall, Dickens at, [IV. 242](#).
- Stanley (Dr. A. P.), Dean of Westminster, compliance with general wish, [VI. 239](#); letter and sermon, [VI. 240](#).
- Stanton (Secretary), curious story told by, [VI. 115](#) (and see [201](#)).
- Staplehurst accident, [V. 305](#); effect on Dickens, [VI. 67](#).
- Staples (J. V.), letter from Dickens to, [III. 93](#) note.
- Statesmen, leading American, [II. 194-6](#).
- State Trials, story from the, [V. 282](#).
- Stealing, Carlyle's argument against, [II. 173-5](#).
- Steamers, perils of, [II. 114-5](#), [131](#), [164](#), [171](#) (and see [V. 75-77](#)).
- Stevenage, visit to the hermit near, [V. 244](#).
- Stirling (Mr.), a theatrical adapter, [I. 217](#).
- Stone (Frank), [IV. 157](#), [V. 102](#); sketch of Sydney Dickens by, [IV. 138](#) note; fancy sketch of, [IV. 154](#); death of, [V. 254](#), note.
- Stone (Marcus), designs supplied by, to *Our Mutual Friend*, [VI. 64](#).
- Streets, Dickens's craving for crowded, [III. 153](#), [161](#), [IV. 37](#), [42](#), [44](#), [48](#), [VI. 209-10](#).
- Strange Gentleman, a farce written by Dickens, [I. 144](#).
- Stuart (Lord Dudley), [IV. 254](#).
- Sue (Eugène), [IV. 199](#).
- Sumner (Charles), [II. 130-1](#), [VI. 114](#), [119](#).
- Sunday, a French, [IV. 83](#), [268](#) note.
- Swinburne (Algernon), [IV. 205-6](#).
- Switzerland, splendid scenery of, [III. 214](#); villages in, [III. 217](#); Dickens resolves to write new book in, [III. 240](#); early impressions of, [III. 246-7](#); climate of, [III. 267-8](#) note; the people of, [III. 268-9](#), [284](#); mule-travelling in, [III. 277-8](#); Protestant and Catholic cantons in, [III. 285-6](#); Dickens's last days in, [IV. 76-81](#); pleasures of autumn in, [IV. 78-9](#); revisited, [V. 71-92](#).
- Syme (Mr.), opinion of, as to Dickens's lameness, [VI. 148](#).

- Syracuse (U.S.), reading at, VI. [125](#).
- TAGART (EDWARD), III. [59](#), IV. [251-2](#).
- Taine (M.), on *Martin Chuzzlewit*, III. [80](#); criticisms by, on Dickens, III. [106-7](#) (and see [274](#) note, VI. [13-19](#)); a hint for, IV. [196](#); on *Hard Times*, v. [62](#) note; Fielding criticized by, VI. [37](#).
- Tale of Two Cities*, titles suggested for, v. [277-8](#); first germ of Carton in, v. [278](#) (and see VI. [48-9](#)); origin of, VI. [43](#); the story reviewed, VI. [43-50](#); titles suggested for, VI. [44](#).
- Talfourd (Judge), I. [225](#); III. [100-3](#); IV. [55-57](#), [204](#), [251](#) (and see VI. [203](#)); Dickens's affection for, IV. [204](#).
- Tatler* (Hunt's), sayings from, v. [20](#).
- Tauchnitz (Baron), letter from, v. [52](#) note; intercourse of, with Dickens, VI. [156](#) note (and see v. [123](#) note).
- Tavistock-house, sketch of, v. [48](#); a scene outside, v. [162](#); Stanfield scenes at, v. [242](#); sale of, v. [255](#); startling message from servant at, v. [274](#).
- Taylor (Tom), IV. [254](#).
- Taylor (the Ladies), IV. [30](#).
- Telbin (William), at work, IV. [163](#).
- Temperance agitation, Dickens on the, IV. [183-4](#).
- Temperature, sudden changes of, in America, II. [192](#).
- Temple (Hon. Mr.), III. [206](#).
- Tennent (Sir Emerson), IV. [257](#), v. [75](#); death and funeral of, VI. [149](#).
- Tennyson (Alfred), Dickens's allegiance to, III. [20-1](#), [145](#), IV. [254](#), VI. [46](#) note.
- Ternan (Ellen Lawless), VI. [253](#).
- Tête Noire Pass, III. [280](#); accident in, III. [280-1](#).
- Thackeray (W.M.), III. [202-3](#); offers to illustrate *Pickwick*, I. [143](#); on Maclise's portrait of Dickens, I. [223](#) note; on the *Carol*, III. [92](#) (and see III. [53](#), IV. [252](#)); dinner to, v. [67](#); at Boulogne, v. [103](#) note; in Paris, v. [124](#); tribute to, by Dickens, v. [234](#); death of, v. [299-300](#); estrangement between Dickens and, v. [299](#) note.
- Thanet races, Dickens at the, III. [20](#).
- Théâtre Français (Paris), conventionalities of the, v. [125](#).
- Theatres, Italian, III. [196-7](#); French, IV. [98](#).
- Theatrical Fund dinner, Dickens's speech at, IV. [275-6](#) (and see [241](#), VI. [233](#)).
- Theatricals, private, at Montreal, II. [278-282](#); at Rockingham, III. [263](#); at Tavistock House, v. [56-9](#) (and see III. [229](#)).
- Thomas (Owen P.), recollec-

- tions of Dickens at school, L 93-8.
- Thompson (Mr. T. L.) IV. 258.
- Thompson (Sir Henry), consulted by Dickens, v. 322; a reading of Dickens's stopped by, VI. 146; opinion as to Dickens's lameness, VI. 148.
- Ticknor (George), II. 130, 135.
- Ticknor & Fields (Messrs.), commission received by, on the American readings, VI. 140.
- Timber Doodle (Dickens's dog), III. 21, 24, 142-3 note; death of, v. 143 note.
- Times*, the, on Dickens's death, VI. 238 note.
- Tintoretto, Dickens on the works of, III. 181; v. 88.
- Titian's Assumption, effect of, on Dickens, III. 181.
- Tobin (Daniel), a schoolfellow of Dickens, L 94; assists Dickens as amanuensis, but finally discarded, L 98.
- Toole (J. L.), encouragement given to in early life, by Dickens, v. 49 (and see v. 304 note).
- Topping (Groom), II. 21-2, 38, 278.
- Toronto, toryism of, II. 277.
- Torquay, readings at, v. 266, VI. 146.
- Torrens (Mrs.), IV. 258.
- Tour in Italy* (Simond's), III. 121 note.
- Townshend (Chauncy Hare), v. 254; death and bequest of, VI. 141.
- Tracey (Lieut.), II. 98, III. 18.
- Tramps, ways of, V. 209 note, v. 248.
- Tremont House (Boston, U.S.), Dickens at, II. 125.
- Trossachs, Dickens in the, II. 77.
- True Sun*, Dickens reporting for the, I. 118.
- Turin, Dickens at, v. 88-90.
- Turner (J. M. W.) III. 115.
- Tuscany, wayside memorials in, III. 204 note.
- Twickenham, cottage at, occupied by Dickens, I. 225-28; visitors at, *ib.*; childish enjoyments at, L 228 note.
- Twiss (Horace), IV. 249.
- Tyler (President), II. 196.
- Tynemouth, scene at, v. 317.
- Uncommercial Traveller*, Dickens's, v. 246-52.
- Uncommercial Traveller Upside Down*, contemplated, v. 268.
- Undercliff (Isle of Wight), Dickens's first impressions of, IV. 203; depressing effect of climate of, IV. 208-11.
- Unitarianism adopted by Dickens for a short time, III. 59.
- Upholsterer, visit to an, L 237; visit from an, L 238.
- Up the Rhine* (Hood's), Dickens on, L 231.
- Utica (U.S.), hotel at, VI. 129.
- VAUXHALL, the Duke and party at, IV. 251.
- Venice, Dickens's impressions

- of, [III. 175-8](#), v. [85-8](#); habits of gondoliers at, v. [86](#); theatre at, v. [87](#).
 Verdeil (M.), [III. 254](#).
 Vernet (Horace), v. [145](#) note.
 Vernon (Lord), eccentricities of, iv. [29-30](#), [61](#).
 Vesuvius, Mount, v. [78](#).
 Viardot (Madame) in *Orphée*, v. [136](#) note.
Village Coquettes, the story and songs for, written by Dickens, [L 144](#).
 Vote, value of a, in America, [VI. 112](#).
 WALES, Prince of, and Dickens, [VI. 202](#).
 Wainwright (the murderer), recognized by Macready in Newgate, [L 229-30](#) (and see [iv. 103](#) note); made the subject of a tale in the *New York Ledger*, v. [251-2](#); portrait of a girl by, iv. [102-3](#) note (and see [iv. 249](#), v. [277](#)).
 Wales, North, tour in, [L 230](#).
 Ward (Professor) on Dickens, [VI. 42](#) note.
 Washington (U.S.), hotel extortion at, [II. 188-9](#); climate of, [II. 192](#); Congress and Senate at, [II. 194](#); a comical dog at reading at, [VI. 118](#); readings at, [VI. 117](#).
 Wassail-bowl presented to Dickens at Edinburgh, v. [195](#).
Waterloo, Battle of, at Vauxhall, [IV. 251](#).
 Watson, Mr. (of Rockingham), [III. 253](#), [IV. 23](#), [261](#); death of, v. [49-50](#).
 Watson (Sir Thomas), note by, of Dickens's illness in April, 1869, [VI. 151-5](#); readings stopped by, [VI. 153](#); guarded sanction given to additional readings, *ib.* (and see [161](#), [226](#) note); Dickens's letter to, [VI. 154](#) note.
 Watts's Charity at Rochester, v. [153](#) note.
 Webster (Daniel), Dickens on, [II. 135](#).
 Webster (Mr.), [IV. 257](#).
 Webster murder at Cambridge (U.S.), [VI. 94](#), [95](#).
 Well-boring at Gadshill, v. [206-7](#).
 Weller (Sam), a pre-eminent achievement in literature, [L 163](#).
 Wellington, Duke of, fine trait of, [IV. 22](#).
 Wellington House Academy (Hampstead-road), Dickens a day-scholar at, [L 91-103](#); described in *Household Words*, [L 92](#); Dickens's schoolfellows at, [L 93-103](#); Beverley paintings scenes at, [L 102](#); revisited after five-and-twenty years, [L 93](#).
 Weyer (M. Van de), [IV. 258](#).
 Whig jealousies, [II. 69](#). (and see [IV. 20-1](#)).
 Whitechapel workhouse, incident at, v. [69-70](#).
 White-conduit-house reminiscence of, [III. 140](#).
 Whitefriars, a small revolution in, [IV. 65](#).

- White (Rev. James), character of, IV. [202-3](#) (and see IV. [203](#), v. [124](#)).
- White (Grant) on the character of Carton in the *Tale of Two Cities*, VI. [49](#).
- Whitehead (Charles), I. [134](#).
- Whitworth (Mr.), IV. [257](#).
- Wieland the clown, death of, v. [164](#) note.
- Wig experiences, IV. [151-2](#).
- Wilkie (Sir David), on the genius of Dickens, I. [223](#); death of, II. [59-60](#).
- Willis (N. P.), fanciful description of Dickens by, I. [132-3](#) note.
- Wills (W. H.), IV. [233](#), v. [254](#), VI. [187](#).
- Wilson (Professor), II. [68](#); sketch of, II. [61-2](#); speeches of, II. 64-5 note, III. [144](#).
- Wilson (Mr.) the hair-dresser, fancy sketch of, IV. [150-5](#).
- Wilton (Marie) as Pippo in the *Maid and Magpie*, v. [235](#) note.
- Women, home for fallen, IV. [272](#) (and see v. [285](#)).
- Wordsworth, memorable saying of, VI. [72](#).
- Worms, the city of, III. [243](#).
- YARMOUTH first seen by Dickens, IV. [242](#).
- Yates (Edmund), tales by, in *All the Year Round*, v. [244](#); Dickens's interest in, VI. [188](#).
- Yates (Mr.), acting of, I. [218](#), III. [99](#).
- Yesterdays with Authors* (Fields'), III. [40](#) note.
- York, readings at, v. [229](#), VI. [149](#).
- Yorkshire, materials gathered in, for *Nickleby*, I. [214](#).
- Young Gentlemen and Young Couples*, sketches written by Dickens for Chapman & Hall, I. [186](#) note.
- ZOOLOGICAL Gardens, feeding the serpents at, v. [166-7](#).
- Zouaves, Dickens's opinion of the, v. [141](#), [143](#).

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